







HOLLAND TODAY

By George Wharton Edwards



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Hoorn—The Old Tower

HOLLAND OF TODAY

By George Wharton Edwards

Author of

Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders
Vanished Halls and Cathedrals of France
Alsace-Lorraine, etc.



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E D W A R D S



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By the Author of

VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES
OF FLANDERS.

VANISHED HALLS AND CATHE-
DRALS OF FRANCE.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

BRITTANY AND THE BRETONS.

SOME OLD FLEMISH TOWNS.

MARKEN AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

ETC.

To
My Friend
Dr. Edgar Brenson Smith

Foreword

Perhaps in a book like this, dealing with the superficial and picturesque characteristics of the country as seen casually yet appreciatively by an observant traveler, one should not attempt to lift the veil that curtains it so charmingly. Yet the red blast of the great war now so happily ended for suffering humanity, has so shriveled the fabric that here and there one sees the bare bones of the skeleton hitherto so well concealed from view. The Dutch have always been thought "stein reich" (stone rich), as the saying is, and certainly there is little evidence of poverty in the country. The Dutch "boer" or farmer in his quaint costume is the vital strength of the country. He is phlegmatic, self-reliant, "rooted in the soil," to quote David S. Meldrum. One would not attribute to him any sort of emotion, yet emotional he is, and certainly to a great degree. From his class come the "Stadhouders," and the "Stadhouders" govern the country.

The people during the great war were pro-Ally to the last man of them. Not for any love of the English or the French, be it said; on the contrary they have neither love nor sympathy for either. They were pro-Ally because of their fear and hatred of the Germans. In their

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eyes the consort Prince Henry was ever a standing menace to the future of the Netherlands. In vain did he woo them with soft words and carefully considered acts; they would have none of him. I have witnessed their silent treatment of him on occasions when he endeavored to take part in their festivities at the yearly kermess. In the early days of the war, when certain German officers were interned at The Hague the Prince Consort was seen driving with them several times, and finally when he invited them to a formal dinner the "Stadhouders" brought up the matter formally in the "Raad." After grave and deliberate discussion it was (so says the generally trustworthy *Nieuws Van den Dag*) resolved to reprimand his Highness the Prince Consort, and in case of a repetition of the offense, to deprive him of his uniform and confine him to barracks for a specified number of days. It is said that the reprimand was sufficient, and that there were no more dinners to the interned officers.

The nobility, it is said, from the Queen down to the poorest "Yonkheer," are absolutely pro-German, and I am credibly informed that nearly all of the nobles (Hoogen wel edel geboren) are members of a very powerful order called the Johaniters, which dates from the days of the Crusaders. Many of the reigning monarchs are hereditary members of this society. This order enforces the vow of implicit obedience, which each member takes upon entering. One of these vows is that of the enforce-

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ment of the right of sanctuary granted to each member. The oath connected with this vow is said to be really mediæval in its luridness, naming dire and almost unbelievable penalties for any evasion or failure to carry it out to the letter. Count Von Bentinck is a prominent member of the Johaniters, and as such was "commanded by *high authority* to prepare for the reception, entertainment, and shelter of William Hohenzollern at his Castle of Amerongen near Utrecht—a command which could not be evaded." (*Nieuws Van den Dag*—Amsterdam, December 10th, 1918.)

The Castle of Amerongen, the residence of Count Bentinck, is situated at some distance from the town, an ancient building of dull brick mantled with ivy, surrounded by a deep moat, and approached by an arched bridge through a brick gateway flanked by two lanterns. The building is two storied, in the form of a letter H, with four towers, one at each corner, which are surmounted by the quaint onion-shaped bulbs so common in the Netherlands. There is a very ornate gilded sculpture of the ancient Bentinck arms in the gable over the wide white pillared doorway, which is approached by a broad double flight of stone steps. There are many shutterless windows, with heavy frames painted white, and over the gilded coat of arms is a small pent roofed gable in which is a white clock face with gilt hands. The roof is of dark gray slate, and flying about are flocks of ravens

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that have their nests under the eaves. The highroad passes before the Castle, and is lined with heavy trees. In the winter a more dismal dwelling place can hardly be imagined, for on every hand the flat bleak fields, dotted with farmsteads, stretch for miles around.

Such castles as this called "Amerongen" are not really large estates. As a rule they consist of but a few acres, but the grounds are made as picturesque and as attractive as possible, that is, of course, in the Dutch style. The "castle" is usually of red brick, with slate roof and as many bulbous towers as it will stand. The windows are wide and tall, and the frames are invariably painted white. There will be many beautiful old trees, and the grounds will be planted with a great variety of flowers in carefully placed ornamental beds. There will be canals and ponds, and if possible a moat, no matter how small it may have to be, and always there will be a summer house or pagoda, where Mynheer and his lady may sit in contemplation of the ducks or swans among the water lilies. These of course are the ancient and more important places. The newer ones, owned by the wealthy merchants and "bourgeoisie," are more up-to-date—what is called "art nouveau" style, painted in gay fantastic colors and crowded into small spaces, but nevertheless they are not unattractive.

To understand the position taken by the Netherlands in this matter of sanctuary which they so vehemently

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urge, one should remember the Dutch hatred of tyranny of any sort. Holland is as free as any nation in the world. As a country there is little of republican liberty that the Netherlands does not already enjoy, so the recent attempt of the Socialists to upset the throne not only failed dismally but resolved itself into a most loyal support of the Government. While underneath is an evident impatience with the police restrictions over all Socialistic gatherings of the people, their supreme sense of order holds them in check. They love the Queen.

The Dutchman has a rare and really splendid understanding of the quality of justice! He will have his rights as he understands them. Thus came the Dutch indignation over the Boer War, and over the details of the Zola-trial. This indignation had nothing to do with the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus or their opinion of the wisdom of Zola. They were inflamed at what they considered a really flagrant travesty of justice.

Although uncompromising and entirely utilitarian, the Hollander is at heart a sentimentalist. Plain of speech to the verge of brutality, he is entirely truthful. He suffers from no form of illusion, but he is really infantile in his affections and in his family life. Witness him in those glimpses furnished by the paintings of Van der Helst, Franz Hals, and Van Ostade, when he abandons his phlegmatic calm and plunges into the most extraordinary abandonment during the yearly "Kermis." Not

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only is this true of the common people, but the upper class as well. Each of the great Universities in Holland celebrates the date of its foundation every five years by a period of hilarity in most characteristic manner, with concerts, banquets, and street processions headed by bands of musicians. The sight is most amusing and surprising, almost unbelievable, that these erstwhile grave burghers and their families could thus unbend. No one thinks the worse of them for the temporary lapse, but it is doubtful if there is another country where dignified avocats and statesmen, professors, and grave country gentlemen, present such a picture of ingenuousness and abandon as witnessed in these celebrations.

For years the Dutch have enjoyed a safe and uneventful life. The country emerged from her last war stripped of power but gorged with wealth. Her former prowess she can never regain, and she has retained her wealth by incredible industry. Her place among nations she holds by consent of Europe, and thus her political existence has been untroubled and negative. The Dutch have known very well indeed that the cannon purchased from Germany that line her side of the Rhine are only for show. They have known, too, that their Navy is of no avail and quite needless. So Holland has lived on, entirely self-centered, splendidly exploiting her rich colonies, leaving to history her former dreams of empire, and practicing in speech and action that prudence of

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which she has made a supreme virtue and which has hitherto made for her safety and security. . . .

And then all at once the great war roared about her. Belgium was invaded and overrun by the Hun. More than a million hapless frantic peasants streamed across her borders, and found shelter and food freely given. She quickly mobilized her eight hundred thousand soldiers for the protection of her frontier, and the "Stadholders" resolved unanimously to maintain her neutrality, "by force of arms if necessary." This she has most certainly done, in spite of the fact that the consort is a near relative of the ex-Kaiser.

A glance at the map will show the river Scheldt, a short distance below Antwerp in Belgium, flowing seaward through a narrow strip of Dutch territory. At its mouth lies Flushing. Forts in a double array line the whole length of the river. This possession of the mouth of the river Scheldt by Holland has been a source of dissatisfaction to Belgium for many years, and led to the building of the great Zeebrugge (pronounced Zaybrigga) Canal which made Bruges a seaport. During the war Zeebrugge was a most valuable naval base of Germany where her submarines were assembled and sent forth. It is now claimed by Great Britain that Holland winked at the use of the Scheldt River by Germany, whereby her submarines built in Antwerp in the huge docks were sent down the river to the channel under cover of darkness.

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This is vehemently denied by Holland, but whatever the truth of the matter may be, Belgium now presents a demand to be placed before the members of the Peace Commission asking that both the Scheldt and the irritating strip of territory through which it runs shall be handed over to her. Not only this, but to the dismay and indignation of the Dutch she also asks that the Provinces of Dutch Limburg and Luxemburg also shall become Belgian.

As to the question of the cession of the Scheldt and these territories, Holland is aroused to the most intense indignation, and the newspapers are filled with protesting letters from all over the country. However, it is doubtful if protest will avail. The sufferings of Belgium are such that almost any demand she makes at the Peace table will probably be granted. The position of Holland to-day is one which furnishes much cause for speculation, and prophecies as to the future, though interesting, are rather idle. This much may be said: Holland will certainly have to accept whatever the members of the Commission may decide upon, and make the best of it.

That Holland recognizes the difficulties and dangers which she faces is made plain by the appointment of Yonkheer Rene de Marees Van Swinderen as Minister of Foreign Affairs at The Hague. Yonkheer Van Swinderen filled the difficult post of Plenipotentiary of the

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Netherlands in London during the war, and served as minister at Washington for many years. His appointment to the direction of Foreign Affairs in London is welcomed by the "Entente" Powers, and is expected to relieve the strain to which their intercourse with the Netherlands has been subjected since 1914.

Van Swinderen, in spite of the exceedingly unfriendly attitude assumed by the Dutch Government, though not by the Dutch people, has managed to retain, throughout, the confidence of the British Government and the favor and good will of the Court and the British people, while carrying out in the most punctilious manner the instructions of his Government, while as a matter of fact he has never made any secret, in England or at home, of the direction in which lay his sympathies in the great war.

It is urged at Paris that the action of the Dutch Government in permitting the Germans continually to violate the neutrality of her territory in Limburg for the transmission of war supplies and German troops to the front undoubtedly prolonged the war and added to the great difficulties and losses of the Allies, and even when the German collapse occurred this sympathy and complaisance enabled the Germans not only to retreat with supplies and arms intact, which should have been surrendered to the Allies by the terms of the armistice, but furthermore facilitated and enabled them, it is claimed, to remove great stores of plunder from the invaded ter-

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ritory into Germany. It must be added that the Stadholders hotly opposed this attitude of the Government, but apparently nothing came of their denunciations, and in answer to their protests the Crown extended "right and privilege of sanctuary" to Wilhelm and his family, "ordering" Count Von Bentinck to receive the ex-Kaiser at his castle at Amerongen and conveying the Crown Prince in safety to the bleak island of Wieringen off the Helder, where he remains, to the manifest uneasiness of the fishermen.

It must be said that the Dutch Government most earnestly justifies its action as based upon existing laws which it could not and cannot ignore, but the text of these laws is not given out or explained in any way by the Prime Minister in his communications. Stubborn and determined is the spirit of the Dutch people in defense of their rights as they understand them.

"On that bank and shoal," says Motley, ("The Dutch Republic," Part III, Chapter 9) "the extreme edge of habitable earth, the spirit of Holland's freedom stood at bay," and so it stands to-day, no less stubborn, no less determined. The mental attitude of the foreigner towards the manners and customs of the people of the Netherlands, as well as his manifest amusement in the superficial aspect of the country; his refusal to take any part of it seriously, is a source of intense irritation to the educated class.



Amerongen Castle

THE HISTORY OF THE

The first part of the history of the city of London, from its foundation to the present time, is divided into three periods. The first period, from the foundation of the city to the reign of King Henry II. is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city. The second period, from the reign of King Henry II. to the reign of King Henry III. is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city. The third period, from the reign of King Henry III. to the present time, is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city.

The second part of the history of the city of London, from its foundation to the present time, is divided into three periods. The first period, from the foundation of the city to the reign of King Henry II. is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city. The second period, from the reign of King Henry II. to the reign of King Henry III. is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city. The third period, from the reign of King Henry III. to the present time, is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city.

The third part of the history of the city of London, from its foundation to the present time, is divided into three periods. The first period, from the foundation of the city to the reign of King Henry II. is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city. The second period, from the reign of King Henry II. to the reign of King Henry III. is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city. The third period, from the reign of King Henry III. to the present time, is the most interesting, and contains the most important events in the history of the city.



FOREWORD

Mr. B—— of Monnickendam, whose many courtesies I hereby acknowledge, asks me to say to my readers "that the Netherlands is something else than a colored postal card country, in which on flat green fields are rings of dancing red-bodiced, white-becapped girls; fat herds of black and white cows browsing beneath the wavering arms of fantastic windmills, and stolid lines of Zuyderzee fishermen clad in incredibly wide trousers and comical short-waisted red coats gazing seawards at nothing in particular.

"The Netherlands," he says, "is not to be considered as a fat Dutch cheese in a puddle of water." The Queen does not commonly wear a flapping lace cap with silver screw ornaments at her temples; nor has she long yellow braids hanging down her back. The "Stadhouders" do not appear before Her Majesty in wide velveteen maroon colored trousers, and elaborately carved and varnished wooden shoes, executing pirouettes in unison, their hands in their pockets, bulging with Delft bottles of Schnapps, and long pipes in their mouth; nor do all the people wear the costume of Marken. Please say [he urges] "that the Netherlands is not a nation of freaks, that we venture to consider ourselves a most serious, energetic, and important people; that in our estimation we are not at all behind the times; that certainly our traditions are sacred to us, but that our position in the world of Art, Science, Literature, and Industry, is at least honorable, and that we

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are not content to rest upon our achievements, but are entirely abreast of the times, and ambitious as to our future. Say to them also, mynheer, that if they would appreciate the Netherlands and know it for what it is, that they must believe that our picturesque anachronisms are not a whit less amusing to us than they are to the tourist, and that the evidences of the sixteenth century manners in the out-of-the-way districts are regarded by us simply with affectionate tolerance. Thus, mynheer, you will do a great justice to my beloved country."

Nevertheless, while assuring Mynheer B—— that I appreciated his feelings so eloquently expressed, I took great pains to explain to him that the characteristics which seemed so trivial and unworthy to him, were those which rendered his country so charming and so dear to the lover of the quaint and the unusual, and that he need have little fear that the brave little country "at the peril of the Sea" would be misunderstood by the people of the great Republic, whose admiration for the laws and the great and heroic deeds of the Dutch is unbounded.

Dutch pride in the achievements of their country is not to be wondered at. Let us remember too that the men who founded New York were Dutchmen; that the Puritans who arrived at Plymouth had spent years at Delft under Dutch influence; that Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was educated in the Netherlands, and that William Penn's mother was a Dutchwoman. These

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facts account for our affection for the Netherlands. There is a most popular ballad by Brand in which the Dutch proclaim their sentiments:

“Wij leven vrij, wij leven blij
Op Neêrlands dierbren grond,
Outworsteld aan de slavernij,
Zijn wij door cendracht groote en vrij;
Hier duldt de grond geen dwinglandij,
Waar vrijheid eeuwen stond.

(Literally translated)

“We live free—we live blithe, on Netherlands’ dear ground;
delivered from slavery, we are through concord great and free; here
the land suffers no tyranny, where freedom has subsisted for ages.”

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Holland of To-day



The Netherlands

THE name "Holland," as applied to the little kingdom on the North Sea, is never used by the Dutch. Holland, be it known, is the term applied to only two of the eleven provinces of the realm, the official name of which is "The Netherlands." These two provinces are respectively North Holland and South Holland, and are collectively designated and known as "Holland." In North Holland is Amsterdam, the commercial capital of the Kingdom, and in South Holland is the social and diplomatic center, The Hague; so perhaps because of a careless familiarity with these important centers, the whole country has been miscalled by the foreigner. At

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any rate the people object to the error and invariably correct the mistake, politely enough, be it understood, but with firmness, and as a rule in very good English too, for the majority of the people know some English even if, as the captain of the Amsterdam boat in the "Vicar of Wakefield" averred, they are not "fond of it to distraction." And so at the risk of offending many of my Dutch friends I use the term "Holland" as the title for this book for fear that the correct designation, "The Netherlands," may not convey my meaning to the reader.

Holland to-day is nothing more or less than an armed camp, from the Friesland border to the Scheldt River. In even the small villages you hear the tread of marching soldiers, the rumble of heavy camions and the rattle of drums. This people, erstwhile so apathetic and phlegmatic, is now keenly alive to the situation. You feel that you are in a country trembling upon the verge of a catastrophe, for war would be nothing else to Holland. The country has been on the very verge of war for four years, and there is everywhere seen much more evidence of war than in countries actually engaged in the conflict, because the army is in or near the cities in the great camps instead of at the front. Thus the people and the troops are in daily contact. Thousands and thousands of refugees from Belgium who crossed the frontier in the first months of the war are concentrated in great camps all over the little kingdom. These refugees Holland wel-

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comed with open arms, and ever since has fed and clothed them without a murmur of complaint. But now this hitherto prosperous land feels the weight of the burden, and for the first time beggars throng her streets. Her hospitals are filled to overflowing; her almshouses are crowded beyond belief, but not a word of complaint nor an appeal for help has she made to the powers.

At The Hague perhaps more than elsewhere the spirit of the Netherlands is seen to-day. The streets of this erstwhile immaculate city are crowded with guns, camions and wartime impedimenta. The stately parks are filled with soldiers. In all of the wide streets companies are ceaselessly drilling, and there are maneuvers and sham battles taking place all along the sand dunes which protect the coast, and the sound of heavy artillery is heard night and day all over the flat country; Holland is ready, if necessary, to protect her neutrality even though the armistice has been signed and the peace council is sitting at Paris.¹

It might be remarked that never was a country in which war is so out of place as in the Netherlands, land of dike and windmill, of tulips, hyacinth and cream cheese. You think of it maybe as a sort of fairyland, but never by any chance as a grim battlefield. The peasantry are too quaint; the windmills too industrious; and over the calm canals, reflecting the piled-up clouds, spreads such evidence of peace.

¹ Written in February, 1919.

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Travelers have likened The Hague to Paris and to Philadelphia; it has some of the characteristics of each. It is certainly the richest of the cities of the Netherlands. Elsewhere one finds dirt, smells, slums and squalor. At The Hague, however, the very bricks in the neat ("netjes," in Dutch) pavement of the streets are daily scrubbed and polished by lusty, red-armed maids, and, it is said, they are "dusted" each afternoon when they become dry. The canals are shaded by large luxuriantly foliaged trees, beneath which are charming vistas. The many windowed houses are framed in clean white paint, and the carved doorways, reminding one of old Philadelphia, are lavishly ornamented with brightly polished brasses. It is easy to understand why the Dutch are proud of The Hague, for here are luxurious living and quaint frugality side by side in harmony. Magnificent motor cars, and peasant carts laden with brass milk cans and drawn by dogs, throng the ways. Diplomats and peasants rub elbows on the clean narrow pavements. This clean new-old city is perhaps the only one in the Netherlands adapted to the requirements of the "fussy" traveler. Here are hotels of the first order, with a cosmopolitan array of English, French, Russian and Italian waiters, and gastronomic geniuses in the kitchens who know how to cater to the palates of the diplomats of all nations. Here one is in the very heart of the Netherlands; the center of the ancient history and achievement

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of the nation, as well as the favorite residence of the Queen and the Consort Prince Henry. The streets are thronged with distinguished looking people. The shops are as elegant as those of Paris, and the toilettes and costumes of the ladies "en promenade" in the afternoon are of the very latest fashion.

The people of The Hague are immensely proud of their city and of its many attractions. And they are anxious that the stranger within its gates shall not miss any one of them. On the streets any of the passers-by will go out of his way to direct the stranger in search of its manifold wonders, taking great pains and manifest pleasure in careful guidance, and invariably refusing remuneration for his trouble. Here the lazy tourist is generally content to remain in comfort, setting apart a portion of each day in which to visit the remarkable monuments of the town, sure of his comfortable bath in the morning, and "dejeuner" in the French fashion, both of which he has found lacking elsewhere in the land of tulips, not to mention the concerts, communal fêtes and like attractions to be found at Scheveningen, which one of my prosaic friends from New York dubbed "The Beach." If he likes museums there is the great historical Mauritshuis, in which the ancient Princes of the house of Orange, and the "Stadhouder" William I placed the nucleus of that wonderful collection of pictures now known the world over. Dr. Bredius, the "conservateur" of the museum, will wel-

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come him enthusiastically, and after his visit the traveler will depart with an intimate knowledge of the works of Rembrandt: the Lesson in Anatomy; the portrait of the officer; and the Simon in the Temple; but if he is wise he will leave the works of Jan Vermeer de Delft for another visit. The learned Doctor will not object at all—indeed he will respect him all the more, and upon his next visit, will offer him a choice between Franz Hals and Paul Potter, pointing out to him the fact that many other days may be spent there in enjoyment of the works of Gerard Dou, Franz Van Mieris the Younger, Jan Steen and, later on, Rubens and Van Dyck, to mention only the great names. There is also the “Communal Museum” (Gemeente Museum), not very well known, but of great interest and importance. Here among a great number of canvases, are the famous works of Jan van Ravestuyt, the concours of Arquebusiers, and the great chef d’œuvre of Van Goyen, for which the council of state paid the sum of “600 florins.” There is also the little known “Porte Drapeau” of Quiringh Gerritz van der Maes. Among the modern paintings the amateur will find delightful examples of Jacob Maris, Gabriel Metz, Mauve, Bosboom, Joseph Israels, Mesdag, and others not so well known. For the bibliophile there is the Royal Library, housed in a remarkable edifice built in the early part of the eighteenth century, and furnished with a staircase in the so-called “Dutch style.” I am told that the

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building contains over a half million of volumes, as well as collections of illuminated MSS. on vellum "from the tenth century," and miniatures, coins of the Netherlands, medals, and so on galore. The Chevalier Steengracht van Duivenvoorde, whose splendid collection is well housed in the "Vijverberg," his residence, admits strangers on presentation of their visiting cards.

The ancient "Gevangenpoort" is likewise a museum open to the public. It is a gate with gloomy old towers near the "Buitenhof." Here formerly were incarcerated the political prisoners considered dangerous to the state, and it was here too that the most atrocious murder in the history of the Netherlands took place, i.e., the assassination of the Brothers de Witt. In one of the rooms is a collection of instruments of torture dating from a remote period, some of them of indescribable fiendishness and ingenuity. The old "Binnenhof" is sufficiently ancient to please the most exacting antiquary. One is told that it was "restored" in 1250, and that originally it was the palace of a count; that it preceded the foundation of The Hague. (Primitively it was a hedge surrounding the palace which gave name to The Hague: *La Haie*.) A number of small gates give access to the court surrounded by these ancient edifices. It is in the "Salle Historique" of the Cavaliers that her majesty the Queen presides in state at the meeting of the "States General," and here she reads her speech from the throne. Through the old gate

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of the "Stadhouders" one passes from the Binnen (Inner) to the Buitenhof (outer) surrounded by the habitations of the household of the counts, the west side of which is the "Stadhouders" quarter, and here all mirrored in the "Vijver" are the ancient walls of the feudal castles. "La Justice de Dieu" on the very elegant "Kneuterdijk," the "Champ de Tournois"; the "Lange Voorhout"; the "Vijverberg" with its superb masses of trees, and the "Willemspark" form a collection of beautiful gardens rarely to be found in a city. One might go on for pages without exhausting the attractions of The Hague. What wonder then that it is thronged both winter and summer by tourists who "know nothing and care less" for other parts of this wonderful little kingdom on the North Sea.

Others there are who love Amsterdam so much that they make of it a headquarters year by year. Vondel, the great Dutch poet, calls it "Queen of seas and fiancée of world commerce," and affirms that its power and riches are without equal: that she is "the center of industry, of the arts and the sciences—in fact, of the entire universe"! At any rate, the city of Amsterdam occupies the first place among the cities of the Netherlands. If Rotterdam is the great shipping port, then Amsterdam is the financial center, and her Bourse easily holds first place. The town is characterized by the sumptuous houses of the ancient negociants, with their imposing façades on the aristocratic

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“grachts,” occupied by successive generations of merchant princes and their families, which gives the town its great charm. One may find amusement in exploring the quaint circles, of which the town is formed on the Y River, and which when closely followed bring him back to his starting point in most unexpected fashion. These circles may be enlarged, but are limited by the “Singel,” the “Heerengracht,” the “Keizers” and “Prinsengracht,” the “Singelgracht.” These circles mark the various enlargements of the town. The town is traversed by the river Amstel from north to south, and is formed by a hundred or more little islands connected by more than three hundred bridges which gave to Amsterdam the name of “The Venice of the North.” The great part of the traffic is by these canals. In certain quarters of the town the backs of the houses and the stores are directly on the water, and the boats of quaint form are laden with the merchandise amidst a scene of great activity and with a tremendous amount of noise and talk. In consequence of all this water, and the marshy land, when a house is built it necessitates a great foundation of long piles upon which rest the courses of brick. It is most entertaining to watch this sort of building.

If perchance one arrives by the Gare Centrale, situated on an island in the Y, one is face to face with a great avenue artificially made, under tremendous difficulty; altogether a remarkable piece of engineering. One passes

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the new Bourse, or exchange, built by the architect Berlage, and reaches the "Dam," the ancient center of the town, and one of the most imposing "places" in Europe, quite surrounded with decorative buildings. Here is the great dark Palais Royal, built by Jac. van Kampen. The flamboyant Gothic picturesque "Nieuwe Kerk" flanks it worthily, containing much treasure in the form of painted glass, and great pictures. In its vaults repose the ashes of Michel de Ruyter, the Dutch naval hero, and the poet Joost van den Vondel.

It is on the "Dam" that the streets branch away in every direction like the spokes of a wheel. Of these the principal is the Kalverstraat, lined on both sides with shops of every description calculated to attract the tourist; the ancient "Burgerweeshuis (orphan asylum) and the strange and picturesque "Bagijnhoff" (nunnery) adjoin all this finery and movement in striking contrast. One passes before the old mint tower (muntgebouw) with its lofty bulbous tower about which the pigeons are circling in clouds, and follows the narrow street to the Rembrandtsplein, with its fine statue of the painter. From here run many streets in various directions, some of them along pretty canals which one longs to explore in leisure in a boat poled along perchance by one of the voluble red-jacketed boatmen—a most delightful way of "touring" Amsterdam, by the way. Hard indeed it is for one to know just where to end these random notes of



Amsterdam—The Little Courtyard



George Washington Edwards.
The Fille Comtoise.

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Dutch byways. There is so much to see, and so many strange and unusual things to describe. As for the palaces, the museums, the churches, the pictures: there are dozens of the first three, and seemingly miles of the last mentioned, all set forth in appreciative and more or less truthful detail by—who knows how many—guide books. One of the prettiest of the smaller canals is the “Reguliersgracht,” and there are large and wide ways (wlegs) in the aristocratic quarter of the Amstel, and in the “Plantage,” where are the beautiful well kept gardens of the Zoological Society, and the Aquarium. By following the Kalverstraat to the Heiligenweg and the Leidsestraten, one comes to the State Theater (Stadtschouwburg). This is the “chic,” or fashionable quarter, with the beautiful “Vondelpark,” the pride of Amsterdam. One can imagine nothing more picturesque than the maze of narrow and quaintly crooked lanes, streets and alleyways surrounding the “Oude Kerk,” which one’s fancy pictures the same as in the days of Rembrandt. Then too these streets are thronged with people in bizarre costumes, for Marken and Volendam are quite near, and of late these towns have furnished most of the nursemaids and domestics. Now and then one happens upon the strangest of all the costumes, that of the orphans, whose dresses and bodices are one-half red and one-half blue, vertically. The boys’ trousers, however, are not so divided in color, both legs being of dull black

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cloth. These girls are called "Amsterdamsche Burgerweesmeisjes" (town wards) and remain in the institution until of age, when they are eagerly sought as maidservants. The boys are apprenticed to tradesmen, and become useful citizens. The Orphanage was founded in the sixteenth century by a philanthropic woman named Haasje Claas, who presented to the town seven houses in the Kalverstraat, and since then the institution has flourished and grown rich and great by legacies, this being a popular benefaction among the wealthy people. It is said that these orphans are so clad that they may be easily identified. Tavern keepers are forbidden to harbor them, and no orphan is permitted to leave the town without a regularly written and signed permit.

One is advised to patronize the dining-rooms on the Kalverstraat for entertainment, and certainly the advice is good. There are several of these dining places, with wide-sashed, lace hung windows giving on the busy street, with clean and delightful appointments and serving deliciously cooked food; at high prices, of course.

Here one finds clerics, the military in full uniform and decorations, and well-to-do merchants with their families, and well known actresses. Most of the cafés are, however, of the noisier and cheaper order, with an early table d'hôte dinner, over which the company will linger, drinking liqueurs and smoking all the evening. The Kalver-

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straat is closed to vehicles at a certain hour in the evening, after which only pedestrians may use it.

I was amused in watching the erection of a house in this street. It seems that the front and rear walls are not built until the roof is in place, in order that, as one of the workmen explained in answer to my question, the air may dry the mortar in the bricks. The partitions are never of plaster and lath as we build them, but of canvas pasted or glued to the bricks, or to boards, after which the wall paper is pasted to the canvas, and the strange thing about it is that the paper sticks and apparently stays in place. Nearly all the houses are furnished with cranes projecting from the upper gables by means of which heavy articles may be hauled up to and through the windows, for the stairways are like ladders, both steep and narrow, so that one sometimes feels like turning around and descending backwards, as on shipboard.

Smoking is an obsession in the Netherlands. Pipes seem to be used only in the remote towns. Boys of tender age may be seen in the streets calmly smoking long cigars without attracting comment. One I saw walking with his mother, smoking with a comical air of experience, and his mother objected not at all. Holland is said to be the smokers' paradise, and many quaint tales are told of mighty smokers who dwelt in the Netherlands. Of one in particular it is said that "His allowance was

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sixteen ounces a day, an amount which he never exceeded, and always consumed—and he lived to the ripe age of ninety-nine. From all over the Netherlands famous smokers were invited to attend his funeral ceremony. To each of these was given, by his order, a souvenir pipe and a pound of tobacco with a request that the recipient continue to smoke throughout the ceremony. The deceased directed in his will that both tobacco and matches together with his Zeeland pipe be placed at his right hand in the coffin, so that he might use them if so minded—"as there was no knowing what might come to pass." "For," says Salvation Yeo, quaintly and eloquently, "when all things were made, none was made better than this same tobacco, to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire, sir."

Holland is, most certainly, the Smokers' Paradise.

But it must be understood that neither Amsterdam, Rotterdam nor The Hague gives the concrete characteristic idea of the Netherlands. These are cosmopolitan cities. They are as modern and commercial as cities can well be in so old a country. For real character one should go into the interior and seek the smaller towns, wherein he will find something of the air of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. These are really Dutch, and here one finds quiet, cleanliness, and the comparatively unaltered quality of ancient customs.

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But the Dutch people are intensely proud of their progress—their culture, and their modernity. The captain of the Dutch liner proudly pointed out to me, as we swung up to the landing stage at Rotterdam, the great glow of electric lights of the city, and above all the flashing letters on a huge electric sign against the sky, which displayed the word “thee” [tea] at dazzling intervals. “Is not that wonderful to see in Rotterdam?” he asked, waving his hand. “Not bad for the Netherlands—eh? That, sir, is on the roof of the Witte Huis, the only ‘sky-scraper’ in Holland—ten stories high, sir—one hundred and fifty feet high, sir!”

One has been much amused at the character of the bookshops in the large towns. It cannot be said truthfully that the Dutch are not a reading people. Their newspapers are well arranged typographically, and the matter printed is entirely sound and practical, but they are almost entirely given up to commercial affairs; literature has little or no place in their columns. Of poetry there is none whatever to be found in the daily press.

I am told that publishers rarely issue books on any other than the subscription plan, and that Dutch authors are rarely able to live on the product of their pens.

The various bookshops have on sale piles of translations of English, French and Russian literature in both cheap and expensive bindings, and these seem to find a large sale among the people. I did not, however, find

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many Dutch books among these. Translations of Conan Doyle and Kipling, and some of Corelli and Hall Caine were displayed, and I noted a large poster advertising a book, published in weekly parts, with the title of "De Wilsons en de Ring van den Doods," which was attracting much attention, so the shopkeeper informed me. I bought a copy for a few Dutch cents, but somehow I lost it, so I don't know what sort of a "Ring of the Dead" it was, or whether it referred in any way to the history or accomplishments of our great President or not. There were some books of poetry by Vondel, and by Jacob Cats, the latter a man of great culture and a renowned jurist, who was twice ambassador to England, "where Charles I laid his sword on his shoulder and bade him rise Sir Jacob."

The *Quarterly Review* printed long ago an account of him—"Vondel had for his contemporary a man of whose popularity (in Holland) we can hardly give an idea, unless we say that to speak Dutch and to have learnt Cats by heart, are almost the same thing"—and goes on to describe his characteristics: "An honest graybeard who stuck to his paternities . . . his moralities are sometimes prolix, and sometimes rather dull. He often sweeps the bloom away from the imaginative anticipations of youth—and in that does little service. . . . He has no other notion of love than that it is meant to make good husbands and wives, and to produce painstaking and obedi-

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ent children. . . . His volumes are a storehouse of prudence and worldly wisdom. . . . For the nurse who wants a song for her babe—the boy who is tormented by the dread of the birch rod—the youth whose beard begins to grow, there is a store of verse to console and be grateful for. The titles of his works are indices to their contents: “De Ouderdom” (Old Age), “Buijten Leven” (Out of Doors Life), “Hofgeadachten” (Garden Thoughts), “Gedachten op Slapelooze Nachten” (Thoughts of Sleepless Nights), “Trouwring” (Marriage Ring). “Never perhaps was a poet so essentially the poet of the people.”

Old Oom Paul of South Africa is said to have known the verse of Vader Cats by heart. It is said too that they closely resembled one another in appearance, and this is most interesting if true; for their mode of expression in homely yet most vivid metaphor was much the same. Jacob Cats’ house “Sorgh Vliet” still stands among the great trees on the Scheveningen Weg, perhaps the pleasantest road in Holland; lately it has been the residence of a Royal Duke. It bears the date 1666, and the name of its projector Constantine Huygens, a poet and statesman. “Sorgh Vliet” means “Without Care.” And here old Jacob Cats lived two hundred years ago: his memory is still held sacred in all Dutch households.

Characteristics

THE first impression that the traveler in Holland gets is in one respect similar to that given by the far western prairie regions; and the broad wind-swept flat country, with comparatively few trees, and lying open to the gales of the North Sea, has a little of the same bare aspect. But with this is mingled a most decided aspect of novelty. Here the fields are cultivated with the care of suburban market gardens, and are separated by long, V-shaped ditches, through which the water runs sluggishly some feet below the surface of the ground. Looking across them, one sees broad, brown velvety-hued sails moving in various directions among the growing crops; the roadway is on an embankment, running high above the land, frequently crossing canals, lying far enough below for the brightly painted, well-laden barges with lowered masts to pass freely, generally without the need of draw-bridges. The trekschuiten, or passenger boats, once so common in the canals, are fast disappearing; like the diligences, they have been replaced by the system of tram-cars which now cross the country, but here and there this old-fashioned means of communi-

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cation between the towns and villages still survives, and it is certainly a delightful experience to make a journey on market day in one of these arks. It is generally a long and rather narrow boat, low in the water, and usually painted green and white, with a low-roofed deck-cabin divided into two compartments running the entire length, with clean board-seats, and tiny lace-curtained windows, the floor scrubbed with sand until it is almost as white as snow. The roof is covered with a mixture of sand and pulverized shells on a foundation of bitumen to hold it. It is most delightful to sail or be pulled along by "boy power" through the country between the "pollarded green banks" and look upon the changing landscape—"Dutch pictures untouched," as some one has aptly described them—and the brown-armed mills in legions engaged in battle against the water enemy. It will be readily understood that the dykes are a very important feature of the country, and some of these are well worth examination and study, if the visitor have plenty of time on his hands. For the most part these dykes are composed of earth and sand and clay, kept together by willows which are carefully planted and tended. Some of the dykes, however, for example the gigantic one at the Helder, are built of masonry. Many of them are broad at the top, and, being paved with klinkers (brick), form very good carriage roads. The dunes or sand hills which line the coast serve as the barrier against the ocean.

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They are systematically sown at regular intervals with a coarse, grayish green grass, which holds the sand together, preventing the wind from blowing it away altogether. Some six million guilders are spent annually by the Dutch government in keeping these dykes in order, and a special body of engineers, called "De Waterstaat," is appointed to look after them. An elaborate system of drainage has also to be maintained by means of powerful engines, windmills, etc. It must be remembered that the Dutch people have not only to fight against the inroads of the ocean, but they have also to deal with many rivers which, taking their rise in other countries, flow through Holland for their final exit into the sea. Consequently, when there are heavy rains, say in Germany, the Rhine brings down an immense volume of water to add to the troublesome superfluity. The two principal canals are the North Holland Canal, which was constructed in 1819-25, from Amsterdam to the Helder, and which is forty-six miles in length, one hundred and thirty feet broad, and twenty feet in depth, and of a width varying from sixty-five to one hundred and ten yards. Here are locks, consisting of large basins, which are tremendous pieces of engineering. Their construction cost the State an enormous sum. The Merwede Canal has an average width of about one hundred feet, and is something like forty-four miles in length.

The climate of Holland is similar to that of England

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for Spring, Summer and Autumn, save that it is warmer in the Summer and the cold is much more severe in Winter. August is the hot month and the least preferable. During the Spring the country round about Haarlem presents an aspect of indescribable patchworks of great sheets of color. These are the tulip and hyacinth beds, vivid and beautiful, but the bulbs are grown for profit, not pleasure, and economy of space is carefully studied. Holland has a relatively low rainfall, accounted for by the absence of heights to attract rain-clouds. But as a matter of fact, the experienced traveler does well to provide himself with mackintosh and umbrella, for the showers, though brief, are frequent.

The guilder, or florin, is the common basis of the Dutch currency. Commonly called a guilder, plural gulden [pronounced hulda], it is always written "f" for florin, thus 65.00, f. 1.25, etc. The decimal system is used. There are one hundred cents in a guilder. The half guilder and quarter guilder are as common as our fifty-cent pieces and quarters. It may be well here to embody a few dry facts and figures relating to this wonderful little country; they need not, however, be read unless one is so inclined, but they are necessary to a proper understanding, and for reference if required.

Self-government is a part of the life instinct of the methodical Hollanders, and was at the root of the country's antagonism to Spain. With an inborn love of ad-

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ministering their own affairs, they combine a respect for established constitutional authority and a deep inherent reverence for their sovereign.

The country is divided into 1,100 communes—urban or rural districts. The enfranchised inhabitants elect the communal council, or “Gemeente Raad,” which holds office for six years, and is presided over by a burgomaster. The latter, however, is nominated by the sovereign. In authority over the “Gemeente Raad” is the Provincial States, also a popularly-elected body, presided over by a commissary appointed by the crown. The duties of the Provincial States are administrative in their own state only. The members hold office for six years.

Above the Provincial States are the “States General,” consisting of two chambers. The First or Upper House (fifty members holding office for nine years) receives its election from the members of the Provincial States. The other, commonly called The Chamber, is elected by the people. Over the second chamber sits a President, appointed by the sovereign. Here all national legislative business is transacted, and bills intended to become law are prepared and sent up to the First Chamber. The latter cannot propose measures on its own initiative. The Executive or Cabinet consists of ten ministers, each chosen by the sovereign, usually from the Lower House, for the Premier must always be a member of “The Chamber.” The portfolios are as follows: Finance, Justice,

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Foreign Affairs, Marine, Interior or Home, War, Public Works, Waterways, Trade and Industry, Agriculture and Labor, Colonies.

In addition to governing by ministers, the sovereign elects the "Raad van Staat," a body somewhat higher than the Privy Council of England, for it has powers by which it deals with (1) government bills brought before "De Kamer" (the Lower House) and (2) private bills awaiting royal sanction. Although elected for the respected terms named above, one-third of the members of the "Gemeente Raad," the Provincial States and "De Kamer" retire automatically every two or three years, but are eligible for re-election.

The army service is maintained partly voluntarily and partly by conscription, determined by a ballot. Exemptions are allowed to sons of indigent parents and other special cases. According to the nearest authority at hand, the strength of the peace-footing is 1,950 officers and 25,000 men. For war the numbers would be immediately raised to 126,000, with 50,000 auxiliaries.

For the national budget, the following are some of the figures, omitting the cost of the army and navy, which, combined, absorb only three and three-quarter millions, paid for by separate taxation. In 1904-05 expenditure exceeded income, a most unusual occurrence in Holland, but the national debt was reduced by two and one-half millions. The imports are a little under two hundred

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million sterling, including twenty millions from the United Kingdom. The exports are 170 millions, including thirty-eight millions to the United Kingdom.

Of the religion of the population of Holland, about three-fifths are Protestants and two-fifths Roman Catholics. There are about one hundred thousand Jews, of whom nearly one-half are in Amsterdam. The Protestants are subdivided into innumerable sects, the chief being the Dutch Reformed Church. This is the State Church, but is disestablished.

The national census of the population is taken every ten years. The following are the figures for the last three decadal periods:

December 31, 1889.....	4,549,000
December 31, 1899.....	5,104,137
December 31, 1909.....	5,347,181

There are only four towns, according to the last census, with populations exceeding one hundred thousand, namely:

Amsterdam	568,000
The Hague and Scheveningen.....	270,000
Rotterdam	418,000
Utrecht	292,000

To return to the subject of money. Before going to Holland, the traveler would better make himself acquainted thoroughly with the mysteries of the Dutch coinage, and learn the names by heart. The stranger

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is rather apt to treat the guilder, which is the principal coin, too much as if it were equivalent to an English shilling, but he will find that the balance will come out on the wrong side, as the guilder equals 1s. 8d. Then the "dubbeltje," a silver coin representing two-pence and looking not unlike our old-fashioned three-cent piece, long since recalled from circulation, is so ridiculously tiny that one loses sight of its real value. The following are the names of the Dutch pieces now in circulation: Halve Stuyver, Stuyver, Dubbeltje, Kwartje or Vijfje—Halve Gulden, Gulden, Rijksdaalde, Gouden Willem or Tientje. This last coin is of gold.

Notes are also issued for 10, 25, 40, 50 Guilders, and upwards.

The traveler will say that the less said about the Dutch language the better for him. He will undoubtedly find it most difficult, if not impossible. But one great advantage in choosing Holland as a holiday resort is that the majority of the Dutch people know some English, and as a rule they are proud of their knowledge and prefer to use it whenever possible. They appear to be able to learn foreign languages with great facility, for even among the lowest orders, many may be found who speak several languages besides their own. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that their own language is so difficult and so little understood out of the Netherlands that the Dutch in self-defense are obliged to ac-

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quire the tongues of other nations in order to compete in business.

Dutch is certainly one of the most difficult of languages to acquire, being more guttural than German, which it somewhat resembles, and it may be classed by the student as a lower Frankish dialect. According to the best authorities it existed as early as the thirteenth century. It has developed a strong individuality, is expressive and devoid of the character of patois, such as hampers the Flemish tongue. It has incorporated words of foreign origin less, perhaps, than any other of the low countries, and is of a remarkable richness and flexibility. Its literature is rich and vigorous, as may be recognized by the following verse from a favorite song:

Wien Neerlandsch bloed in de aderen vloeit
Van vreemde smetten vrij,
Wiens hartvoorland en Koning gloeit,
Verhef den zang als wij:
Hij stel met ons, vereend vanzin,
Met onbeklemd borst,
Het godgevallig feestlied in
Voor Vaderland en Vorst.—*Tollens.*

(Literal translation: "Let him, in whose veins flows Netherlandish blood, free from foreign stain, and whose heart glows for country and king, raise the song with us, united in sentiment, with unburdened breast, in the festal song pleasing to God, the Fatherland and Sovereign.")

The vowels, a, e, i, o, u are pronounced as in French, and are lengthened, but not altered in sound, by being

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doubled (thus oo-o) ; ei and ij, or y, are like the vowel sound in the French pays ; au and ou like ow in now, but broader (aw-oo) ; eu like the French eu or the German o ; oe like the English oo or the German u ; ui has a sound fluctuating between oi and ow (as in now). In most other combinations of vowels each retains its usual sound. All the consonants are pronounced as in English, except g and ch, which have a guttural sound like the g in the German Tag ; w, which is pronounced like v ; j like the English y or ee ; and v like f. Final n is often dropped in colloquial speech (e. g., Leyde' for Leyden, Marke' or Marriker for Marken).

The definite article is de for the masculine and feminine, and het for the neuter ; genitive des, der, or van den, van de, van het ; dative den, der, het, or aan den, aan de, aan het ; plural for all genders de, der, den. The Dutch are great sticklers for correctness of form in addressing each other, especially among the upper classes. Thus, for example, a titled person is "U," properly "Uwe Edele," (Your Lordship) with the addition of Mynheer. They always address a married lady as "Mevrouw" (pronounced "Měfrow").

A young unmarried lady is addressed as "Mejuffrouw" — (Mee-you-frow) "Juffrouwe," (You-Frow) is used only in addressing shopwomen, servant maids or others of low social position. "Freule" is the term used for a young lady of title, or one of noble birth. The stranger

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is advised to be very careful in these matters so as not to give offense, and he should invariably prefix his address with the words "Alst U belieft," (pronounced rapidly "Assher bleef.") This is simply "If you please" in our tongue, and indeed seems to work wonders in smoothing the traveler's pathway through the Netherlands. At least, this has been my own experience.

Amsterdam is the capital of the kingdom, and The Hague is the official residence of the Queen and Consort, although they sometimes occupy the "House in the Wood," or "Huis ten Bosche and Het Loo." The Netherlands are divided into eleven provinces: North Brabant, the capital of which is Hertogenbosch; Drenthe, the capital of which is Assen; Friesland, capital Leeuwarden; Guelderland, capital Arnhem; Groningen, capital Groningen; North Holland, capital Amsterdam; South Holland, The Hague; Limburg, Maastricht; Over-Yssel, capital Zwolle; Utrecht, capital Utrecht; Zeeland, capital Middleburg. Besides these provinces, the district of Luxemborg, 210,000 inhabitants, capital of the same name, is a Duchy under the crown. The most important Dutch colonies in the East Indies are Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and Celebes; in the West Indies, Surinam, St. Eustache and Curaçao; to which must be added a number of factories or state holdings of Guiana. The total area of these possessions amounts to 766,000 square miles, and the population to 28-29,000,000 souls. As near as one

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can find out, the navy contains in the neighborhood of 150 vessels, of which only a few are of the first class, commanded by two vice-admirals, four rear-admirals, "schouten-by-nacht," 26 captains, 35 commanders, and manned by upwards of 75,000 hands.

Holland, Pays Bas, the Netherlands, or whatever name one chooses to call it, is certainly one of the remarkable regions of the world. Here man is indebted to nature for very little. Napoleon, pretending that the soil was formed of alluvial deposits, the débris of French rivers, annexed the whole region, with a perfect realization of its vast value. But the great plains intersected by rivers, while formed as he claimed, are yet the handiwork of the patient and industrious Dutchman. The sea does his bidding, and wind is under his control. Foreign writers, not understanding his great qualities, have ridiculed him, but he has never been affected by such criticism.

The very laws of nature have here been reversed, for, disregarding the injunction, every house is builded upon the sand, and the whole coast is held together practically by straws. There being little or no wood in the country, whole forests have been brought hither in ships, and buried as pile foundations for the cities. Save in the Island of Urk in the Zuyderzee (Sowdersay), there is not a native stone to be found anywhere, yet artificial mountains (almost) have been brought in vessels from Sweden and Norway and in the most masterful and ingenious

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manner erected as barriers against the encroachment of the sea. The vast array of windmills over the country exact toll from the very air, and rivers are made to course, and trees are made to grow exactly where they are needed. Water, air and earth thus under control have made for the greatness of the Netherlands, which though of comparatively insignificant area, has an historical interest greater than countries of larger dimensions. Forced to keep perpetual watch against the forces of nature, she has had likewise in the past to make heroic resistance against foreign aggression. To the American the Kingdom of the Netherlands has special attractions. Our laws, or rather the best of them, are based upon hers, and she has ever been a refuge to the oppressed. Liberty of thought and action she insists upon for all, as our own Pilgrim Fathers found at Delfshaven. In many ways the Dutch have made man their debtor. Her sons have been illustrious in art, in science and in polemics, and in geographical research and discoveries she certainly holds an exalted place. In art she is supreme. It was a Hollander who invented the mariner's compass, a spectacle-maker of Middelburg who invented the telescope, a Dutch physician, Cornelius Van Deebbel, made the thermometer. It is stated and claimed that Coster of Haarlem invented wooden type, and that the first newspaper printed in Europe appeared in the Dutch language.

Among other great men Holland has produced the

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author of a work that has perhaps a more extended circulation than any other book, Thomas à Kempis. Erasmus, Grotius and Spinoza, too, are recalled to mind. The prophet John of Leyden and the New Jerusalem Church, the sects of the Moravians, and the Jansenists had here their origin. Ever the sanctuary of the reformer, Holland was noted for its tolerance of opinion, while in England and elsewhere those who differed from the party in power were consigned to the gallows and the stake. The regicides of King Charles I found refuge in Holland, and here too Charles II and the unfortunate Royalists sought shelter after Worcester Field. Lord Shaftsbury fled hither from England to avoid the penalty of high treason, and died in peace at Amsterdam. Here John Locke, under distinguished patronage, wrote and circulated his great essay, "Concerning the Human Understanding."

One might indeed continue for pages without exhausting the list, but it is Holland of to-day with which we are now concerned. The visitor will find that Holland is a land which he will respect, as well as admire, for its picturesque quality. There being no mountains, there are consequently no valleys. Each town and village will offer to the traveler a quality and charm of its own, the engineer, the agriculturist and the artist will find everywhere food for thought and study. Nowhere else can such pictures be found as those in the galleries of

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The Hague and Amsterdam. Nowhere else can such stupendous engineering problems be studied; and the Dutch farm is perfection. As to the living, it need hardly be stated here that in Holland the mutton and fish are of fine quality, and while the style of cooking is not always that to which one is accustomed, still one may always find a good meal to be had, even in the remote districts, while in the large towns and cities the hotels are equal to those of any country. Much, however, cannot be said of the water; it is generally drinkable, but charged waters are inexpensive and abundant and are recommended to the traveler in preference to that derived from the housetops.

As to wine, those of the Rhine and Moselle are not dear, fairly good port is to be had, and the beer is good, though sour to the taste. So that one may live as comfortably and as inexpensively in the Netherlands as in America, and it may be said further that nowhere on the Continent will the traveler be better served and entertained. The men are kind-hearted if somewhat reserved, and the women, while shy, will cheerfully accord one civility. The children are sometimes too curious and obtrusive, especially in the tourist regions, but they are all kindly disposed.

Although the Dutch are a very religious people, they seem to take an especial delight in the name "protestant," and certainly they have shown a remarkable efficiency in

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protesting against and taking from their religion nearly every possible aspect of grace and artistic charm. Be the church ever so beautiful, and there are countless numbers of beautiful churches all over the Netherlands, they seem to have exhibited almost a frenzy in stripping it of every removable object that formerly embellished it; where it was not possible to remove the great altar screens, they have scraped off all the carvings within reach, and *white-washed* the whole structure. All such architectural embellishments they must have deemed "pagan"; there could be no other reason for their actions. Their great churches are also surrounded by quaint little tile-roofed houses and shops built against the gray old gothic walls. Being a matter-of-fact and intensely practical people, they are surprised when one objects to this on sentimental grounds, and reply that these buildings bring in a very comfortable revenue to the church and help to pay the stipends of the clergy and assistants. Certainly the artist cannot object to the picturesque grouping of these bizarre constructions, whatever the antiquary may say.

Perhaps of all the great churches in the Netherlands that of Nymwegen, the "Groote Kerk" of St. Stephen, is the most beset and thus disfigured by these small houses which hem it in on all sides so that one finds the entrance with some difficulty. The vast interior is as usual desecrated by whitewash and furthermore a most hideous construction of wooden walls obstructs the nave, so that

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really it is a "meeting house" built inside the walls of the church. I have not met with such an example of Protestantism (if I may so style it) elsewhere.

The great tower with its bulbs and bold ornamentation surmounting the unfinished summit is a most impressive feature of the market-place, but the clustering chimney stacks send forth showers of soot which sadly defile the old buttresses. The interiors of these huge structures all over the Netherlands are almost invariably whitewashed, and many of the wonderful carved benches, whereon the cardinal princes formerly sat enrobed in silks and lace, are now painted a sickly yellow and grained in simulation [?] of new oak.

The congregations on Sunday resemble gatherings of Quakers—even to the singular custom on the part of the men in wearing their hats. The effect of these somber gatherings of grim-faced men beneath the exquisite gothic arches is most incongruous and chilling to a degree: at least so it has always seemed to me, and not even the glories of the stained and painted windows with their wondrous tones of azure, saffron and vermilion has served to remove the chill.

Thus one recalls the great church at Gouda; that of Haarlem with its wonderful organ and the lines of hanging models of ancient ships; the church at Delft with the magnificent tomb of William the Silent; all of these are great architectural monuments, renowned in history.



Leeuwarden—The Old Church



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Perhaps this desecration may be laid at the door of Erasmus of Rotterdam, to whom is ascribed the parentage of the Reformation.

Fell, the friend of "Elia" (Charles Lamb) is credited with a desire to hear the great organ of Haarlem, and paid a "ducat" to the organist and a half crown to the blower for the privilege. He described the sound of the "vox humana" as "the voice of a psalm singing clerk," and left in disgust. The great Handel on one occasion, it is said, "fingered the stops with such skill, that the amazed listeners hearing the wondrous sounds fled the building saying that he was either angel or devil." This great organ, built in 1735 by Christopher Muller, was formerly the largest in the world, and is perhaps even now the most powerful. It has three keyboards, sixty stops, and five thousand pipes, the largest of which is said to be thirty-two feet long, and fifteen inches in diameter.

Mozart too, when a mere boy, is said to have sat at the keys evoking music that charmed the hearers.

The great pillars behind the choir stalls are now being cleaned of their coats of whitewash, and the original polychrome decoration thus tastefully restored under skilled supervision, in response to the petition of a number of eminent architects. It may be, then, that other churches throughout the Netherlands, now so sadly disfigured, will be similarly favored. The beautiful fleet of ships' models hanging in the south aisle was presented

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to the church by the "Schouenvaardersgild" (Dutch Trading Company) as a commemorative votive offering in honor of Count William of the Fifth Crusade to the Holy Land.

Lady Anne was much amused by the discovery of a pile of quaint carved wooden "stoofjes" or foot warmers—which she discovered piled beneath the hinged seats of the choir stalls. They must be quite comfortable to have beneath the feet in those damp cold days of winter, for there is no other means of heating this great structure, and they are in general use throughout the Netherlands. Such anachronisms do not in any way disturb the Dutch, nor do they deem them subjects for either remark or discussion; indeed they think it very bad taste upon the part of a stranger to refer to them; such sensitiveness upon their part is perhaps not one of the least of their many engaging qualities.

In Andrew Marvel's satire "The Character of Holland," one finds the following lines, apropos of these "stoofjes:"

"See but the mermaids, with their tails of fish
Reeking at church over the chafing dish!
A vestal turf, enshrined in earthen ware
Fumes through the loopholes of a wooden square;
Each to the temple with these altars tend,
But still does place it at her western end;
While the fat steam of female sacrifice
Fills the priest's nostrils, and puts out his eyes:"

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Oliver Goldsmith in a complaining and illnatured letter to his Uncle Contarine, giving his impressions of the people of Holland criticizes the manners and appearance of the Dutch lady—"She burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and gives that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and a Scotch will bear opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy: The one walks as if she were straddling a go-cart, the other takes too masculine a stride."

Poor Goldsmith had indeed a terrible time of it in Holland.

He liked not the people, and they liked not him. Uncle Contarine had to send him enough money to pay his debts and his way back to England, which he reached penniless and discouraged. It can hardly be wondered at that he followed the fashion of the literary men of his day and joined in abuse of the Dutch, who all unconscious pursued the even tenor of their ways.

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And now for a few proverbs with which the Dutch delight in enlivening their conversation:

Wise is he who is always wise.

The devil makes a pillow of an idler.

Even a sailor sometimes may fall overboard.

It might profit a man to end his life ere he dies.

Never hunt the hare with a drum.

Never did crown cure an aching head.

The falling tear soon vanishes.

Even though you ride watch out.

Many "gulden" [great fortune] much trouble.

'Tis easy to cut your neighbor's cloth.

The old soldier delights in tales of war.

The tall tree casts a greater shadow than the grape vine.

The silk coat and the velvet gown lighten the purse.

Before you treat a man eat a bowl of salt with him.

Watch out when the old dog barks.

How easy to make a roaring fire with another man's turf.

The doctor and the sexton are rarely intimates.

The swampland does not need the rain.

Even the wisest hen lays an egg in the bushes.

Art, Ancient and Modern

CERTAINLY no one can fully appreciate the art of the great Dutch masters till he has seen the country in which they lived and painted. For theirs are pictures which have grown out of the very soil, which have been painted by men who were content to paint the portrait of their own country, artists who could "descrie abundant worth in trivial commonplace." The Dutch school is the exponent of everyday life; it has no aspirations after the great and glorious, the mysterious, or the unseen. Nature, as seen in Holland, either out of doors or in the house, is the one inspiration of its art. We are in the domain of naturalism. We must not suppose, however, that the Dutch school in its realistic character presents nothing but a brutal materialism, and never rises above the delineation of drunken boors at a village inn. There is a truthfulness in the Dutch pictures which commands admiration. It has been well said that "A dead tree by Ruisdael may touch a heart, a bull by Paul Potter may speak eloquently, a kitchen by Kalf may contain a poem." All the painters of this school confine themselves to loving, understanding, and representing Nature, each

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one adding his own feelings and taste—in fact, adding his individuality. This love of Nature is specially manifested in those landscapes and sea-pieces in which the Dutch school excels. Visiting various parts of Holland, in different kinds of weather, we shall see how each painter identifies himself with the special aspect which he depicts. A barren, gloomy landscape under a leaden sky, unrelieved by a living creature, its grim monotony only broken by a waterfall or a dead tree, at once shows us Jacob Van Ruisdael, the “Melancholy Jacques” as some one has aptly styled him of landscape painters, who finds “tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones.” A bright early morning, when the sun flashes merrily on white sail and glancing stream, and the fat black-and-white cattle are browsing knee-deep in the rich meadows, reminds us of the lover of light, Albert Cuyp. A warm afternoon, when the shadows of the fruit trees lie across the orchards, and an ox or horse or some other animal lies in the grateful shade, tells us of Paul Potter, the Raphael of modern painters, the La Fontaine of artists. An evening landscape, where amid the grazing cattle some rustic “Melibœus sports with Amaryllis in the shade,” and presents an idyl such as a Dutch Virgil might have written, brings before us the painter of the night, Van de Velde. A still pond, with the moon reflected on its surface and a few cottages nearly hidden by the dark alder and poplar trees, will remind us of the



Enkhuizen—An Interior



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painter of the night, Van der Neer. The sea-shore with high-stemmed Dutch ships sailing over the waves is the favorite haunt of Willem Van de Velde; a river flowing on toward the horizon, and reflecting a dull gray sky, recalls Van Goyen; and if we look on a frozen canal, crowded with skaters, Isack Van Ostade stands confessed. And this is not only true of landscape and sea pictures; the everyday life of Holland is identified in its various phases with different painters of this school. Owing to the changes which time and fashion make, we shall not find in the streets the "Night Watch" of Rembrandt, or the "Banquet" of Van der Helst in the town hall, the long satin robes of Ter Borch, the plumed cavaliers of Wouverman, or the drunken peasants of Adriaan Van Ostade. But if, in passing through a Dutch town, we see a young girl leaning on the old balustrade of a window, surrounded with ivy and geraniums, we may still recognize Gerard Dou. In the peaceful interior of a Gothic house where an old woman is spinning and which is lighted by the warm rays of the sun, we see Pieter de Hooch.¹ How did such a body of painters contrive to spring from such an unromantic and distressful period as the latter half of the sixteenth century, from so small a country, and during the time of life-and-death struggle known as the eighty years' war, when the fortunes of the nation reached

¹"German, Flemish and Dutch Painting" by H. G. Wilmot-Buxton and Edward S. Poynter, R.A.

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their lowest ebb? The enigma is still unsolved. The artists followed one another in rapid succession.

BORN IN	BORN IN
Frans Hals 1580	Paul Potter 1625
Van Honthorst 1590	Jan Steen 1626
Adriaen Brouwer..... 1605	Jacob van Ruysdael... 1628
Rembrandt 1606	De Hooch and Metsu.. 1630
Jan Lievens..... 1607	Nicholas Maes and Ver-
Adriaan Van Ostade... 1610	meer 1632
Van der Helst..... 1611	Adrian van der Velde.. 1635
Gerard Dou..... 1613	Van Mieris (senior)... 1635
Govert Flinck 1615	Hondecoeter 1636
Ferdinand Bol..... 1616	Van der Heyden..... 1637
Ter Borch 1617	Hobbema 1638
Wouverman 1619	Jan Weenix 1640
Albert Cuyt 1620	

The earliest dawn of art in modern Europe, as shown in fresco and distemper, is found on the southern side of the Alps; but painting in oil, the art which glows on the canvas of a Raphael, a Titian, or a Rembrandt, had its origin in the Netherlands. Most authorities from the days of Vasari have credited the discovery of oil painting to the brothers Van Eyck, who painted at The Hague, Ghent, and Bruges during the latter part of the fourteenth and the early part of the fifteenth centuries. But they were not the first artists of the Netherlands in point of time.

For centuries the Dutch churches had been filled with paintings which seemed to have possessed considerable merit (Davies' "Holland"). The moist climate, how-

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ever, worked destruction to most of the wall productions. The churches of Italy, with their wide walls and broad roof spaces, afforded scope for fresco decoration which was wanting in the structures of a Gothic type. Hence, the Netherland paintings were of a different class, being smaller and mostly executed on wooden panels. The groundwork of the panel was prepared with a thin coating of fine plaster, and upon this coating were laid the colors mixed with the white of an egg or the juice of unripe figs. Oil was employed, but its use was attended with great disadvantages. It was difficult to lay the colors finely with it and they took a long time to dry. For this reason it was never used in the finished part of the work, but only for large masses of drapery and such. The great objection to this process lay in the fact—not then discovered to its full extent, however—that in time the whole mass flaked off, leaving nothing but the bare surface of the panel. The Van Eyck brothers mixed some substance, probably resin, with boiled oil, and found that they had a medium which dried quickly and with which the finest and most delicate work could be accomplished. The plaster on the panel was interpenetrated with this varnish and the whole wrought so finely together that at last the surface became like enamel, and it is generally next to impossible to detect the traces of the brush. (See Conway's "Early Flemish Artists," also Burger's well-known book on the "Muses de la Hol-

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lande," in which Dutch painting is most exhaustively treated, and "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," by Douglas Campbell.)

Of the modern school of painting numerous examples are scattered all over Holland. In Rotterdam at Boyman's Museum are some splendid examples; also Teyler's Museum at Haarlem. Examples of Mesdag, the painter of the sea, are found in nearly all cities. He paints the sea in its prevailing tones of gray. Israels paints his figures with great power in both oil and water color, and his pictures appeal to the imagination from the very simplicity of composition. They are quiet, even melancholy in sentiment, depicting scenes of poverty with great feeling. Anton Mauve lived near Muiderburg on the Zuyderzee and had a great love for sheep. There is a deliciously cool and exquisite touch in all his work. No other artist of our time has painted so sympathetically that soft, violet gray light which envelops the landscape and the creamy dunes, crested with sparse grass tufts, and the feathery trees of North Holland. Roelaf's landscapes should be seen and studied. Also the interior views of the Dutch churches by Bosbooms. The brothers Maris, who painted an enormous number of pictures and whose paintings are in nearly every prominent collection in Europe and America, have upheld upon their brush points, with the above-mentioned men, the glory of the modern art of the Netherlands. Pieneman

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was a most assiduous worker, with tendencies toward the heroic school of Jordaens of Antwerp, much of whose work is to be seen in Holland, notably in the Orange Room at the Huis ten Bosch, The Hague. His most ambitious work is that huge canvas at the Rijks Museum, "Battle of Waterloo." It measures twenty-six feet by eighteen feet. The subject, of course, appeals to every Dutchman, for the Prince of Orange was one of the many heroes of that day. This picture was painted in 1884.

Sir L. Alma Tadema, that most distinguished Hollander whose work is well known the world over, and who lived in a veritable palace in London, England, was born at Marssum, near Leewarden. He studied under the famous painter, Baron Leys, and also worked for a considerable time with his uncle, Mesdag, the marine painter.

As we have seen then at the close of the seventeenth century, the Dutch school was practically extinct and remained so for a hundred years. As these great masters came so they went, quickly and mysteriously, and although a second Rembrandt has not appeared, nor a Paul Potter, yet the Netherlands has in this last-mentioned list of modern painters an academical body, yet without its restricted forms, of whom it may well be proud.

The Netherlands, of course, is a maritime nation, a nation of sailors and fishermen. The whole coast is

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dotted with fishing villages, which are fast losing their quaint character and becoming fashionable watering places. Of these, Scheveningen [impossible to give this pronunciation in type] is perhaps the chief, and still maintains a large fleet of extremely picturesque fishing boats (pinkens), the cargoes of which are sold by auction on the beach immediately on their arrival. (I am informed that this custom is now to be abandoned.) I have tried in vain to understand the system of sale, and I have often tried to describe it. The scene on such occasions is often very picturesque and highly amusing. The boats are wide and deep and open in the center of the ribs, and only decked fore and aft. On each side are huge "lee boards," for the boats are flat-bottomed. They are of one mast and carry a jib and mainsail, dyed deep golden brown. There is no paint used on the bodies of the boats save a strip of the most delicate green near the gunwale. The hull is covered with a thick coating of hard oil, giving the wood a most beautiful appearance. To see the fleet off shore and coming sailing in at full speed, all in line, and running up on the sand, high and dry, is a sight worth traveling far to witness. The village people in their wonderful and varied costumes, the fathers too aged to work, and the mothers and children await their coming in long lines on the beaches. Horses are hitched up and driven at full speed into the shallow water and made fast to long lines stretching from the

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bows of the boats, which they pull shoreward, driven by loud cries and exclamations. Then the "patroons," or captains, descend with much dignity from their respective boats, and mounting on the backs of some of the men who stand waist deep in the water, are conveyed ashore through the surf to the beach, where they await stolidly the unloading of the fish. The fishing is prosecuted with considerable success. Drag-nets, or trawls as they are called, are thrown overboard and hauled along the bottom of the shallow waters of the North Sea, naturally scraping up everything in their way. Large numbers of skate are caught. Other vessels go still further, even as far as the north coast of Scotland after the herring, and meet with great success. The men are splendid and sturdy specimens of their race, blond and blue-eyed, with fine bronze skins, and some of them with great charm and openness of character. They are simple and loyal and generally treat the stranger with great courtesy and kindness. All the fishing boats are registered and numbered under the law and are controlled and watched over by the revenue cutters. Of course, there is much drinking among the men, as is to be expected.

Scheveningen, the ancient fishing village, or rather what is left of it, is now joined to a very fashionable city of great hotels and ornate private villas. The village, it is said, dates from the fifteenth century, and singularly enough has retained in the few streets left in the old set-

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lement much of its ancient character, in spite of the great throng of summer tourists who visit it each year. The quaint huts of the fishermen are much as they were a hundred years ago, and if new ones are built, the original form is invariably copied. There are yet several curious narrow streets lined with these red-tiled, creamy-walled little houses, with bright green-painted doors, and lace-hung windows, at which appears above the invariable blooming pot of flowers the lace-capped face of a furtively peering peasant attracted by the noise of footsteps on the rough cobbled street.

All about are piles of tarry nets, fishing baskets, and marine impediments in most picturesque confusion. The catch is particularly among the great schools of herring that feed off shore, and the daily departure of the fleet from the sands is a sight to be remembered.

The old houses of the fishermen are in singular contrast with the air of modern luxury of the famous bathing resort terraced along the sand dunes, where stately hotels line the boulevard, which terminates in a long jetty, and a pavilion at its end. There is an imposing "Kurhaus" or Casino, with high cupolas decked with flags; the crashing of bands, and cries of vendors fill the air with noise, and the beautiful sands spotted with the curious wicker chairs, which render it unique, are crowded with people from all over the world. Scheveningen is perhaps the most cosmopolitan bathing resort in the world, and it is

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certainly one of the most expensive. Here instead of francs one pays florins!

In the season there is great interest in horse-racing. (*Harddraverij*, in Dutch.) There are fine tracks at Rotterdam, at Amsterdam, at Woest-Duin near Haarlem, at Utrecht, and at Groningen. The sport has its organ, a weekly newspaper named *Hippos*. The scene at these races is often quite gay and animated, and considerable money changes hands through the presence of large numbers of strangers from England and Belgium

There are many rowing and sailing clubs, the principal one being under royal patronage and called "The Royal Dutch Rowing and Sailing Club," with headquarters at Amsterdam. The outer side of the Amstel is a favorite piece of water for the racing of small craft; while the Ij and the near-by Zuyderzee are used by larger boats. During the season several very successful regattas are held on the river Ij [Eye]. The official organ which may be studied for particulars is the *Nederlandsche Sport*.

To the cyclist, the signs everywhere seen through Holland bearing the word "Wielrijders" (cyclists) should be carefully regarded if followed by the word "Verboden" (forbidden), for the Dutchman is not always patient with the foreigner at any infringement of the law. The official touring club is called the "Alg. Ned. Wielrijdersbond." This is a most flourishing, well-established asso-

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ciation, and under its laws has resulted in the manifest improvement of the roadways. All through the country are seen sign and distance posts emblazoned with the familiar winged wheel, and fixed charges are maintained at the different hotels. The sign for the hotel is "Bonds-Hotel." The distances marked on the post are in kilometers. The automobile of course is now a common sight through Holland. I well remember my own experience in the first machine perhaps which the "Vollendamers" had ever seen and which came up from Amsterdam purposely to deposit me at "Spaander's," and the throngs of excited peasants, shaken for the nonce out of their usual apathy. The machine was a noisy red one, an early model, and the petroleum gases forming in the exhaust suddenly igniting went off with the noise of a small cannon, at which the excited Mynheers promptly withdrew their hands from their capacious pockets, shut their eyes, closed their mouths, and seizing their children by the shoulder or anything they could get hold of, promptly fled to a safe distance. Me they regarded as a being miraculously endowed with unheard-of courage and protected by the wing of some sweet little cherub from his seat up aloft, and as such entitled to a new distinction and respect. The chauffeur, capped and goggled, they regarded as some sort of monster, removed from their ken, and when he gruffly spoke to them in their own tongue, they refused to believe the evidence of their ears



A Dutch Go-Cart



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and only stared, and when he turned the machine with great skill in the narrow roadway by the canal and opened the throttle, vanishing noisily in a cloud of dust, they remained standing one and all spellbound and speechless, so that I had to carry my own traps to the little stairway which I mounted and along the raised pathway until I met the hospitable Spaander, who welcomed me with open arms. But the Dutchman is now very familiar with the automobile and regards it with a certain degree of contempt, considering it only in the light of its occupants and as furnishing him with extra guldens. Indeed, the demands of the modern Dutchman upon the "gulden" of the inexperienced traveler are only limited by the latter's willingness to disgorge. This will be, I think, sufficient warning.

Intending visitors to Holland in the winter will do well to join one of the skating clubs to be found in every town, as the sport is most popular throughout the country. Nearly all the larger clubs are members of the Dutch skating association, or the "Nederlandsche Schaatsenrijdersbond," at Groningen. The Hollanders learned to skate from the Romans, and examples of the earliest skates which they used may be seen in the different museums. They were made of bones, smoothed and polished to a flat surface, and were tied to the feet with strings. The scene on the rivers and canals in the winter is a most animated and interesting one, and the Dutch are completely

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transformed. No sooner does the ice bear than the whole people begin to glide and swirl to the poetry of motion. The canals then become the real streets. The sounds of discordant organs from the merry-go-round are heard everywhere, and over all is the pungent odor of the stale grease from the "Poffertjes" and "Wafelen" booths, presided over by fat, bare-armed "Vrouwes," who make them with indescribable rapidity for the ravenous peasants. The first are little round pancaky blobs, twisted, cooked in hot grease and covered with butter and sugar. The "Wafelen" are oblong wafers stamped thinly in an iron mold, fried, and also buttered and sugared. It is etiquette to eat two dozen "Poffertjes" and two of "Wafelen" at the first order. Afterward you may eat as many as you wish. A thin, sour beer is drunk with them, or a sickly, sweet lemonade. To eat them is one's duty. To watch the cooking is a fascination. They are made by hundreds at once over a brisk charcoal fire and one can smell the odor of grease for miles. The cook busies herself in twisting the little dabs of pasty dough into the molds and dumping out those that are cooked. One may see pictures in the museums painted by Jan Steen showing the operation. The peasants stand in rows before these booths, eating the dainties. They are very noisy, and while one sees but little drunkenness, there is very little real revelry. The Dutch take their pleasures very stolidly, and the great evidence of the "festa" is the glare

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of the naphtha lamps and the loud, blaring notes of the steam organs. The Dutchman, when he wearies of skating in the winter, seats himself with his "meisje" by his side on the backs of the most wonderfully carved and brilliantly painted elephants, camels, horses, or griffons, in the "carrousel," or merry-go-rounds, and will ride for hours at a time with staring eyes and open mouth in a sort of trance, until he is pulled off forcibly by the owner of the machine and made to pay up. There are numerous sideshows on the banks with alleged two-headed boys, giant females, dwarf ponies, etc., presided over by loud-tongued barkers, but the devotee of the sport will prefer to leave these scenes behind and glide along out into the country districts over the smooth ice in company with the brilliantly costumed and bright-cheeked peasantry, arriving perchance at the next town in time for dinner, which should be ordered in advance unless the town is a large one. The skating carnival is generally the cause of many weddings among the peasantry, and if one is so happy as to be present at one of these a most interesting experience may be enjoyed. Thursday is the peasants' day for the ceremony, for on this day the fees are very small. My Dutch friend says that on other days it is "largely expensive" to be married. The "Koster" complains bitterly of the present economical tendency which induces so many young couples to dispense with the religious ceremony in favor of the civic marriage. My

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Dutch friend further explains that there are several distinct decorative ceremonies at church, ranging in price from say four guilders to twenty-five, and for the latter figure there are carpets and artificial flowers and trappings galore. On Thursdays, then, there are generally a number of couples at the church waiting their turn. The happy bride is brought in a high-backed tilbury, if in the country, the interior of which is decorated with two large mirrors in the shape of hearts lavishly trimmed with artificial white flowers, where she sits admiringly contemplated by the party. The ceremony is rattled through with great rapidity, after which the peasants depart to the nearest hotel in procession, the groom in full evening dress, and with a stolid, seemingly bored expression. He consumes vast quantities of beer, all paid for by his companions on this occasion until the hour of the banquet. This, it is explained, is the second ceremony, for when the preliminaries of an engagement are decided upon, a betrothal dinner is held. The friends are invited to the wedding by the present of a box of sweets, or maybe a bottle of wine, popularly known as "bride's tears" ("Bruidstranen"). On the day of the wedding, the whole party imbibe generously of a certain brand of this wine which contains small floating particles of gold-leaf. They afterward dance and carouse for the balance of the night.

There are many other strange customs pertaining to

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the ceremony, but perhaps they may well be left to the imagination. I was invited to one ceremony which seemed so peculiar that I cannot refrain from describing it. On this occasion I happened to meet with the U. S. Consul, an American friend, who invited me to go with him to witness a civil ceremony of marriage, which he said was most singular according to our ideas. When we arrived at the house, the ceremony had begun. The happy couple were standing together before the burgomaster, who was empowered to perform the service. I could not understand quite all that was being said, but when it was over, the bride, who was gorgeously arrayed with a wreath of flowers about her lace cap, through the meshes of which shone a magnificent beaten gold head-dress with pendant diamond sparks at each side of her rosy face, and with many strings of coral beads about her throat, her figure arrayed in the Zeeland costume, shook hands first with the groom, then with the burgomaster, and disappeared from view into a back room with her girl companions. The groom then drank off a large goblet of warm, sweet champagne, the temperature and quality of which I discovered when my own glass was filled. Round after round of wine was consumed and huge slices of dark, soggy fruit cake were passed about, until in desperation and hidden by the crowd, in self-defense I emptied my brimming goblet surreptitiously on the floor. I managed to ask the consul, whisperingly, to explain.

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He said that the bridegroom was in South Africa and unable to be present; that the couple wished to be married at once; that he had sent for the bride to come to him, and as it was contrary to etiquette for the bride to go to him unmarried, the bridegroom's brother acted as proxy, and that the young damsel, now a blushing bride, would sail by the steamer from Amsterdam for Natal the following morning. The usual custom of an all-night celebration then progressed. Then ensued dancing to the music of a discordant band, and the constant eating and drinking among non-dancers went on. We all signed our names in a large book, and I was most hospitably urged to remain for the night as a distinguished guest. My friend, the consul, told me that this wedding by proxy was not an unusual ceremony, but I had never heard of it before. There is an old saying in Holland that there are only two things a girl chooses herself—"her potatoes and her lover." They see each other at the "Kermis" and then the lad feels his heart's desire. So he puts on all his best clothes and bravely goes to her parents' house. The father and mother give him welcome, the girls smile and nudge each other, and no one refers to the purpose of his visit, though of course they well know why he has come. At last they all retire from the room, even the father and mother, and the two are left alone beside the fire. They discuss everything but the subject at heart. Not a word of love is uttered, but

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mark you, if she does not feed the fire on the hearth and it dies down, it is a hint that she does not care for him, but if she heaps piles of fuel on the fire, he knows that she loves him and means to accept him for her husband, and he knows that it is all right, and from that day forward he is accepted as one of the family. The engagement is for a year or two, more or less, and I am told they are permitted to go everywhere alone and amuse themselves without criticism or interference on the part of the parents.

“The Hollow Land”

THE traveler is recommended above all to enter Holland by way of Flushing in Zeeland, as the island of Walcheren now retains more of the old costumes and the original types of peasantry than perhaps any other of the provinces. The picturesque costumes of the women, with their queer head-dresses and flashing gold and silver cap ornaments (*Hoofdijzers*), show to great advantage and impress the tourist with the strange antiquity of the people. The milkmaid going her round with utensils burnished like silver and gold and sparkling in the sunlight; the patient dogs drawing the little two-wheeled green carts laden with brass milk cans; the curious carvings on the dark, leaning house fronts; the funny little mirrors (*spui*) outside at each window, showing to those within the passer-by; the busy “*huisvrouw*” cleansing the footway before her dwelling or sweeping the already immaculate bricks of the roadway; the sweet, soft, jangling chime of the bells in the “*Grootekerk*” with its lofty tower of four stages, dating from the fourteenth century; the gaudily painted brown-sailed fishing craft, manned by the stolid, broad-beamed Dutchmen, are all sights which will impress one most

“THE HOLLOW LAND”

strangely. The town of Flushing, or “Vlissingen,” is situated about a mile from the harbor. This walk is most entertaining. There is a huge dial raised on the dyke showing the height of the water in the river Scheldt, a dial resembling a clock and with the letters “A. P.” on it. In Dutch this means “Amsterdamsche Peil,” and shows highwater mark at Amsterdam. Here is the town hall on the “Hout Kade,” erected in 1733; formerly the mansion of a wealthy citizen, it was adapted to its present use after the English destroyed the other by bombardment. Now we come upon a curious house across a bridge of boats. It is adorned with the figures of the Graces. Then down a street lined with large beautiful chestnut trees to the very heart of old Flushing. Here we find the peasant women gathered in the “Oude Markt,” all busily chaffering and wrangling over their various commodities. Across the canal to the “Beurs Plein,” to the “Ronde” on the sea front, with its lighthouse and a raised walk upon which is a fine bronze statue of Admiral De Ruyter, who was born here in 1607. His father was a ropemaker, but his mother descended from a noble family. It was from here that De Ruyter’s fleet sailed out to attack the English fleet. The circular tower was built in 1563 and was once the chief gate of old Flushing.

The island of Walcheren [pronounced Val-kara] is about ten miles in length and eight miles in breadth and has played a most important part in Dutch and English

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history, and its story many years further back is full of interest.

“Among the quicksands of storm-beaten Walachria, that wondrous Normandy came into existence whose wings were to sweep over all the high places of Christendom. Out of these creeks, lagoons, and almost inaccessible sand banks, these bold free-booters sailed forth on their forays against England, France, and other adjacent countries, and here they brought and buried the booty of many a wild adventure. Here at a later day Rollo the Dane had that memorable dream of leprosy, the cure of which was the conversion of North Gaul into Normandy, of pagans into Christians, and the subsequent conquest of every throne in Christendom from Ultima Thule to Byzantium” (“United Netherlands”).

As to its connection with English history, every school-boy has heard of the Walcheren expedition in 1809, when the Earl of Chatham was sent with troops to destroy the naval arsenal which Napoleon was creating in Antwerp. The incompetent English general, instead of carrying out the object of the expedition, stopped en route to take Flushing, in consequence of which Napoleon had sufficient time to put Antwerp in a state of defense, while 7,000 English soldiers left in charge of Walcheren eventually perished of marsh fever and £20,000,000, the cost of the expedition, was sacrificed.

Flushing has made a magnificent endeavor to become a great port, and it is hard to understand why it has not succeeded. The map of Holland will show at a glance that its position is unequaled, and millions of guilders have been spent on its harbor works and docks. Steam-

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ers leave here regularly for Hull and different parts of the continent. The magnificent harbor is divided into three parts, known as the outer port, and the first and second inner ports. The outer port comprises about thirty-two acres and it is said has a depth of twenty-one feet at low water; a canal twenty-four feet deep connects the harbor with Middelburg and Veere, cutting the island of Walcheren into two parts. The town is sheltered by great dykes from the north and northeast winds and the ever-changing sea. To the left is the coast of South Flanders, some of its villages being easily discernible. To the north are the downs with red-tiled farmhouses dotted here and there. To the northeast one gets a glimpse of Biggekerke and Koudekerke, two villages well worth visiting, by the way. There is a little steam tram running between Flushing and Middelburg, four miles away, but a pleasanter way of making the journey is to take the little steamer running at frequent intervals through the canal, in company with the gaily dressed peasantry to or from their way to market. In this way a better idea of the country people may be had.

Middelburg was in the Middle Ages one of the richest and most flourishing cities of the Netherlands, as may be seen from its well-built houses, once the homes of merchant princes, and from its spacious docks and waterways. Its municipal charter, dated 1213, is said to be one of the oldest documents of the kind in existence. It was a great

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market for wool, and was crowded with merchants from all parts of Europe, especially from England, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Its intercourse with other nations led to a large trade in wine. All wines coming from Spain and France, for example, for consumption in Holland and Germany had to pass through Middelburg and pay a heavy duty there. In 1572 Middelburg was the last place in Zeeland occupied by the Spanish. It capitulated to the Zeelanders in 1574.

Middelburg has been called the most representative town in Holland. On Thursday, which is market day, there is great opportunity of studying the Zeeland peasants, for it is upon this day that they flock in from the country after their labors of the week. Their dress is peculiar, most picturesque, and perhaps the most elaborate in Holland. Both sexes wear a great many quaint beaten silver ornaments, which may be purchased from them sometimes, but for which they usually ask twice the value. There are many little silverware shops in Middelburg where may be found the quaint old Dutch spoons such as are described by Thackeray in "A Roundabout Paper." On market days these shops are thronged with peasants, purchasing the curious Zeeland silver buttons and buckles. These are made of silver wire in concentric circles which are soldered to its base, and are quite moderate in price. The eating at the hotels here is not very good from our standpoint. The traveler will find a su-



Middelburg—The Kermis



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perabundance, as well as many kinds, of cheese. There is cheese with caraway seeds and cheese without, soft cheese, hard cheese, yellow cheese, red cheese, green cheese, and white cheese, not to speak of certain very odorous dark brown cheese, the merits of which I am unable to specify. The bread is generally good. Of the meat I cannot say as much. My Dutch friend tells me that mutton is hard to get and I afterwards found it so, and the reason he gives is that sheep are killed only when they cease to be valuable for wool-bearing, and lamb on the table is an almost unheard-of rarity. Veal is the great staple, and is served in all manner of forms and is generally well cooked. The soup, which is good, is plentifully besprinkled, especially in the north, with cinnamon; it is rather full of greasy “eyes” and contains forced meat balls or tiny sausages. To a hungry man who has spent the day sight-seeing this food is more or less palatable and is generally served with a huge flagon of beer. The dining-rooms away from the cities in the small towns are invariably redolent of tobacco, for the Dutch are great smokers, from the boy of five in the street to the nonagenarian. Eggs are always eaten cold for breakfast and are served in a huge bowl in the shell with various kinds of cheeses sliced and crumbled, a pot of boiling water, and a little caddy full of tea with which one is supposed to make his own tea. After a few essays at tea-making the tourist is expected to become quite expert, but my own

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experiences are fresh in my mind and are too unsuccessful to dwell upon here.

In studying Zeeland [pronounced "Sayland"], the traveler would better make his headquarters at Middelburg rather than at Flushing, for I found the hotel distinctly better at the first-named town, and its situation is certainly fascinating—occupying as it does one side of the delightful and quiet square enclosed by the walls of the Abdij [Abbey], as the Dutch oddly spell it. There, amid a grove of trees, one has a glimpse of delicate spires and a charming façade—the headquarters of the present Provincial Council, who, meeting in a fifteenth-century hall, have had the temerity and taste (or lack of it) to furnish it with "art nouveau" furniture. A proverb of the Middelburger reads "Goed rond, goed Zeuwsch"; that is, "well rounded, very Zeelandish," and certainly many of the inhabitants bear it out, and the shape of the town as well, as it curves about the "Abdij." Here one notices for the first time the peculiar appearance of the women, who are comely, red-cheeked, and otherwise quite delightful to behold in their lace-frilled caps and bright shawls. The peculiarity is in the color of their arms. The sleeves of their waists are cut off high above the elbow and so tightly worn that the bare arm from thence down seems bursting from the pressure above, and expanding, takes on the color of a ripe reddish plum mot-

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tled with delicate violet tints—most unpleasant to the sight.

Middelburg presents a bright and happy exterior. There is everywhere the aspect and evidence of fresh paint; even the tree-trunks and plaster casts of statuary in the gardens are touched up with the paint and white-wash brush. The doors are immaculately white, likewise the marble steps, reminding one (as elsewhere noted) of Philadelphia, and the shutters of the windows are ornamented, often with a curious hour-glass-shaped, painted ornament, which I am informed is the conventional form of curtains draped back behind the glass, and it may be so. It is certainly quaint. Green paint is lavishly used too, and the freedom is sometimes questionable, but in the main the effect is pleasing from its very novelty.

One is awakened in the morning by the profoundly plaintive music of the bells and carillon and of Long John (De lange Jan) in the tall tower of the Abbey at the “Nieuw Kerk.” Day and night his voice is heard over Middelburg every seven and a half minutes, eight times in the hour. Think of it, forty-one bells every seven and a half minutes! Happy the man who can sleep under such a bombardment. As for me, I like it, for my student days were spent under the eaves in a small red-tile-floored room in Antwerp in the very shadow of the cathedral, and I love the bells, the beautiful silvery, deliberate,

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persistent chime. The chimes are played by small hammers which connect with a drum like that of a music-box, and this is revolved by the clock machinery. Here at Middelburg is another celebrity (Gekke Betje) Foolish Betsey—so called from her steady willfulness in disregarding her obligations to Long John. Betsey is the great clock in the Stad-Huis, and is the pride of the town even though she will not keep correct time.

One very curious custom will strike the traveler, that is the railing (generally of brass brightly polished) maintained by every house owner *across* the side-walk in front of the house at each side of his property, making it impossible for the passer-by to use it. My inquiries as to the meaning of this were answered by uplifted eyebrows, a stare, and a shrug of the shoulders, so I forbore. But the streets and houses are certainly an unending entertainment. There is something at every turn to charm one from its novelty and unusualness: a rosy-cheeked maid with her skirts tucked between her knees scrubbing the already seemingly immaculate door-step; a sleepy, fat baby in a low-wheeled box, while a puppy contentedly licks its pudgy face; a dog-cart filled with golden brass and ruddy copper milk cans; a gathering of ancient lace-becapped women, placidly drinking tea in an arbor bearing the painted motto, "*Lust in Dust*" (Pleasure in Rest); two hip-jacketed, wide-breeched peasant boys gazing into each other's eyes in a sort of trance, and saying

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not one word while I watched them covertly for fully three minutes by the watch; the glint of sunlight on the patches of moss on the side of a moored barge in the canal, and the long reflections of its sails and cordage in the sluggishly moving water. There is an interesting museum, bearing the sign “Zeeuwsch Genootschap der Wetenschappen,” dedicated to the history of Zeeland, containing many shells and some stuffed birds; Admiral Ruyter’s wheel on which he made rope when a boy; the first telescope, made by Zacharias Jansen, the inventor; two of the first microscopes (1590); a room furnished in the Zeeland style of old, and other curious and interesting objects which may detain the visitor. The other towns of Walcheren, Westcapelle, Domburg, Arnemuiden, and Veere, can be easily reached from Middelburg on foot or conveyance, as one prefers. Of these, the most curious and charming is Veere—silent, dead, once the chief rival of Middelburg, but now well nigh deserted and abandoned.

Veere

AN ancient and decayed town"—so it is styled in the few books that deign to mention it, and yet the present writer makes bold to give up a whole chapter to its charms.

The level embossed stretches of gray green plain and meadow, bounded by silvery water-ways, are quite dominated by the vast and mysterious gray tower which can be seen from any spot for miles around. This shows just where lies Veere. Napoleon made it his headquarters when he overran the Netherlands, and the people have never forgiven nor forgotten the desecration of its great old church which he used as a stable for his horses. A splendidly paved road leads to it across the island of Walcheren. This road [Grintwegen] is kept in admirable repair, and toll is collected at both ends for a round trip, no matter whether one means to return that way or not. There are also secondary roadways [Straatwegen] paved with brick [klinkers] which are most welcome to horse and driver in showery weather. These roads are supplied with guide posts, and where there are dangerous marshy spots, they are indicated by warnings which sound oddly to strangers, as for instance "Gevaar-lyke-helling"

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—which seems like profanity, and is intended perhaps to be emphatic.

Pattering along one of these roadways during a gentle rainfall in the swinging, high-bodied Tilbury, with its quaint sashed windows of four panes, set in unnecessarily heavy white painted frames, and under a top that seemed built to last forever, we looked out over the drenched meadows, or over the capped head of the somnolent, red-faced driver, who sat on the small seat sideways much as if he were steering a boat, viewing the watery-straight road stretching along into the dim horizon now and again blocked out by the nodding head of the fat mare. We much preferred this mode of travel to the stage in which we might have made the journey. Something of snobbery and quite exclusive, but the Dutch approve of it, and perhaps nowhere else would the expenditure of a sum equal to thrice the moderate stage fare bring about a like result as this extravagance of a private Tilbury on the three and a half mile journey from Middelburg to Veere.

If you fancy history, you may trace for yourself the track of the invading Spaniards of this small island. Walcheren is jeweled all about with joys for the appreciative. Not a village hereabouts but has its quaint history and individualism. The inhabitants have ever been famed for pluck and bravery. Philip of Spain they drowned out by flooding the dykes, and then they pumped out the water, and patched up the holes with sod.

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Quoth Philip: "If you want to conquer the men of Walcheren you must first cut off their arms and legs."

The driver pointed out an old willow stump which he said was named "The Patroon." It is now but a hollow half shell, hardly more than bark and seeming charred and blackened by fire. "Round its girth," he says, "in my youth, four of us could not join hands." Its whole heart is gone, and it has the look of an upright roll of charred wrapping paper with great rents in its sides. This thin cylinder supports and succors three large branches with their weight of luxuriant foliage. This is the famed haunted willow tree, in which according to legend dwells the spook of a Spanish grandee, who terrifies the belated peasantry on stormy or foggy nights with moans, and a phosphorescent display, but just why the ghost of a Spanish grandee should go to all this trouble after all these years the driver either could not or would not explain.

Our questions were interrupted by the noise of a rattling black old stage-coach which overtook and passed us. It was laden with a bevy of rosy-cheeked peasant girls who for some unexplained reason regarded us as provocative of mirth. As they passed us they laughed and shouted and waved their hands.

Our driver, apparently stung by something they said, lets fly at them various strange sounding gutturals, at which they seem to shrink. He snaps his whip in the air,



Veere—The Return to Port



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and hurls at the grinning driver one bitter word laden with all the vehemence he can command, It sounded to me like "Verdamt koekbakkers!" The other's eyes blazed in wrath, and he whipped up his horses, and away they went. We were some distance farther on before I asked our driver what he had said.

"Alst-u-blieft, mynheer," he replied—"I called them 'Bakers' cats'"—and then his explanation, choked with indignation, became so involved and idiomatic that I quite lost the meaning of his words. Soon he lapsed into silence. Evidently our approach was heralded at Veere by the young girls whom he had so ungallantly styled "Bakers' cats," for when our Tilbury drew up to the door of the inn we had an escort of children who ranged themselves about us to celebrate our arrival in the high-waisted wagon, to the manifest exasperation of our driver. It may be that we presented a sufficiently strange appearance to warrant all this excitement, but the kindly and courteous welcome of the bowing and smiling landlord who received us at the open doorway was much to our relief, and we left the driver to settle matters with the boys and girls, with confidence in his vocabulary. . . .

This little forgotten village seems asleep, but one finds it a sort of senile sleep, with one eye cunningly open, and that to the main chance. The stranger within the gates is not overconscious of the espionage to which one is sub-

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jected. His comings and goings, seemingly ignored by the quaint populace, really are attended with much speculation, and each detail of his movements carefully watched and recorded by one and all, whether indoors or out.

Our promenade from the house which sheltered us to the ruined castle at the harbor mouth, was followed by dozens of curious eyes turned upon us from behind quaintly shuttered windows masked by festooned lace curtains. Outside mirrors cunningly set reflected us into those dimly lighted rooms, which we longed to penetrate. We found it a quaint pastime to walk close to the house fronts, and gazing into these little mirrors find our eager eyes met by a pair of calm ones whose scrutiny quite put us out of countenance for the time being.

The village stands back somewhat from the harbor mouth, and the quiet canals that meander through the soft green of the rich meadows, seem aloof from the turbulence of the North Sea. The surrounding country is smooth and green, without undulations, and pleasant roads and paths strike through it in many directions, leading to other quaint villages, which we have not yet visited, nor are we in any haste to do so. "One should really leave something to the imagination," says Lady Anne.

On these pleasant roads the song of the lark is frequently heard; there are the grassy banks of the dykes all

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clad in gay wild flowers, and on the meadows black and white cows are contentedly grazing. Here in this quiet locality nothing seems to happen. You may walk day by day encountering nothing more noteworthy than an occasional Tilbury drawn by a fat horse, whose head is carried sidewise so that he may constantly see the occupants of the wagon. Or maybe a troop of children laden with eel baskets, or perchance a melancholy funeral procession from some remote village with the mourners following the hearse on foot, as is the custom.

Season follows season in most orderly fashion. All is unhurried, and placid, and somnolent. Time in Veere is measured by the chimes in the old tower on the market place. And their tinkling notes, always in tune, lull one to sleep after the sun goes down, for then Veere puts up its shutters, and fastens its doors. There's nought else to do, the mail is in, and the fire-master has lighted the lamp in the old tower at the harbor mouth. Mynheer smokes his final pipe, Mevrouw drinks her last cup of tea, and the day thus ends.

All of the houses are old—very old! On the façades of faded brick may be seen remote dates, cast in iron by clever smiths; these are called “ancons,” and many of them are real works of art. The trees are all old too, well mossed, and well cared for at the same time; countless families of birds have bred and sung out their little lives in their branches. Centuries have come and gone

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over this little town, leaving no more trace than the snow-flakes of yesterday. The old castle is now inhabited by blackbirds and owls. The moat behind reflects its mellowed walls in dark water that never seems to have been disturbed; all is old. On that memorable day in August, 1914, when the war lord overran Belgium, these placid old men, and these erect, austere, bare-armed women in their wonderful costumes, stood in the market-place, exchanging the small talk of the moment, without the least suspicion that the day would be famous forever in history. Thus Veere in the Walcheren has seen the trees bud, the apples ripen, and the tides rise and fall, and thus the time passes here.

Sitting in the wide window of the room on the small square of the tinkling chimes, there is food for much thought. Here the old "Stathouders" sat on the narrow bench below, and smoked their pipes ruminatively; discussed the news of the day from abroad and the price of cheese at home. The last ruddy rays of the setting sun glinted on the windows of the castle on the dyke end, as the great Admiral De Ruyter passed into the beyond. The two famous old houses "Het Lammetje" and "Het Struis" dated A. D. 1500, and the lofty Town Hall, antedating them twenty-five or thirty years, eloquently voice the glories of the past. These staunch walls, built before the time of Shakespeare, have witnessed what histories unrecorded? The soil itself is of course prehis-

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toric, but these heavy stone and brick walls affect one strangely because of the human hands that constructed them, now long turned to dust.

As with other towns in Zeeland, since we first happened on them, we found Veere gradually growing more quaint, interesting, and yes, somehow more beautiful. It consists simply of a very old castle at the harbor mouth, a few straggling streets; some old, old houses, and an older Town Hall built by the great Keldermans, who constructed those lovely architectural masterpieces at Louvain, at Oudenaarde, and at Brussels in Belgium. The old town, sometimes dimmed in a blue haze of peat smoke, lies embossed upon an emerald shield, studded and lined with silvery waterways. Banks of wild flowers are at almost every green painted housedoor. From the upper windows of the Town Hall, Veere can be seen in a few glances. Nought can look more tranquil. About the smoky chimneys the swifts fly gracefully, and the slowly moving brown arms of the windmills of Mynheer Perck show that both he and his two lusty sons are at work. A chance passing sunbeam illumines momentarily a whitewashed wall at the end of the street where the willows are thickest, and below a young woman in a blue striped skirt bears, from a green yoke on her shoulders, a pair of brightly burnished brass milk cans, her strong arms showing red in the sunlight as she swings lustily along over the rough stones. It makes a quaint pic-

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ture filled with mellow golden and misty blue tones which quite charms from the painter's viewpoint.

The soft summer light is over all these mellow toned roofs of old rose and gray. Everywhere one sees quaint vistas, hears the drowsy hum of the old mill, and smells the scent of blossoms and sweet green grass. True, there are sometimes wafted hither evil odors from the muddy mouth of the old harbor, but these interest us not at all. Have I not elsewhere said that this is a journey of sentiment?

In a most delightful little book called "The Log of the Ladybird" is the following description of this sleepy town: "Veere was once a large and thriving town; the huge church which has never been finished, looks desolate, the place having shrunk away to almost a hamlet, though the grass grown walls, standing out far in the fields, mutely testify to its old magnificence. The Town Hall is a delightful little building, with a high pointed roof and a double row of fantastic dormer windows; the front is carved like that of Middelburg, with statues, and a tower, the most graceful we have yet seen, finishes up as usual with a bulb and bells, a golden ship crowning the whole. A tiny harbor runs up the main street, which is overgrown with grass and very 'knobbly.' . . . Drowsiness reigns supreme. During the War of Independence the hatred between the Dutch and Spanish seemed to culminate at Veere, where a heart cut from a



Veere—The Town Hall



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Spanish prisoner was nailed on a vessel's prow, and the townsmen invited to come and fix their teeth in it!"

But Veere has long since forgotten those bloody days of the Spanish War.

Lady Anne, who was with me, says that "Never yet was monarch's robe so velvety as the old green mossy bank of the canal, on which shines the evening sun." So secluded is this old town of Veere, that the only thing that connects it with the world outside is the canal, and the long level white road stretching towards Middelburg. Sometimes a fat horse will appear lazily trailing a high pooped barge, on the long tiller of which will be seated a ruminating Dutchman smoking a long stemmed pipe. Noislessly they come and go, these amphibians; up and down go the "weep" [wip] bridges, and the "Draaj" bridges slide, to let them pass. At each of these stopping places is a "tapperij" where schnapps and geneva are to be had, and this is a famous place to tarry listening to the gossip. At first they were rather mystified at the presence of the stranger, and conversation languished. But before many days had passed, Mynheer, the American and his lady had persuaded them of their amity, and the sketch book had quite disarmed them. We were thenceforth good friends, and welcomed whenever we chose to stop there.

But it was the old ruin of the castle which most attracted us. Its roof had fallen in here and there, and the

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old part which had been the chapel is quite dangerous to walk in. Gone is the colored glass of the window, together with the incense, the deep organ notes of the service, and the crimson clad priests, as well as the meek monks who piously prayed, shrived sinners, and emblazoned those wondrous parchments now enshrined in the Town Hall. The people of Veere have little or no respect for the ruin, and we were not able to raise one single story of a ghost, or even a haunted chamber.

Dukes, duchesses and lords of high degree once inhabited these lofty ceiled rooms; knights clad in mail, their squires bearing their crested shields at right hand, have here presented their tokens of fealty. What an array of ghosts it is that one conjures up in this dusty hall! And now it is without honor, without interest save to the chance stranger or the eccentric antiquary. Veere venerates it not, but A—— and I sat there on the dusty bench peopling the rooms with shades of those who are long dead. Fathers, mothers, husbands and wives, men and women living lives of truth and honor; knights in armor righting wrongs of tender maidens; charity, lust, affection, penitence, warfare and peace. All these passed before us in our imaginings. . . . Grave and stern still stands this ancient castle at Veere, silent and empty enough now.

Veere as a town has but few intellectual needs or desires, and so the amusements are regulated by the de-

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mand. There is a schoolroom on the square where entertainments are occasionally given, such as a "Cinnema," (as the "movies" are called here) and these are very popular. Here also public meetings, such as are not official in character, are held. Lecturers are always welcomed, especially those who illustrate by means of colored charts or pictures. Their statements are always received with a most respectful attention, for the audience, though listening breathlessly, rarely understands much of what is said. Suffice it that the pastor occupies his seat, and that the postmaster and his wife (who was the sister of the late Burgomaster) are present. Veere is then content, and the lecture is voted by all a great success. Then there is the Sunday sermon which is faithfully attended by almost all. The people of Veere are, of course, Protestants, and so these simple people are content to worship in an ungainly bare building, seated on hard, painted, cushionless pews, with little or nothing to stir the imagination, no painted glass, no chorus of sweet voices rising in stimulating strains, neither silken clad priest, nor censor swinging acolyte, nothing but what may be called the bare skeleton of religion is here erected by these austere people. And so Veere, the deadest town in all Zeeland, sleeps the year round. I like to remember it as I first beheld it, its many westward looking windows gilded by the setting sun; its picturesquely clad children romping in the quaint old square; the white coiffed women knit-

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ting in the open doorways, and the men gathered on the pier heads and the dyke end in motionless groups. Against the rosy sky, the great squat tower of the church standing like a rock with clouds of rooks flying about its crest, and the long lines of small red roofed houses emerging here and there from the clustering pale green willows.

Domburg, away to the westward, is a small bathing resort, reached by steam tram via Koudekerke from Middelburg. At Domburg the men bathe to the right, women to the left. An ancient and picturesque man, clad in red flannel and armed with a fog-horn, parades the sands as master of ceremonies and recalls the adventurous bather. He bears on his back in white letters the word "Badman," but this does not, I am sure, refer to his character, but to his vocation. The "Bad Hotel," too, belies its name. It is, on the contrary, excellent in every way though expensive, and there are several other good hotels here, too.

The traveler may now return to Middelburg and Flushing and take train for Rotterdam by way of Dordrecht, passing through Arnemuiden. The train crosses an embankment over the Scheldt, the last glimpse of the gigantic church of Veere vanishes in the distance, and Goes (pronounced "Hoo-ez") on the island of South Beveland, with its red roofs, orchards, and lofty church spire, is seen. Now the train enters North Brabant,



Goes—On the Way to Market



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crossing an arm of the sea, and arriving at Bergen-op-zoom, a dull little town with a heavy-towered church, passes on to Dortrecht.

Dort, as the Dutch lovingly call it, "that most picturesquely deep-dyed of the Dutch towns," stands on an island separated from the mainland during the flood in 1421 and is the most ancient of Dutch towns, dating from the tenth century. There is a very comfortable small hotel on the quay, "The Bellevue," where the eccentric Whistler and Van's Gravesande and I spent many happy evenings together some years ago, watching the shipping on the river and discussing art, life, and things—*eheu fugaces*. It was here that the experience of this erratic genius with the fishwives told of in another chapter took place. The view of the old river from the windows of the hotel is most entertaining, with its possession of "tjalks" and barges, and the mill opposite with its waving brown-sailed arms. Dort's leaning houses, we are told by the engineers, are the result of design, but whether or not, they are most alarmingly curious, for one may almost reach across certain of the streets from house to house at the upper windows and clasp hands with one's neighbors. Certainly no other town occupies its place with calmer placidity, nor perhaps has any other so mediaeval an aspect. The canal, far below the street level is crossed with a multitude of bridges. Quainter than Amsterdam, it is the nearest in resemblance to Venice,

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and there are flights of steps to the water edge, to the moored boats where the loud voiced fisherwomen wrangle and wash clothes, and where ancient brick walls green and mossy rise from the canals, and everywhere is bright green paint, growing flowers in window boxes, caged starlings and placid pussy cats sitting beneath them on the sills of the windows. Barges are constantly passing and the presence of the stranger is unnoticed, nor does his easel or white umbrella awaken more than passing interest, for the people are used to artists. On the Wijnstraat are some good examples of the quaint houses of the Hanseatic period with roofs rising in curious steps. The Picture Gallery is in the Linden Gracht, and there is a South African Museum adjoining it. The Groot Hoofd Poort is a picturesque gateway, dating from 1682, of red brick enriched with rococco escutcheons, lions, and heads. Inside is a sixteenth-century Dutch room paneled in oak, and here are also some fine banners of the ancient guilds. The Groot'Kirk is one of the most interesting churches in Holland. The choir and east end are boarded up and discarded. And whisper! I saw once the family washing hung up on a line to dry behind the altar screen—true, it was on a week-day, but nevertheless—— The organ, it is said, has three manuals and 63 stops. There is a fine white marble pulpit (1756). The screen was erected in 1744. The carved choir stalls, which were willfully damaged during the Reformation, are considered the fin-

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est in Holland. They are by Aertz, a native of Dort. I was asked to notice particularly the "Triumph," which depicts the Christ and a sort of chariot in which is Satan lying bound. The other panels were more interesting to me, however. In the "Munt Poort" on Voor Straat are some fine Renaissance decorations. Dort was the birth-place of Albert Cuyp, Nicholas Maes, and Ferdinand Bol, the famous painters. There is a statue of Ary Scheffer, the artist, who was born here. His pictures, too, may be seen in the Wijnstratt at the museum.

A good deal of business is carried on. Great rafts of timber which are made up on the Rhine in Germany are usually broken up here and disposed of—many of the large windmills about the town are used to saw them up into boards.

Founded in the eleventh century, Dort was of considerable importance in the Middle Ages by reason of its customs. All products brought into Holland had to pay duty at Dort until the envy of Rotterdam succeeded in obtaining a portion of the trade. The first Congress of the Netherlands Commonwealth was held here in 1572, and while proffering loyalty to the king, determined to uphold the policy of William of Orange. This was a momentous gathering in the history of this distressful country. The great religious Congress, or Synod, of Dort sat here for nearly two years (1618-19). The Synod cost a colossal sum in expenses, and was said to be

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less inspired by Christian love than any meeting ever held in the name of religion. There is a most picturesque gateway on the quay of dull red brick with quaint floriations in the Dutch Rococo style, and a dome dated 1682. The many escutcheons, lions' heads, and ornaments are well worth studying. The museum inside, too, will repay one. There are old chests, unique large models of galleons full-rigged, and a Noah's Ark full of animals. There are also many cases of old silver turnip watches, and jewelry, and great silken faded banners of the ancient guilds.

Charming days may be passed round about old Dort. Loitering on the banks of the picturesque river Merwede, one notes in the distance the square tower of the old church rising above the dark thick trees of the town. The river life is very busy and animated with the passing barges, and the small steamers belching forth volumes of heavy brownish smoke from their thick squatty funnels. One passes "Beneden Merwede" and the "kill of Dordrecht" with "'s Gravendeel" set like a jewel amid the flat, rush bordered green meadows. The village street descends to the river, with small red tiled houses of delightful character, and dominated by a large gray old windmill with furiously revolving arms. Then there is the "Oude Maas" River, crowded with sails and great rafts, and lined with charming villages inhabited by fishermen, between the "Ijsselmonde" and the fertile



Góes—An Oyster Girl



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“Hoekschenwaard,” towards the “Nieuwe Maas.” Then “Vlaardingén,” the market for the great herring fishery, one of the most important industries of the Netherlands. The fleet here numbers in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty-five or thirty vessels, occupying and employing about fifteen hundred men. This and “Maasluis” are the greatest fish markets in the country.

Rotterdam is reached by rail or steamer, the latter means being the more interesting, in about an hour and a half. Of its 200,000 inhabitants, one-quarter are said to be Roman Catholics, and there are about 7,000 Jews to be reckoned with in trade. It is named from its situation on the Rotte; that is, the Dam on the Rotte. It may be described as a most novel and picturesque medley of water, trees, curious drawbridges and vessels. One may loiter for hours upon the Boompjes (so called because of its row of beautiful trees, boompjes being the Dutch for trees, or *little trees*), which is the place “where merchants most do congregate.” There is great animation and color everywhere—the streets are alive with people, so that one can realize the fact that Rotterdam has a population of over 200,000. The multitudinous drawbridges are being constantly raised or lowered to let the brightly and picturesquely painted barges pass, and the delay is most cheerfully borne by the halted pedestrian. While it is not a particularly clean or pleasant city to visit it is very cosmopolitan. Its chief claim to fame is that it was

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the birthplace of Erasmus, and his bronze statue may be seen in the Groote Markt surrounded by fruit stands and jostling, scolding, chattering peasant women. Another illustrious son is that exquisite painter, Pieter de Hooch, who died at Haarlem in 1681. He excelled in his management of light. Sunlight diffused is one of his mysterious gifts to art; his pictures are bathed in it. The traveler may linger here in Rotterdam for a few hours at any rate, and visit "Boymans' Museum," where he will find some good pictures, and at the "Museum voor Geschiedenes en Kunst" a fine collection of old furniture, glass, Delft ware, and weapons. The church of St. Lawrence has no equal in the country; its somber gray tower quite dominates. There is a typical great wind-mill on the "Cool Singel," some storks in the Zoo, and a most picturesque and busy river.

Lucas says "All Dutch towns are amphibious," but some are more watery than others. He says, too, that they do not swim in their waters, and this I can vouch for, but they certainly do wash everything else in sight; such a splashing and a dousing as goes on from morning till night can be seen nowhere else in the world. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu sent an interesting letter to the Countess de Mar in 1716 from here. She says: "All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before the meanest doors are seats of various colored marbles, so neatly kept that I assure you I walked all over town

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yesterday 'incognito' in my slippers without receiving one spot of dirt." There have been some changes since Lady Mary's day, but in the main her account reads as if written to-day.

And now we will pay a short visit to Gouda (pronounced Hooda), sometimes called Ter Gouw [the pronunciation of this word is impossible to give in type], where we find a fine church surmounted by a bulbous tower sufficiently picturesque to satisfy one, and some magnificent stained glass windows of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are twenty-nine large and thirteen small windows presented by various princes, corporations, etc. The best of them are the twelve by the brothers Wouter and Dirk Crabath in 1555-57, and of their pupils. Before each window is thoughtfully placed a cartoon of its subject. Perhaps such an assemblage of antique glass can be seen nowhere else. One may examine window after window in wonder at its beauty and quality and marvel that the town was not long since despoiled of its treasures. From here to The Hague is but seventeen miles by rail. We shall, however, defer our visit to this town, the favorite residence of the royal family, until another chapter.

Utrecht

MY Dutch friend having left me temporarily, I was thrown on my own resources, and leaving my baggage at the station, I wended my way down to the "Catherijne Kade," crossing the canal. Naturally of a modest and retiring disposition, I do not court undue notoriety and observation. This is necessary to state here because alighting from the train at Utrecht, I immediately became aware that I was for some reason an object of attraction. The porters were rather unusually attentive to my luggage, and when I tipped them they grinned broadly and winked at one another. I was curious as to their actions, but it was when passing over the bridge on the Rijnkade that I met a number of school-children, and to my amazement, something in my appearance convulsed them with laughter, and with shouts and gesticulations, they turned and ran on ahead of me, walking backward as children do, and staring at me the while. In vain I looked myself over, felt of my hat, my hair, and my collar, which seemed all correct and in place. Attracted by the noise, men and women appeared at shop doors and, when I passed, fell in behind me, and soon I

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was at the head of a long, straggling procession, which closed in upon my heels in a most uncomfortable manner, and it was only by dodging through an alley and turning on my steps, then through the Stadhuisbrug and back to the quiet streets by the canal, that I managed to elude my pursuers. "What," pondered I, "is the matter with my appearance?" and I stepped into a little shop which displayed some books in a window, and bore the sign "Boekhandlerij," and to the clerk behind the counter asked did he "see anything strange in my costume"? He came out from behind his counter and looked me over critically, then he too grinned. His answer dumfounded me. "Does Mynheer pull the teeth to-day?" Briefly told it transpired that a couple of itinerant quack dentists had been in town the day before, that they carried American flags, and had extracted teeth free of charge in the Cathedral square, selling tooth-powder, besides, restoring miraculously the whiteness of black teeth in one application. "But why," said I, "am I thus followed? I am no dentist." He pointed to my feet. "Why, Mynheer wears the yellow shoes like the others; never before have we seen such in Utrecht, therefore the people think Mynheer a dentist." I fled back to the station, and there my comfortable tan shoes were promptly consigned to the depths of my traveling kit.

Utrecht lies peacefully in the midst of verdant fields and vast, deep woods. Its parks are charming; it has a

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fine campanile, opulent-looking houses, and a university. Its canals are different from those of other Dutch towns, inasmuch as they lie considerably below the level of the streets. There are practically two roadways, one on each side of the waterway, the upper lined with prosperous-looking shops and well-appearing buildings, forming a sort of roof for a lower line of vaults and stores which give upon the lower level to the canal. The effect is picturesque and novel. The Cathedral is only a sort of fragment, as the nave was destroyed by a storm in 1674. From the vastness of the tower, it must have been one of the finest and most important in the Netherlands. It stands upon the opposite side of a large square. The interior of the remaining portion is disfigured by unsightly woodwork, but it contains some very interesting monuments. From the tower, a level country is visible for miles, with its towns and villages shining in the sunlight. The "Malieban" or Mall is a charming avenue of lime trees, three rows deep on either side and more than a mile long, and forms one of the finest promenades in the Netherlands. The city is the headquarters of the Jansenists, a curious Roman Catholic sect, founded in the fifteenth century by Cornelius Jansen. They form a separate communion in Holland, numbering some six thousand, and it is said "bull" after "bull" has been promulgated against them by various Popes. A very ancient city, Utrecht has a very interesting history. In early

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days when the country was subject to the Romans, it was known as "Trajectum ad Rhenum," that is, Ford of the Rhine. Its first bishop was Wilibrod, an Anglo-Saxon, who came from England to preach the gospel in Walcheren. The prince-bishops of Utrecht were famous for their power and wealth, and ruled with the counts of Holland for many centuries. Here was signed in 1579 the famous treaty of Utrecht, the union of the southern provinces, the foundation of the Netherlands republic.

The saying of Erasmus, who waxed witty at the expense of Amsterdam, and compared the Amsterdam people to "crows living in the tops of trees," need not be quoted further, as every traveler refers to it in detail, but it is certain, as the guide books say, that "were the city turned upside down it would present the appearance of a forest of bare tree trunks." The Exchange, I am informed, rests upon some 3,500 piles driven into the sand. There is so much to be seen in Amsterdam that one is at a loss where to begin; the canals are filled with huge ships and barges busily loading and discharging cargoes, and in the streets are seen vast heaps of casks and bales, and facing them shops crowded with people; here the shopmen and clerks, there the rough wandering sailors and boatmen wide-breeched and ear-ringed. The city is most confusing in its configuration. The north side is given up to the docks on the Ij (pronounced "Eye"). It is built in the form of a horseshoe,

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and the streets radiate from the "Dam" like a spider's web. The Dam is therefore the center or hub and presents a busy aspect at all hours of the day. On the Rembrandt Plein the scene is very animated and gay on fine evenings with the crowds, and the lighted cafés, and the cosmopolitan gathering. But it is the river front which will attract the tourist, and leaning upon the rail of a bridge one's nostrils are greeted with the odors from strange bales of goods, of tar, and the smell of cooking from the galleys of the vessels. And one may not linger long upon the bridge, either, for there is the constant raising and lowering of the draws to let the boats pass to and fro. The rattle of the chain and block mingles with the roar of wheels, and the noisy whistles on the tugs, the jangle of chimes from the steeples, and the guttural shouts of the boatmen. Huge "Boms" pass in tow of diminutive tugs, carriages pass side by side with the boats, sails are mirrored in shop windows, and the rigging is reflected in the water of the canal. From the Dam start the numerous tramways with attending crowds in swarms, soldiers are on duty before the Palace, merchants hurry to and from the exchange, shoppers pass to and from the Kalverstraat, and peasants in curious costumes from the country stand and gaze in wonder. According to a quaint custom during the last week in August the small boys of the city are permitted to make a playground of the "Beurs" or exchange, a privilege granted



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by the city in commemoration of the discovery by a small boy of a plot by the Spanish in 1622. The massive gloomy building on the west side is the palace, but it is said the Queen only stops here one week in the year. It is described by Thackeray as follows :

“You have never seen the Palace of Amsterdam, my dear sir? Why, there’s a marble hall in that palace that will frighten you as much as any hall in ‘Vathek,’ or a nightmare. At one end of the cold, glassy, glittering, ghostly, marble hall there stands a throne on which a white marble king ought to sit with his white legs gleaming down into the white marble below, and his white eyes looking at a great marble Atlas, who bears upon his icy shoulders a blue globe as big as a full moon.”

And he continues in the same strain. But frankly I think the room of fine proportions, and altogether impressive in its magnificent length of 120 feet, 60 feet in width, and 100 feet in height, with white marble walls.

There are many curious back streets in Amsterdam through which I have wandered day after day, streets bordering on quiet, sluggish canals, and lined with dark, solemn-looking houses of black and brown brick, with immaculately clean white window frames, rising sometimes to a considerable height and culminating in curious stepped gables from which quaint cranes and hooked pulleys project, and above which the “Hei-tutors” fly. I don’t know why, but these houses suggest spooky secrets, and seem inhabited solely by strange waxen-faced, lace-becapped ladies gazing furtively into the little

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"Spui" (or small mirror) which is invariably fastened outside to each window. I have mental pictures of interiors behind these many-paned windows containing vast stores of exquisite marqueterie furniture, rare Delft ware and paintings by Hals, massive sideboards crammed with Dutch Apostle spoons; inverted silver drinking cups surmounted by windmills and antique ships, and heavy cut-glass chandeliers with brass balls hanging pendant from the ceiling.

Many pleasant days have I idled along these silent "Grachts," seeing only these dim, furtive, reflected waxen faces in the windows and an occasional black cat scurrying across the way. But there is great contrast to the silent, dark canals in the great "Kalverstraat," which runs south from the Dam, by day and night filled with hurrying multitudes of merchants, peasants, and voyagers, and noisy with the clank of the wooden "shoon." The Kalverstraat is the Broadway of Amsterdam, but only in the sense of its being a busy thoroughfare, and not from its width, for it is quite narrow and brick paved. The tourist will seek in the evening the "Warmoes Straat," in which is situated the "Krasnapolsky," said to be the most gigantic restaurant in Europe, and perhaps the most cosmopolitan. It was here I caused consternation one evening at dinner on my first visit by calling for a plate of ice, for I was thirsty and longed for a cold drink of good water. The waiters came and looked at

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me by turn and excitedly talked among themselves and gesticulated, finally calling the manager, who asked me with great courtesy what I desired. I explained that I desired a plate of ice. He repeated, "Ice?" I again said ice. Three waiters behind him looked at each other and echoed ice. Then they all vanished. I waited. Finally I called the nearest waiter and giving him with a magnificent air a "dubbeltje" (small coin) said simply, "A plate of ice, if you please." He too started visibly and said, "Ice?" I once more repeated *ice*. He in his turn vanished. After waiting for some time came the head-waiter with a plate of ice, two small cubes of the size of butter balls, set it down before me with a hesitating air and said, "Ice, mynheer," then stood to one side to see what I would do with it. Then came waiter number one, bearing a plate with one small piece of ice of the butter-ball size, which he in turn set down before me, saying "Ice, mynheer," and stood to one side with the proprietor to see what I was going to do. Then came waiter number three bearing triumphantly a plate with another small piece of ice which he placed with the other dishes, saying, "If you please, ice, mynheer," and joined the other two. With a spoon I placed the four small pieces of ice in a glass with some seltzer, and to their astonishment I drank it. They seemed satisfied, however, for when my bill was presented at the end of the dinner, the charge to my consternation was—well—I'm

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ashamed to tell how much I paid for that glass of ice water, but I noticed the extreme respect with which the waiter brought me my hat, my coat, and my cane and bowed me out into the night.

Around the Rembrandt Plein are the principal cafés, surrounding the statue of the great painter. In the summer evenings this square is well-nigh impassable with the strolling crowds from the Kalverstraat and the people seated about the small tables and chatting gaily. Friday evening until the night of Saturday, one of the greatest sights of the city is the "Jews' quarter." In this veritable "Ghetto," Spinoza was born. The house is still shown and is numbered 41 on the Waterloo Plein. The great Rembrandt, also, dwelt for a number of years at number 4 Jordenbreestraat. Of course, as is well known, this is the great center of diamond cutting and polishing, and in their little dingy cafés the merchants may be seen chaffering over gleaming heaps of the precious stones. Some writers have spoken of the fact of their letting the nail of the little finger grow long so that they may use it as a scoop, but I have not seen this myself.

The great Cullinan diamond, which was presented to King Edward by the Transvaal Government and the cutting of which was finished at Amsterdam in January, 1909, was really larger before the cutting than all the other great diamonds previously discovered.

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such as the Kohinoor, the Nizan, the Regent and the Orlof. It was Tom Cullinan, a veteran miner, prospecting one day, who saw on a plateau on the farm of an old Boer, the sort of clay which, to his practiced eye, promised diamonds. The experts had little faith in the locality, nothing ever having been found thereabouts. The Boer farmer refused to permit any further prospecting and demanded a large sum of money in cash outright. Tom finally raised the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and bought the farm. The diamond drills which were put to work immediately, struck at the depth of nearly six hundred feet what is known as Kimberley Blue Ground, and the result was a dozen fair-sized diamonds. After that the Premier Mine, as it was named, became a record-breaker, yielding a number of stones about three hundred karats, two above two hundred karats, and sixteen, it is said, above one hundred karats in weight. Tom Cullinan thus became a wealthy man. He did not, however, dream of the wealth which was in store for him or of the luck which thereafter pursued him and which put into his hands a stone worth upwards of five million dollars. In the month of January, 1905, one of the managers, Wells by name, was ascending the scarred side of a pit after the day's labor, when his eye caught the flash from a monster glassy stone embodied in volcanic clay on the opposite slope. He took his bearings and, marking the spot, immediately sought the location, where he

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picked out an enormous mass of crystal almost as large as his fist and took it to the office. It was put upon the scales and weighed 3,024 karats, or more than $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds avoirdupois. The geologist of the Transvaal state pronounced the stone a chip from a much larger block. It was then named the Cullinan diamond, after the finder.

The previous largest find in the mine was the Jagersfontein of 1893, which weighed 970 karats before it was cut into ten stones, worth between four and five thousand dollars apiece. One may judge of the size of the Cullinan diamond by the fact that it would take ten of them to match it in size. It is said that this enormous stone was sent to England by registered mail with a shilling stamp upon it and that upon its safe arrival it was deposited in the safe deposit vault and was insured for \$2,500,000, or just one-half its estimated value. It was finally decided to cut the stone into eight parts, using seven for a royal necklace and the largest fragment to be presented to the Crown and to retain forever the name of Cullinan.

The work of cutting and polishing was done at Amsterdam at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. It is said that about two-thirds of the stone was lost in the cutting, the largest fragment being known as a "drop brilliant" weighing $516\frac{1}{2}$ karats. It is much larger than any other cut diamond in the world. This drop brilliant was cut with 74 facets instead of the regulation 58. The largest

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previously known brilliant was the Jubilee of 239 karats. Consul Henry Morgan, of Amsterdam, has furnished in a report, the following information concerning the polishing of the great diamond in that city.

"It was necessary in the first instance to cleave the stone in three pieces in order to remove two very bad flaws. This cleaving is done by first making an incision in the stone with a diamond-cutting saw at the point where it is to be split and following the grain to a depth of one-half to three-quarters of an inch. Before this cleaving operation was undertaken crystal models were made and cleaved in order to ascertain as far as could be known just what would happen when the same process was applied to the real stone. After the incision the cleaver inserted into the slit an especially constructed knife blade made of the finest steel and then with a thick steel rod struck it a hard blow and cut the stone in two exactly at the point where it was proposed it should be cut." And it is said to be an exceedingly well-executed piece of work. . . .

In this quarter one may buy wonderful antique rings and diamond sparks, but unless one is expert and delights in bargaining, and is willing to be cheated, one should avoid the experience. At the head of the "Gelderschekade" is a quaint building called the Weeper's tower, dating from the fifteenth century. Here the families or wives of the fishermen waved good-by to the departing

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sailors long ago and watched them disappear. At the side of the fish market is "St. Anthony's weigh-house," a curious red-brick structure. Not far from here is the "Prins Hendrik Kade," where De Ruyter lived in the seventeenth century. It bears on its front his portrait in relief.

St. Anthony's weigh-house, now used as a fire station, was in the fifteenth century the outer limit of the city. Some of the city guilds met here, and I am told that in olden times a society of surgeons once had a dissecting room on the upper floor. Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" originally hung in this building. There are some magnificent charitable institutions in the city. Charles II when in exile at Bruges is said to have remarked that "God would never forsake Holland," so charitable were its inhabitants. A frequent sight in the streets are the children from the orphanages, who may be recognized easily by their picturesque costume or uniform of red and black. The skirt and bodice of the girls are divided equally vertically in two colors, one side red, the other black. I had an excellent view in the evening at the open-air concert in the Zoölogical Gardens of the life of the people, and at the "Tolhuis," a large tea garden across the ferry, of the lights of the city, and listened to the music of a fine military band. "The Rijks Museum" contains magnificent and world-renowned paintings, the list of which is too extended to note in this chapter, but

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the traveler will seek the Gallery of Honor, at the end of which is the Rembrandt Room with its huge masterpieces. "The Night Watch" at once impels attention. It is, of course, *not a night watch at all*, for the lighting is from sunlight in a courtyard, but the misnomer will forever cling to the canvas. It represents Captain Frans Banning Cocq and his company of arquebusiers leaving their headquarters for military exercises.

In the same hall hangs the brilliant work of Van der Helst, "The Banquet" of the Amsterdam shooters. This work brought the artist a great reputation. Thackeray, describing the hands of the figures, says they are as wonderful as the faces. Here are pictures by Franz Hals, Jan Weenix, Metsu, Dou, Ter Boorch, Jan Steen, Wouwermans, Hobbema, Ruisdael, and a host of others no less wonderful. There are also many modern paintings, the most popular of which is Queen Wilhelmina's coronation by Ecrelmans. There are numerous other picture galleries in the city. All in all, the tourist will find it difficult to tear himself away from Amsterdam.

Broek has long been celebrated by writers of Holland as the cleanest place in all the world, but when I passed through it did not strike me as being so much cleaner than any other town of its class, though it did impress me as being more upon the toy-box order than any other, and it seemed to me that the inhabitants were painfully aware of their reputation and were trying to live

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up to it. It is certainly clean, for across the road there is a wooden bar to prevent horses or vehicles from entering the principal street, and a sign pointing out the way to a back thoroughfare by the canal. I saw an old dame who was nearly as wide as she was tall, busily sweeping up some imaginary dust into a pan in the middle of the roadway. She scowled at me as I passed so that I looked at my boots to see if they were not as clean as they might have been. It is all on a diminutive scale and looks like a play town arranged for some fête, and there are tiny ponds before the houses and three-foot drawbridges over two-foot canals, connecting the walks. But it is a pretty village with its tiny gardens, its trim trees, and its little ponds, and I am not sorry that I passed through it.

Monnickendam I spent the night in. At dinner, the proprietor, a tall dismal looking old man, brought me a larger decanter of remarkably fine port wine, saying that I might drink all that I liked of it free of charge, as this was my first visit to the town. He said this was the custom of the hotel. I seemed to be the only guest in the hotel, which was named "Doelen" as usual [there seems to be a Hotel Doelen in every large town in Holland]. When I awoke in the morning, the first thing I saw was an immense pulpit painted white and gilded, at the other end of my bedroom, which seemed to be a sort of council chamber for some association, for it bore the inscription "Tot Nut Van t'algemeen," in gilt letters, the meaning



Monnickendam—Bell Tower and Weigh House

WEDNESDAY

The morning was very fine and clear, and the sun shone
 brightly from the east. The wind was light and fresh,
 blowing from the north-east. The sea was calm and
 blue, with a few whitecaps visible in the distance.
 The sky was a deep blue, with a few wispy clouds
 scattered across it. The temperature was pleasant,
 neither too hot nor too cold. The air was fresh and
 invigorating. The birds were singing merrily, and
 the flowers were beginning to bloom. The children
 were playing happily in the park, and the old
 people were sitting on the benches, enjoying the
 view. The whole scene was one of peace and
 harmony. It was a beautiful day, and it was
 indeed a pleasure to be out in the open air.
 The sun was shining brightly, and the wind was
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of which I never discovered. A queer, forgotten town it is, with a stately old church big enough to hold a regiment. The houses are red, the shutters are green, the streets are deserted, and the pavement is of very yellow brick. The proprietor seemed disappointed that I was leaving so soon, and asked me if I had fault to find with the hotel. I took pains to assure him of my thanks for his endeavors. It was from here that I took a sailboat for Marken, which wonderful island is nothing but a huge meadow dyked up against the sea, with the most theatrical population imaginable. It is said that the women rarely ever leave the island and that they know nothing of the outer world, but I am inclined to doubt this, for they do understand the value of the "stuiver" (coin). The little villages, of which there are several, are built on high mounds of earth called "Terpen" brought from the mainland in boats, and these are connected by narrow brick-paved roadways running across the fields. In the spring and fall when the winds are high, the sea rises and the little villages are separated completely. The costume of the men is comical. They wear a kind of divided skirt ending at the knees, with a blue shirt and sou'wester. The dress of the women I shall describe with a certain diffidence as a short, full petticoat of some blue stuff; a very gay bodice covered with bright flowers, in red, green, and purple, which seems to be laced up the back; blue knitted sleeves from wrist to

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elbow, then to the shoulder in white, and bright orange handkerchief or a string of coral beads around the neck. Each woman wears a queer, close-fitting cap of black cloth with an edging of white lace, and her hair is cut straight across in a bang at the forehead, and two long, curly locks hanging down each side of her face to her shoulders. As for the children, up to the age of ten they are dressed exactly alike. It is only possible to tell the boys from the girls by the button the former have on their caps, and the red rose the latter wear under their chins. It has been said that Marken is no place for the sensitive traveler. There was a most remarkable old woman on the island named Vrouw' Marretje Teerhuis, who kept the so-called "Showhouse," and sold alleged Delft plates for fabulous prices. I am told that she has since retired from business upon what is considered a fortune upon Marken. The people are certainly mercenary to the last degree, and some travelers indeed have called them savages. But I would not go quite so far as this, although my friend Edwin A. Abbey, the artist, related a most annoying and almost incredible experience which he and a friend had there, some years ago, which came near resulting disastrously for them. The women impressed me as being better-natured than the men, and I was prepared to take it all on trust and believe in them thoroughly until I saw some of the interiors of the homes. The trouble with Marken is that it is a



Marken—On the



C.W.S.
Marken Jetty.

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commercial community, a business enterprise with a discreetly hidden business manager. The lavishly displayed bric-à-brac, Delft plate, brass milk cans, the Apostle spoons, as a rule are all made for the occasion and placed there by astute dealers, and the prices they ask for these would stagger even an American. And so let us leave them to the business.

Certainly, if Volendam, which I shall describe hereafter as a deep red village, is so identified, then Zaandam must be styled the "Green Village," for nowhere in Holland is there such a lavish display of green paint, and curiously enough the effect is charming. It would seem as if the weather had a qualifying effect upon the color, for it becomes with time of an exquisite turquoise tint. These houses seen beneath the rows of trees which run down its long streets are in effect most pleasing. Zaandam is divided by the river Zaan. There is a little hotel called the "De Zon," presided over by a most kind old vrouwe, and here one may sit at peace with the world and watch the ducks swimming in the canal. Zaandam is preëminently the windmill town and invariably is associated with Don Quixote, but of course he has had nothing whatever to do with it, and as Whistler would say, "why drag him in?" These mills are whirling and gesticulating in all directions. There are blue mills, red mills, white mills, brown mills, black mills, and two green ones, all of various sizes and shapes. I am told that for

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the most part they are pumping water, but I saw some which make fertilizer; others grind or cut tobacco, and many saw wood. The guide book tells me that there are "four hundred of these mills and that they stretch along the canal for five miles." I counted eighty from the station alone, while waiting for the train, to the amazement of a cabman who was watching me and who certainly thought I was crazy. The moment I disembarked at Zaandam, I was beset with guides of all sorts: small boys danced before me, old men pushed and pulled me, and one man, not being able to reach me for the crowd, tapped me on the head with a long stick which he held in his hand, and holding up his other hand shouted, "Peter's house, Peter's house." But with one single word in Dutch with which I had been equipped by my Dutch friend, and which I am unwilling to disclose, I discouraged them and sought out the house of Peter myself, for one cannot miss it, whether one wishes or not. It is now encased for preservation in an outer covering of zinc and brick and outwardly resembles a small chapel. There are two small rooms to be seen, in one of which is Peter's bed. The walls of the hut are covered with autographs and some Russian tablets. Peter the Great lived here in 1697 when he worked as a shipwright in the yard of one Mynheer Kalf. The monarch is said to have spent only eight days in this hut, and if this be so, he is certainly responsible for a great deal of trouble to the poor tourists

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and no little money has fallen into the pockets thereby of the bland Zaandamers. Anton Mauve, one of the greatest of the modern Dutch school of painters, was born here in 1838. He died at Arnheim in 1888. Strange to say, neither Zaandam nor Arnheim has evinced the slightest interest in the fact.

And now Volendam, the artist village. To this one should go in the "Trekschuyt," a funny little ark of a boat drawn by boy-power along the canal, said boy, and a sturdy one too, being hitched up into a sort of harness with a wide leather band across his breast and the tow-line attached to a hook at his back. He leans over his "job" at an angle of 45 degrees and pulls the boat along the canal at the rate of about two and a half miles an hour, while a lean old man with a pole at his armpit keeps the stern of the boat away from the bank of the canal. Mynheer of the vast, gloomy hotel at Monnickendam helped me down to the boat with my traps in the morning and introduced me to our boy-motor. The boat, which lay in the canal, was shaped like a small Noah's Ark, nearly as broad as it was long, with a door at one end, giving entrance to the interior. Through the little square windows in the sides I saw the pretty faces of a number of girls in charming lace caps. The faces vanished as I looked and I heard a good deal of giggling and the boat swayed alarmingly from side to side. Once on board, mynheer presented me formally to the quaintest

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collection of girls that I have ever seen. There were six of them arrayed in the prettiest costumes imaginable. They quite filled the little cabin with a number of brightly polished milk-cans and one huge basket of fragrant celery. Soon we were off, and in response to their shy questioning I began to tell the girls where I came from, and where I was going, my name, my age, my family history, and my occupation, and soon they were gaily chattering upon matters not more than half of which I could understand. I asked one of them to sing me a song, which she did very shyly, at first, and then gathering courage the rest joined in the chorus. It was something about chasing pigs out of the garden, and a poor, sore heart, but I could not see the connection, although this must have been my fault. Then my neighbor asked me if I would sing a song. I said I couldn't, that I never had excepting in the privacy of my own quarters, but that I would if they wished it and would absolve me from the consequences, that there were cows in the fields all about us, and that consideration was due to the boy who was pulling the boat. At the first sound of my voice, the boy returned to the boat and peering down the hatchway, asked me if anything was wrong. I of course resented his impudence, thinking that if the young ladies did not object that it was no concern of his. As for the girls, they seemed perfectly satisfied, for after the first few bars, they laughed uproariously; but they did not ask me

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to continue, although I was perfectly willing. They did, however, entertain me charmingly by telling me much that concerned Volendam, at which we arrived all too soon. The village is below, or almost so, the sea level, excepting some of the houses on the outer dyke, and all is most unusual. I may say that Volendam is now, alas, different from what it was when I first saw it, nearly twenty years ago. The traveler is beginning to find it out, and Mynheer Spaander's Inn has been enlarged, is now managed by his charming and efficient daughters, and is thronged in the summer. The houses are largely of wood clapboarded and with quaint gables, and the color, as I remarked before, is a deep red of a magenta shade. That is to say, the houses are so painted, and that, as well, is generally the color of the jackets and trousers of the men, so that all is what artists call "in tone." The great trouble with Volendam is its open drain, from which there is great danger, I should think, of typhoid. Artists have found Volendam, and in both summer and winter its streets and houses are thronged with them. They come, too, from all parts of the world. The population has learned to like them, and the men, women, and children can fall at once into the easiest possible poses.

Mynheer Spaander and his kind daughters are hospitality itself. They have provided a richly furnished studio for the painter which contains nearly all that one would

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need. The men of the community are taciturn to the last degree. On their return from fishing, one may see them squatting on their heels all along the dyke in sheltered spots, smoking furiously and persistently, apparently without saying one word for hours. One is struck by the collections of wooden shoes arranged outside each doorway in assorted sizes until one learns that it is the rule that all shoes must be left outside before entering. The men wear very thick knitted blue woolen socks. The houses are very small, usually a story and a half, and the fronts are below the level of the street. The Volendam matron, when dressed ceremonially, wears, I am credibly informed, some fourteen petticoats, which are suspended from a wooden hoop worn about the waist. Those who can afford it wear as many more as they can get, the outer one being of woolen stuff in broad blue and white stripes, embroidered with silk. The cap is unique and different from all others, and has two long lace points projecting from each side of the face. The community strangely enough is of the Roman Catholic faith. It is only on Saturdays and Sundays that the little harbor is completely filled with strangely modeled fishing-boats with their crews, presenting a very busy sight, and at the crowded church on Sunday the picture is unique.

Returning to Edam by the "Trekschuyt," one might linger for a little while at its museum. The house is a

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sufficiently remarkable one. It has been styled "a curio of curios." Mynheer informed me that it was built by a sea captain, a wonderful man, away back in the sixteenth century, who so loved his vocation that he fitted up its interior as far as possible in the likeness of a ship. The custodian hands one a candle and invites one to descend into the "hold." Formerly, I am told, this portion of the household floated in the canal water, but it is now fastened to the rest of the structure. There is a steep ship's ladder, leading to a small cabin on the upper deck, which contains a curious table so mechanically arranged that upon displacing the top some secret drawers are disclosed. There are various cunningly arranged closets, all contrived by this singular character. It is filled with old books and curios, and on the wall is a large painting, representing the battle of Chatham. I am told that the Dutch vessels of war therein engaged were built here. Of course, the town gives its name to the brand of cheese, but as a matter of fact little, if any, of this commodity is now manufactured here.

Alkmaar, the Cheese Market

 F course the great attraction of Alkmaar is its cheese market, at which it is said 5,000,000 kilos of the commodity are sold yearly. Every Friday morning curiously shaped vehicles quite filled with yellow shiny cheeses are driven into town from all parts of the country round about. Contrary to our notion, these cheeses are not red, unless for export. The wagons are of light, varnished wood, high up above the wheels and painted bright blue inside. They are all headed for the market-place and the Weigh House. The carillon is busily ringing out in its sweet tones, The Wedding March from Lohengrin. Played on these bells it is a delight to the ear, and from the tower at intervals two little mechanical wooden horsemen charge each other to the notes of the mechanical trumpeter. The sight in the market-place is most curious and unique, perhaps the most curious in all the Netherlands. There are huge golden heaps or mounds of cheeses which glow and glitter in the sunlight. Long lines of boats come in and discharge their cargoes in turn before the painted and gilded Weigh House, and the square is filled with buyers and sellers, shouting and getting in each other's way to such

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an extent that one wonders how they do any business. To the onlooker they seem to be shaking hands constantly, as if congratulating each other upon the amount of cheese in the market-place. The peasants are tossing the cheeses down to the porters, who are dressed in a kind of white canvas and wear large, flat-brimmed hats of red or blue or yellow, as the case may be. They carry on small hand-barrows two or three hundred-weight of the yellow balls. They glide over the ground in a curious scuffling, shambling manner. There are scales scattered about, corresponding in color to the hats of the porters. The whole scene, in fact, is a wild, kaleidoscopic revel of glaring yet harmonious colors. The bargaining presents a most peculiar ceremony. By dint of listening carefully, one hears a price named which is at once rejected by the other, who seems to name his price only to have it in turn rejected, and after an interminable number of these rejections, the purchase is completed by both hands meeting with a quick sort of a slap, and so the bargaining goes on until noon, when a truce is declared. All adjourn to the little eating-places for dinner, which is a most serious and formidable ceremony with them.

Apart from this, Alkmaar is not of great interest. There is here a typical almshouse, called in Dutch "De Oude mannen Enn-Oude vrouwen huis," with pretty, white walls and a picturesque tower. There is a picture of the siege of Alkmaar in the Museum, for this was the

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point of attack by the Duke of Alva after the conquest of Haarlem, when the citizens of Alkmaar defied him. Motley's vivid narrative describes how "The Spaniards advanced, burned the village of Egmont to the ground as soon as the patriots had left it, and on the 21st of August Don Frederick, appearing before the walls, proceeded formally to invest Alkmaar." In a few days this had been so thoroughly accomplished that, in Alva's language, "it was impossible for a sparrow to enter or go out of the city." The odds were somewhat unequal. Sixteen thousand troops constituted the besieging force. Within the city were a garrison of 800 soldiers, together with 1,300 burghers capable of bearing arms. The rest of the population consisted of very few refugees, besides the women and children. Two thousand one hundred able-bodied men, of whom about one-third were soldiers, to resist 16,000 regulars! "On that bank and shoal," says Motley, "the extreme edge of habitable earth, the spirit of Holland's freedom stood at bay." But after a heroic defense of seven weeks, the brave inhabitants triumphed; the siege was raised.

Here, in August, one of the famous trotting matches (*Harddraverij*) which attracts thousands from the country around is held in the park, and here one will have an unequalled opportunity for the study of North Holland manners and customs. The Kermis is now forbidden by law in most of the towns. But generally after harvest



Alkmaar—The Weigh House



Cine
Hkmaar
Cheese Market.

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time it was celebrated, and the otherwise sleepy little town would rub its eyes, put on its best cap, and give itself over to a heavy sort of gaiety. Let me describe one as I saw it. The market-place, usually so deserted and grass-grown, was then dotted with gorgeous booths, merry-go-rounds, and caravans, brilliant in tinsel and vermilion, the smoke from the lamps of which, for it is by night that the Kermis thrives, mounts high in the air to the tower. The groans and snarls of bagpipes, the noisy rumble and discordant notes of large organs, the clash of cymbals, awaken the echoes of the market-place to which the peasants are flocking from miles about in high-waisted wagons, hay-cushioned, and drawn by huge, hollow-backed Flemish horses, bell-rigged and brass-harnessed; in low two-wheeled carts, drawn by savage-looking yellow dogs, of nondescript breed, and in high-polished and varnished "Tilburys," whose white canvas hoods gleam in the soft light of evening. Still others are drawn by hardy-looking shaggy ponies. Some wagons are entirely filled with rosy-cheeked, chattering girls from the farm clad in brilliant costumes and lace caps; some wagons are laden with sweet-smelling clover, upon which is perched Mynheer and his comfortable-looking, shrewd-faced Vrouwe, who is generally the superintendent of the farm, and to whom a silver gulden represents a good day's profit from cheese and butter; others are laden with thick-featured, phlegmatic young men from the fields, who

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wear high-waisted jackets and wide leather belts clasped with huge embossed silver circular buckles, each one smoking furiously. The roads leading into town are thronged also with long lines of the poorer peasants, men, women, and girls, who own no conveyance of any sort, the laborers upon the roads and in the potato and beet fields, tanned a dark brown by the sun, with hands thick and calloused by hard work. All these are bound for the town and the fleeting joys of the Kermis. From afar the glare in the market-place can be seen and the massive Cathedral spire, aglow with lights. The noise of the peasants' wooden shoes upon the uneven stones is like the clattering of a giant mill-wheel, and they present a solid appearance like an army in motion. The air is filled with shouts and laughter, and now and then a company of girls who are arm in arm will break into song, and not unmusically.

Although it is nine o'clock it is not yet dark; twilight lingers long in the low country; but high in the heavens a few stars show here and there and are reflected in the sluggish water of the canal, over the little bridge of which the peasants are now clattering noisily. Many children, too, are among the throng, queer-looking old-faced children in short-waisted, brass-buttoned coats and skirts that spring voluminously from beneath their arm-pits and quite reach the ground; children to whom the sight of a real doll is a novelty, and who, later on, are to sit at the

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long tables and drink huge mugs of foaming beer and consume piles of greasy waffles, the smell of which is nauseating at times; or who will stand open-mouthed and eager in long, struggling lines before the toy stands, their fingers itching to handle and caress the beautiful objects displayed, and who will eagerly hand up their scant coin to the jaded-looking woman who presides over the wheel of fortune, the prize of which is a sheet of paper containing, as it may be, ten, twenty, or fifty little dabs of suspicious-looking white sugar, which they lick off with delight. Whatever figure the brass arrow points out, that number of dabs is handed over to the winner.

In the square, one side of which is filled with tents and merry-go-rounds, the peasants struggle and push in a solid, evil-smelling mass, watching at one side the tumbling wooden horses and lions upon which are straddled the peasants, screaming with delight to the blatant blare of heavy orchestrions, and upon the other side, the antics of a clown upon a barrel, his face whitened with chalk and a red spot upon either cheek, who rings a harsh-toned bell and roars out a coarse joke directed at the peasants, to which they respond with force. At intervals a couple of frowsy-looking women in soiled pink tights walk affectedly across the platform before the show-tent, followed by a hideous dwarf who mouths and leers amid appreciative roars. Ordinarily the peasant is silent, but upon these occasions makes up for his erstwhile taci-

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turnity. Before another booth a hoarse-voiced showman roars out the attractions of the fat woman of incredible weight, becoming purple in the face in his simulated enthusiasm, and frantically endeavors to coax the hard-earned "dubbeltje" from the phlegmatic, open-mouthed Mynheers. There is weight-lifting by champions and strong-lunged men, each surrounded by admiring crowds. At intervals small portions of colored fire are burned, now green, now red, lighting up the quaint gables of the houses and throwing complementary shadows of the poles, flags and people, magnified out of all proportion. In the cafés, dancing is being indulged in which becomes fast and furious as the night grows. The sanded floors are crowded with couples turning and twisting to the raucous tones of large orchestrions turned by jaded, heavy-looking men. Beer flows by the barrel, and later on a particularly evil sort of brandy made from potatoes, which produces sometimes upon the peasants a murderous frenzy. The police are everywhere, in and out of uniform, their watchful eyes taking in every movement of the crowd. The air is heavy with the fumes of tobacco and the smoke of oil lamps. Overhead, the vast square fabric of the tower rises majestically, its summit lost in the dark blue of the heavens, and even above the noise of the moving peasants, the hum of voices, the coaxing shouts of the showmen, the beating of drums, the blare of trumpets and the countless indescribable noises

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of a large crowd, there comes to one faintly from above the faint, mellow jangle of the chimes, followed by the hollow boom of the big bell, striking twelve. The Kermis is well on. But there is another side to the Kermis, which is shown by the police records, and this I am compelled to say is the opposite to the picture which I have drawn. This is fraught with drunkenness and crime—even murder, and so the Kermis is now forbidden in the large cities, and only tolerated in the more remote communities, and even in these the church unites with the authorities in a careful watch over the peasantry, and the lines are more tightly drawn than formerly, when the predatory bands of foreigners, who accompanied the itinerant shows from town to town, were permitted to plunder the people at will. So in a few years at most the Kermis will be a custom of the past, known only in history.

Hoorn [pronounced Horn] is a most attractive little town rarely visited by the tourist, yet its spires and tower appearing from the heavy masses of the trees present a most beautiful picture. To see it in shadow against the warm, yellow sky at eventide and a big whitish dab of full moon rising behind a gable and a few velvety sailed fishing boats gliding by noiselessly while the peasants throng the coping at the harbor front, their red and blue waists reflected in the water, will give one great delight. It is said that Hoorn was named from the

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shape of the protecting mole at the harbor mouth and that the city was once very rich and great in the days of Tromp, whose ships were from this port. Our own Cape Horn is its namesake, for it was Wilem Schouten, its discoverer, who was a sailor from here. Van Diemen's Land was discovered by Abel Tasman, and the country is now called for him Tasmania, and it was Pieter Coen, whose statue may be seen here, who is said to have founded the Dutch East Indies. There is only one business day at Hoorn during the week and Thursday is the day. The scene is a reproduction in miniature of the cheese market at Alkmaar. The streets are irregularly built and crowded with quaint architecture of three centuries ago. The tourist is an object of curiosity, but he will meet with great civility and often kindness. Here Admiral De Bossu surrendered, and with three hundred prisoners was carried into Holland. He remained in prison three years. His silver goblet is preserved at Hoorn, his sword at Enkhuizen. At the corner of the "Grooteoost" one will be shown the houses from which the wives and families watched the progress of the great battle of Hoorn, and there is a bas-relief representation of the fight on the gable. Everything about Hoorn is particularly quaint, clean, and charming; the houses bend forward over the street and are trimmed with black paint, and the whole effect against the thick trees is indescribably mellow and rich in color. There is a fine mu-

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seum and pictures of soldiers and burgomasters and a splendid portrait of De Ruyter by Bol, all shown smilingly by a nice fresh faced girl in a fascinating costume who told me that she could understand English but could not speak it. From here we go to Enkhuizen, which, by the way, need not detain us long on this occasion, for we take here a small steamer to the island of Urk.

The visitor to Urk will find it like a voyage to another country. It is a raised plateau above the surface of the shallow waters of the Zuyderzee, and the people are called Free Frisians. It seems to cower by itself behind its dykes, but for which, one is assured, it would certainly be swept away. On a rainy day it is the dreariest place that I have ever seen, and imprisoned in the small sitting-room of the inn, if it may be called such, one could only smoke, hug the fire of peat which burned most fragrantly upon the hearth, listen to the bubbling of the steaming kettle, and try to teach the starling in a wicker cage in the window a new whistling note or two, while the line of stolid Mynheers, drawn up on a bench opposite, smoking furiously, drank in every detail of one's personal appearance. Outside the rain splashed dismally and an occasional peasant slopped by, his klompen sounding noisily. So passed my first evening at Urk. The next day was much more amusing in the bright sunlight, although I spent a restless night in the bed built in the wall, to get into which I had to mount three steps and thence fall into

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a well nigh bottomless feathery abyss, which closed in upon me, and which I had to rearrange before I could rest. Added to this was a pattering noise made, I afterward discovered, by huge fleas, who were performing acrobatics on a newspaper which I had left on the table. The proprietor in the morning gave me some powder to sprinkle about the bed and the floor which he said quieted "the little birds," as he called them, and rendered them stupefied for the night! This operation has to be gone through regularly in some parts of the Netherlands. But the morning dawned bright and clear over Urk, and after a frugal breakfast of cold hard boiled eggs, several kinds of cheese and some hot tea, I sallied forth.

The streets of Urk are quite deserted save for a few women and children, the men on week days being away with the fishing fleet. Those to be seen are mainly old ones who have practically retired from work, and these, as I passed through the streets, invariably sallied forth, pipe in mouth, their hands in their wide corduroy breeches pockets, and, falling into line, stopping when I stopped, moving when I moved, followed me wherever I went, standing motionless when I paused to make a sketch, their heads moving in unison, and their eyes looking in vain search for what I sought in the prospect. The humor of the situation dawning upon me, I led them up one street and down another, walking now fast and now slow, and suddenly doubling upon my track to their confusion, but



The Friesland Hat



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it did not worry them in the least. Invariably they returned to the attack, escorting me finally in triumph back to the inn, where they reseated themselves upon the long bench. This sort of amusement soon palled upon me, so I ordered beer for all of them, to their amazement and delight, and paid for it promptly; they then one and all became my friends. It was here that I made great and unlooked for fame for myself as a medical practitioner. I had a little pocket case of homeopathic remedies for simple ailments, and I ventured to prescribe for a slight childish ailment from which the little daughter of a neighbor was suffering, and which produced the desired result, the child recovering during the night and being at play in the morning when I came down to breakfast, to the manifest relief and delight of the mother, whose gratitude and enthusiasm could not be restrained, she volubly insisting that I had saved her child's life. Thus my fame spread over Urk, and when I returned from my work to dinner I found an array of patients awaiting me, to my discomfiture. So I fled from Urk by the afternoon boat with the grateful mothers waving me good-by from the dyke, and with numerous presents of cake and sausage which they pressed upon me. The sausage was long and thin, hard and bulbous in places and inclined to curl suggestively, so that I surreptitiously threw it overboard as Urk was fading in the distance.

The captain of that little boat is a genius in extracting

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guldens from the chance traveler. From a distance of considerably over 3,000 miles I salute him! On the upper deck of the boat near the wheel and in advance of the smokestack was a small bench. The space for first-class passengers was at the stern of the boat, the peasants being supposed to go forward in the bow. I saw the deck-hand carry down some briquettes, square blocks of coal-dust mixed with tar, which he deposited at the door of the engine-room. I had seated myself comfortably in the stern for the last glimpse of Urk, when there came vast volumes of black smoke from the stack and I was enveloped in a cloud of black smudges. The deck-hand invited me to mount the steps to the captain's bridge and I did so, taking a seat on the aforesaid bench before the smokestack, and in a few minutes the captain turned and said, "Tickets, please," and extorted from me an extra gulden for the "privilege" of sitting before the smoke-stack. It is not the amount but rather the skill of the extortion which interests one.

It is said that Stavoren was formerly so wealthy as a city and its inhabitants so opulent that the handles on their doors and the hinges of their windows were of beaten gold and very large in size. It was formerly the residence of the Frisian monarchs and was named for the god Stavo. It is now silent and practically deserted, and I presume I must relate the story of Guicciardini, who informs us quaintly that there was a certain rich widow who

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dwelt at Stavoren and who finally became so wealthy that she really knew not the sum total of her vast possessions. "This," says the writer, "produced in her manners at once arrogant and petulant, and she treated all who came near her with great insolence." Loading a vessel for Dantzic with all the commodities which the shopkeepers of Holland could find, she put it under the charge of her most skillful captain and commanded him to bring back to her the most exquisite, the rarest, the most useful and the most valuable article to be procured in the world. Not daring to question her further, the captain set sail and sold his cargo in foreign lands, searching in vain for the article which the widow desired but which she would not nominate. At length, after deep cogitation and many sleepless hours, the captain concluded that there was nothing in the world more valuable than wheat, so he loaded his ship with this and return to Stavoren. When he appeared before the widow and delivered to her a sample of his cargo, she ordered the captain to throw the grain overboard into the harbor, and in her rage and disappointment she ordered him from her presence and stripped him of his authority. The captain did as he was bid, and the grain taking root, a sand bank was formed at the entrance of the harbor which quite choked it up, preventing ships of any tonnage from entering, and the grass-grown sand bank which appears in front of the harbor is now known as the "Vrouwenzand."

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My Dutch friend tells me that Hindeloopen means "stag hunt" and tells, too, that this is the headquarters for all the bric-à-brac dealers in the world; that it is here that all the spurious cradles, chairs, cupboards, gaily painted "antique" sleds and nearly all the modern Dutch silver are made in the charming little back streets. This may be so; I do not profess to know nor do I care. I can only say I was filled with delight during my stay here, and that I left it with deep regret, and I have vivid recollections of beautiful interiors, all lined with blue and white tiles, and filled with exquisite painted woodwork and cabinets of wonderful carving, groaning with curios and massive beaten-silver vessels. I never have seen so many Delft plates, or so much beautiful shining brass and copper anywhere else; the whole town is one vast museum. There is a queer showroom with wax figures, of typical peasants of Hindeloopen, and here one may see the Friesland women, who are said to be the handsomest in the country. They wear a skull cap of solid, beaten gold. It fits over the whole head closely, and forms an heirloom, descending from mother to daughter for generations. It is covered with lace, through which it gleams most attractively. This head-dress had its origin, so it is said, when the favorite daughter of one of the early rulers of the free Frisians, suffering from an incurable skin disease, had the misfortune to lose her hair. Her father offered a large reward to any one who could suggest an or-



A Friesland Farm House

HOLLAND OF TODAY



1880
Farm house C.

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namental head covering which would enable her to appear to advantage before the court, and the cap which she wore and which was designed by a gold worker of the town found so much favor in all eyes that it was adopted by the court ladies and then became part of the provincial costume. It is called in the language "Kapsel." Certainly no headdress could be more curious and ornate.

I am told that the Dutch Boer or farmer has not changed in character within the last hundred years, and that he is not at all discontented with his lot. We have seen him at the "Kermis" and in the seaport towns, and perhaps we have in our minds a very good picture of him. We have seen him also in the cheese market, and we know that his cheese making and the care of his farm is the object of his life, but it seems to me that the old Boer with his shaven, mahogany-colored face and his bright, keen gray eyes is certainly much more attractive than the younger ones. I have in mind one fine old fellow I fell in with, and with whom I became quite friendly, who was arrayed in a most picturesque costume. Calling one morning in a high-backed "tilbury" on his way from market, over a glass of foaming beer he invited me to inspect his "Spul" (that is to say, his farm plant). As we drove up to the house, which was in the "Polders" in the midst of a flat country and backed by a beautiful clump of trees, he showed me his idols, which were two score of clean black and white cows, with large, full ud-

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ders, a stable full of fine young horses, a "stive" full of the cleanest white pigs I have ever seen, a chicken and duck yard in immaculate order, a gorgeous pagoda, or summer house, painted green with a minaret surmounted by a gilded weather vane; a beautiful Sunday carriage for church-going, in the form of a chaise, with golden wheels picked out with red and blue flowers, the property of his wife and daughters, and a dog house of large proportions mounted on a pivot, in the midst of a paved circle of brick, which he explained to me he had arranged so that the dog that was chained to the house could, when it so pleased him, drag it around on its pivot to face the sun in whatever direction it might be shining. The gardens were in "apple-pie" order. His pear trees were groaning with fruit, his straw ricks were numerous, and his sheep were scattered over the landscape as far as one could see. He was a typical specimen of the Boer, a man of some education and of great native shrewdness, a member of the town council, or what we would call an alderman, and was worth, probably, in the neighborhood of half a million gulden. But he was a *Boer*, as his father had been before him, and of this he was very proud, and a conservative, rooted adherence to the ways of his forefathers is the dominant keynote of his character.

I was here most hospitably entertained, and the prevailing bad times have certainly not yet penetrated this quaint land. I noted in the principal sitting-room that

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the walls seemed composed of closed paneled doors, and remarked upon this, when the Boer opened one of these panels and showed me that the recess behind it contained a bed, and that all these doors I saw were simply the entrances to the beds. They therefore all sleep in the one room, the Boer, his wife, son, and the three daughters. How they manage the disrobing one can only conjecture. When they get into bed they simply pull the doors to, and there without any ventilation whatever, save that which enters through the small pierced hearts in the upper panel, they sleep "the sleep of sweet content." The Boer can and often does rise to positions of high estate, but once and for all he remains, rich or poor, a peasant. He is of sterling character, keenly intelligent, extremely bigoted, and withal the vital strength of the Netherlands.

Passing through the country one sees on every hand droves of black and white cows, ample in size, generally clothed in a jacket, and almost invariably wearing shining ear-rings which prove to be pieces of tin, stamped each with its registry number. I forgot to obtain one of these as a souvenir. These sleek cows and the clean and well fed pigs are a familiar sight. Somewhere I have read of a character in the Netherlands who had amassed such a fortune from pork that whenever he met one of the beasts he raised his hat politely. The town of Edam even displays upon its municipal arms the figure of a fine fat cow, and I saw upon one of the house fronts, over the

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doorway of a rich retired Boer, who is said to have been a butcher, a pig carved in wood with a knife sticking through its throat. Thus was this man proud of his vocation. It is over the rich country called "Betuwe" (Goodland) on account of its fertility that the Boer is seen in his glory. Surely there was never a more restful country. There are broad, grass-grown roads, considerably above the level of the belt of fields, and the rich cherry orchards and farm-steadings, and it is hard to understand that the safety of the whole countryside depends upon the watchful care of the dyke, standing so firmly underfoot. But with study and observation, we see that every point in the landscape is significant and that each building of the farms has its own scheme of protection and its own level, and also why the farms and villages in the "Binnerwaarden" hug so closely the protecting dyke. In the summer there is peace for the farmer, but in the late winter when the ice breaks up, and the river becomes a torrent beneath the ice, and the wind changes and the ice melts and the enormous blocks come sliding down, mounting the dyke, then it is that the watchmen cry out "D'r uut! D'r uut! De Waaol die kruut!" (Come out, come out, the ice is drifting) and so the countryside is warned of the danger to their property, if not to their lives, and gather in defense. Throughout the fall, winter and early spring, the dykes are patrolled and watched by throngs of men and boys

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both day and night. They well know that one tiny crevice in the breastwork neglected may result in the flooding of the whole countryside, and the destruction of their homes.

By Land and Sea

THE Dutch are wholly practical, and it may be said that their fame and reputation as gardeners is an entirely commercial one. But we will not go beneath the surface in this chapter, preferring to consider the exquisite pictures which we find from the artistic standpoint. I am told that there is little estheticism among the Dutch, but considering their use of pink and green paint, used with such delightful result upon their boats and their houses, I am strongly tempted to deny this assertion. Traveling through Leyden to Haarlem one passes through exquisite fields, flooded with broad sheets of scarlet and white and yellow tulips, with occasional groups of the peasants busily working between the rows. The effect is always unique, and I should advise the traveler to climb up to the top of one of the windmills for the best view. The bulb is generally grown, not for the flower but for the "onion," as it is called, and my Dutch friend tells me that in the season hundreds of tons of the beautiful blossoms are allowed to decay and are thrown on these beds as fertilizer. The cultivation of tulips is a great business for the Netherlander, and we all remem-

BY LAND AND SEA

ber the stories of the great tulip "bubble," when thousands of florins were paid for one particular bulb, and when one single "Semper Augustus" was sold for 13,000 florins and the government intervened, the law against gambling was enforced, and the price of tulips fell to nothing. Dealers were beggared in a single night. It was Cornelius van Baerle's black tulip which won the prize offered by the Horticultural Society at Haarlem. The prize was one hundred thousand florins!

It was in 1637 that this extraordinary mania took possession of the Dutch, and the merchants became so infatuated that not only they, but nearly every other citizen, became engaged in it. The traffic in the bulbs was conducted with great formality by officers who signed, sealed and delivered deeds of transfer. We are told of one variety named the "Viceroy" which was sold for 2,500 guilders; and another "Semper Augustus" for a new carriage and pair of "gray" horses and 4,600 guilders besides! Of this last-named bulb only two were supposed to be in existence, one at Amsterdam and the other at Haarlem. Signed contracts were delivered and immense sums of money paid for bulbs never seen by either buyer or seller. They were bought and sold only with reference to the rise and fall of their hypothetical value. We are told of an estate in one case which had to be sold to meet the deficiency of a speculator, who had bound himself to deliver a bulb by a certain day, the nominal

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value of which kept rising in consequence of the refusal of the owner to part with it. Fortunes were thus rapidly made and lost, and when, at length, the bubble burst, a panic entailing ruin and despair followed. We read of one town alone in which was invested in hypothetical tulips more than 10,000,000 guilders.

Spring is the best time to visit Haarlem, and it was in the month of May that I first saw it, and falling in with a charming old lady in the railway carriage to whom I rendered some small attention, she offered me her silver candy box. I did not then know, as I took it, that this is a most usual form of courtesy in provincial Holland, and fortunately I made no mistake in accepting and partaking of a cinnamon lozenge from her box, which was handed to all in the carriage. She had that clear waxen complexion which one sees in Franz Hals' paintings, and her cap was stiff, and her collar so white, and her dress so black, that but for the play of her features she seemed unreal. She talked volubly to her neighbors and agreed or disagreed in a most charming manner. I took pleasure in watching how admirably adapted is the Dutch countenance for the display of varied emotions and thoughts. Across her face flitted each expression as of sun or shadow over the meadows, and I quite lost myself in watching it. There was also a priest or minister in the carriage, who took snuff and occasionally wheezed forth a remonstrance which interrupted the conversation like a false note in a



Haarlem—The Amsterdam Gate



BY LAND AND SEA

tune. I failed to understand what the argument was about, but whatever it was, he was a pessimist and always began his objections with a shake of the head and the words, "Neen, neen, dat ik kan niet!"

During a lull in the conversation I ventured the information that I was bound for Haarlem to see the tulips and hyacinths. At the sound of my voice and my pronunciation he elongated his neck the better to look at me, and ejaculated, "English?" I replied, "No, American." To which he responded "Asherbliff" (phonetically). This I afterwards found means at will either "Please," "Good-by," "Thank you," "How much?" "What did you say?" Whether it is really comprehensive as all that is a question, but certainly as remarked elsewhere I found it most effective and useful in eking out conversation.

I asked to be advised as to a stopping-place somewhat outside of the town, and to my amazement and delight the old lady, who was examining my sketch book, invited me to come with her, and I thankfully accepted her invitation. She pointed out the different plats of tulips and hyacinths as we bumped along in the railway carriage, naming each so delightfully that I wished for the art of stenography that I might take it down in shorthand. At the station a high-bodied tilbury was in waiting, and into this I put her innumerable bundles and baskets, and helping her up the high step, scrambled in after her, seat-

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ing myself beside her under the white canvas hood at the back. A boy in absurdly short trousers, not short enough for knickerbockers, and with a thin neck wound around with an orange scarf of many thick folds scrambled up on a small seat before us and we were off. The fat, hollow-backed horse galloped down the Jans Weg past the Groote Kerk and across the Spaarne out into the country, where at the end of a lovely shady lane the boy pulled up the fat horse. We descended and walked through a gate and up a little front garden walk bright with flowers to the side door of a quaint-looking two-story house with much green paint and many wide-paned windows with white-painted sashes in black frames. The walks between the beds of flowers were of dark burned brick set sideways. The old lady opened the door with a large brass key and motioned me to enter. The door opened upon a sort of corridor—and a sleek black and white cat rose lazily from a woven mat and stretched itself, and a starling in a wicker cage fluttered about to attract attention. Down the middle of the corridor ran a mat well and truly laid so that seemingly it deviated not an inch to the right or left, and the boards on either side were painted a dark red and polished or waxed so that they shone. The parlor was a veritable blaze of color, the carpet a mosaic of red, brilliant greens and yellows, and looked as though purchased the day before. Antimacassars, crocheted mats, mirrors in ebony and gilded frames

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there were, all spotless and unscratched. In the big cupboards which lined the walls was row upon row of fine china; each plate in upright position. Across the corridor and through the door opposite was the sleeping "Kamer." Here a large, somewhat bare room with a table in the center and innumerable doors arranged on two walls proved a surprise. I found these doors to be sliding ones, and each masked a sort of cupboard in which was the bed, which quite fitted the space. One gets into the bed at night and then closes the door. I leave it to the reader's imagination how I succeeded that night in undressing in the common room, but I did it bravely and successfully. There was, of course, no such thing as a bathroom, but a large basin behind the door in the kitchen served me fairly well for the three days I spent with the charming old "Vrouwe." She presented me with a fine, large sausage when we parted.

In this region the air is heavy with the odor of flowers, which bloom and thrive well in the sandy soil. Between the city and the sea lie the great sand dunes, billowy and grassy. I saw a large and very beautifully kept house in the midst of great trees, a stretch of lovely green lawn and a tiny deer park, with the innocent creatures poking their noses at the passer-by. Here, too, one sees many stork nests upon long poles, carefully tended by the householders, and over a gate I saw painted the name of one of the villas, and a most charming and cozy

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home it was, "Niet Zoo Quaalyk" (not so bad), which struck me as quaint and true. All in all, Haarlem, although modern as to houses and villas, has much to attract one, and especially, as I have said, in the spring, for later in the summer the whole of this part of Holland is hot and unbearable. The best part of the town is on the Kleine Hout Straat and along the Spaarne, near the Turf and Kaas markets, where many types of sixteenth-century gabled houses are still to be seen, and on the east side the fine Amsterdam gate, with its medieval fortified bastions and towers and turrets in good preservation.

For many years the question has been debated, Shall the Zuyderzee be drained? and many schemes have been brought before the authorities to reclaim the area lying within a line drawn from Enkhuizen to the island of Urk and thence to Kampen. Another scheme provides for the carrying on of the work in a system of large sections by means of an embankment from Wieringen (the island which has become famous as the refuge of the former Crown Prince of Germany) to the Frisian coast, seventeen feet above high water mark, and carrying a railway and a broad road for general traffic. Both plans provide for a deep and wide canal to Amsterdam. Thirty years is the estimated time required for the work, at a cost of many millions of dollars. It is not money alone which prevents this great improvement, nor yet is it the engineering difficulties. It is questioned



Enkhuizen—The Weigh House



Enkhuizen.

The Weigh House.
and town pump.

BY LAND AND SEA

whether or not the reclaimed Polder would be fruitful enough for farms, but it would seem as if the authorities were satisfied upon this point, for the work has begun already. The land reclaimed is to be sold to the peasantry for nominal sums.

The great Fen district lies in the provinces of Drenthe and Groningen. It may be described broadly as a vast expanse of sad, russet-colored prairie, dotted with flocks of sheep tended by solitary shepherds. Once a vast forest, the trees of which decayed and fell and rotted away, the land lay undisturbed for centuries. Now canals have been dug miles across the country, with others intersecting at right angles and the water drained from the sodden soil. Collections of huts and picturesque dwellings are seen here and there, inhabited by the peat-cutters. It is extremely dispiriting to watch the laborers at work. They wear especially made boots which protect them, and with sharp-edged spades cut out the lumps of soggy peat in a very expert manner. The workmen stack these small pieces in barrow loads and they are then taken to one side, where they are piled with spaces between, giving free circulation to the air, which dries them rapidly, and the cubes are then ready for market. Huge barges carry the peat to market, bringing back sweepings and refuse from the town which is spread over the soil to fill the excavations. Here are gathered the famous "Fen colonies," and there is a certain amount of stir and

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traffic to be seen. The government maintains these communities as a sort of charity, and the work is carried on mainly by pauper labor. The result, I am told, is not even self-supporting, a large deficit having to be met every year. The relief of the poor, though it is part of the work of the local authority, is in a great degree a charge imposed upon the churches, each religious body accepting the burden of its own poor; almost all of them maintain their own almshouses, and some of them even their own hospitals.

The chief of the penal colonies is at Veenhuizen, and convicted beggars and tramps who are able-bodied, and also those who have been arrested for drunkenness three times within twelve months, are sent here for periods of from three months to three years. This is only the case with men, female convicts being sent to Rotterdam. There are three of these colonies, in which are over 3,000 convicts. They live in barracks, are fed on black bread, with no luxuries whatever, and earn on an average one shilling a week, one-third of which is retained by the authorities until the release of the convict. They do all sorts of work, farming, tailoring, weaving and shoe-making. They manufacture nearly all that they require for their own needs. The life seems to be attractive, for I am told the same convicts return to the colonies year after year. The authorities think the existence of the colonies is justified by the fact that by its means thousands of idle

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men are kept off the streets, but the State does not intend, it is said, to extend the system, and it gives as a reason the fact that such colonies have never exerted an educative influence, and that it is doubtful if the inmates are ever really reformed, for it has been discovered that many of the inmates are sent here with a connivance of the authorities, that is to say, the police, especially during the severe winter season. But it must be said that the system is carried on in an altogether admirable manner which we might well emulate in America.

There are in Holland three great universities: Leyden, which was established in 1575; Groningen, 1614; Utrecht, in 1634. The first named was for two centuries the most famous in Europe, far more renowned in the seventeenth century than were Oxford, Cambridge or Paris. Some of the scholars of the age, such as Scaliger, Grotius, Arminius, Gomarus and Descartes, were connected with it. It is still well known, principally as a school of medicine and science. Fielding, the novelist, is reported to have been a pupil, as was Oliver Goldsmith. The library is the finest in all Holland, containing some 300,000 volumes and a collection of priceless and unique manuscripts. The University of Groningen is now less fashionable than that of Leyden, but it is in a flourishing condition and its handsome buildings ornament the town. I did not gain entrance to it, however. Of the University of Utrecht, too, I am unable to speak with authority,

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for my time in that town was very brief and I only saw it from a distance. Those who wish to read upon this point may consult Boswell's amusing letters to Dr. Johnson.

One of the quaintest spots in the whole of the Netherlands is "St. Anna's," at Leyden. My Dutch friend brought me to the doorway on the "Hooigracht," which is marked St. Anna's "Hofje," which means almshouse. The door was open and gave upon a long passage leading to a little cloistered square.

One seemed to have stepped into the seventeenth century, and maybe the buildings existed as they now stand away back in 1492, when the almshouse was built. The buildings are all out of perpendicular. There is a quaint little chapel, about twelve feet square, which I am informed has not been changed in any feature since that date. There is a painting here by Lucas van Leidan, and above the chapel is the tiny room of the priest, containing the furniture as he left it, his confessional chair, the small, oak-paneled recess for his bed, his copper warming-pan, and the iron chest for his collections. Here, living in delightful quietude, live a number of nice, clean old ladies, who seem perfectly happy and who greet one with great politeness. Each old lady has a room to herself with a little wall bed in a cupboard with nice, clean sheets and pillow, and a pantry containing a cup and saucer, a plate, a bowl, a knife and fork and a towel.



Harlingen, from the Water



P. H. E.
Hartmann.

BY LAND AND SEA

Above the general living-room is the kitchen, which is likewise of delightful cleanliness. One old lady pointed out the flat stone before the chapel marking the entrance to the secret passage from the cloisters to the church. I have a lively recollection of the charming smile and the low courtesy which the old lady made when I dropped a small piece of silver in her hand.

Everything about Groningen [pronounced H-rong-ing'n] seems in good order and very prosperous. Scattered all about are the handsome, well-kept habitations of the farmer, sometimes three-story stone or brick houses, well built and substantial, with a hedge-like row of clipped trees and before these neat gardens with grass plots and bright flowers. At the back of the house, which its peak often overtops, is the huge red-tiled roof of the barn, large enough for the complete housing of the crops, for the comfortable accommodation of its live stock and much besides. On every side is the evidence of wealth, and the absence of poverty suggests the richness of the soil and a most skillful and industrious people. Here is the town pump, about which a throng of women and girls were waiting in turn to fill the pails that hung from wooden, brass-bound, green-painted neck-yokes. They were chatting gaily, quite heedless of the rain which had begun to fall. Evidently their stout woolen dresses could not be injured, and certainly they themselves looked hearty enough to withstand any amount of such

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exposure. Like all the women of their class, their heads bore the marvelous cap of the province, which consists of a closely fitting cap, or *mutts*, of white cotton, another, equally close, of black silk, and over these a solid plaque of shining gold or silver covering the whole head, save a small space at the crown. The side pieces like wings stretch upward from beside each eye. They are not quite as large as the blinders of a horse's bridle, and the band by which these are joined at the back is three inches wide. This is the head-gear worn by the working women even in the early morning, but on fête days and Sunday they wear the added decoration of engraved, embossed, or filigree ornaments of the same metal nearly two inches across, attached to the front of the plate, and making the effect of gold or silver rosettes beside each eye. On unusual occasions they will wear a fourth covering of very thin lace drawn close over the forehead and hanging in a full cape behind. I went to buy one of these gold plaques as a curiosity, not knowing its value. The cheapest one, I found, was priced one hundred and ten gulden, about \$55 in our money. The silver ones, of course, are cheaper, but still very costly. At last I found one of gilded brass, but I was told with disdain by the shopkeeper that no peasant girl would sacrifice her self-respect and wear a thing like that. Alas, I saw in the street as I came out of the shop a peasant woman of the better class, wearing her beautiful lace cap, on which was

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perched a most atrocious French bonnet with a bunch of impossible fruit and flowers and surmounted by a long black ostrich feather. Thus has the fashion of Paris penetrated even to this out-of-the-way spot.

Although it was summer time, I do not remember ever seeing an open window in a private house in the Netherlands. They are generally curtained with lace and have a vase of flowers conspicuously displayed. Glancing within, the people seem to the casual observer to be perpetually engaged in making and drinking tea, for there is generally seen on a polished mahogany table a lavishly brass-bound pail of burning peat, with a polished hot water kettle over it, all ready for instant use. There is something very engaging in a country which can so serenely preserve its original character amid the whirl of twentieth-century changes, where you can buy a good cigar for a cent, and an American woman would be followed and her costume smiled at by a peasant wearing the absurd French bonnet to which I have alluded. To the very comfortable hotel we returned to pass the night, and found a very good supper of boiled eggs, veal cutlets, many varieties of cheese and hot tea, fresh from a neat little kitchen, all shining with brass and bright tiles. But one must not believe in the exaggeration of the guide books. There are to be found in the Netherlands no such ridiculous customs and contrasts as they would have you believe. The keels of ships do *not* float above the chim-

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neys of the houses, nor does the frog croaking in the bul-rushes gaze upon the swallows upon the house-tops.

And now let us go down to the North Sea and see how the Dutch people enjoy themselves in the summer. Of course the largest of the watering-places in the Netherlands is Scheveningen, and it has a splendid bathing beach, which makes it an attractive resort for fashionable Germans and Hollanders, and for summer travelers from all over the world. At the top of the long dyke is a row of hotels and restaurants, and when one reaches this point after passing through the lovely old wood of stately trees one is suddenly ushered into the twentieth century, for here all is fashion and gay life, yet with a character all its own. Along the edge of the beach are the bathing machines in scores, and behind them are long lines of covered wicker chairs of peculiar form, each with its footstool, where one may sit, shaded from the sun and sheltered from the wind, and read, chat or doze by the hour. Bath women are seen quaintly clad with their baskets of bathing dresses and labeled with the signs bearing their names, such as "Trintje" or "Netje"; everywhere there are sightseers, peddlers calling their wares, children digging in the sand, strolling players performing and the sound of bands of music in the distance. So there is no lack of amusement here during the season. The spacious "Kurhaus" with its verandas and "Kursaal," which is large enough to accommodate 2,500 people, is in the

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center of the dyke. There are concerts every evening, and although the town is filled with hotels during the months of June, July, August and September, they are quite monopolized by the Hollanders and the prices are very high. The magnificent pier is 450 yards long. The charges for bathing are very moderate, varying from twenty cents for a small bathing box to fifty cents for a large one, including the towels. Bathing costumes range from five to twenty-five cents. The tickets are numbered, and as soon as a machine is vacant a number is called by the "bad man" and the holder of the corresponding number claims the machine. The basket chairs cost for the whole day only twenty cents, Dutch money. One may obtain a subscription to the "Kurhaus" at a surprisingly reasonable rate for the day, week or season. There is a daily orchestra; ballet and operatic concerts once a week; dramatic performances and frequent hops throughout the season. There is a local saying that when good Dutchmen die they go to Scheveningen, and this is certainly their heaven. To stand on the pier on a fine day during the season looking down on these long lines of wicker chairs, turned seaward, is an astonishing sight. They are shaped somewhat like huge snail shells, and around these the children delight to dig in the sand, throwing up miniature dunes around one. Perhaps no seashore in the world has been painted so much as Scheveningen. Mesdag, Maris, Alfred Stevens, to name only

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a few of the artists, have found here themes for many paintings, and the scene is a wonderful one when the homing fleet of "Boms," as the fishing-boats are called, appears in the offing to be welcomed by the fisherwomen. There are other smaller watering-places on the coast, but Scheveningen is unique.

In the little fishing town itself, the scene on the return of the men is very interesting. Women and children are busily hurrying about from house to house, and everywhere in the little streets are strange signs chalked up on the shutters, such as "water en vuur te koop," that is, water and fire for sale; and here are neatly painted buckets of iron, each having a kettle of boiling water over it and a lump of burning turf at the bottom. Fish is being cleaned and the gin shops are well patronized, for it seems a common habit in this moist northern climate frequently to take what they call "Een sneeuwbaljetje" of gin and sugar, which does not taste at all bad, be it said. All sorts of strange-looking people are met in the little narrow street, and all doing strange-looking things, but with the air of its being in no wise unusual with them. All in all, Scheveningen is an entertaining spot in which to linger. But remember, one pays florins here, not francs.

The names of the fishing boats are sufficiently curious to demand space. In the summer the herring fishery is carried on from the town of Scheveningen, Vlaardingen, Maasluis, Katwijk, Noordwijk, the Helder, and the



Delftshaven



BY LAND AND SEA

South Holland Island villages, Middel Harnis, Pernis and Zwartewaal. The boats are named *Hooker*, *Hoek-erbuis*, *Logger*, *Sloop*, *Bom*, *Tjalk*; and in these boats, which are known in English as busses, swordpinks, flat-bottoms and Holland toads, the fishing industry is carried on. In the discovery of 1380 by Willem Beukelszoon, native of the Zeeland village Biervliet, of the art of preserving the herring with salt, the Dutch fisheries became extremely profitable, and the method of preserving the fish is, I am told, the same to-day. These strangely named boats patrol all of the seas, practically, of the North, and even in the winter there is a considerable industry in the cod fishery. The "buss" is the oldest known model of all. Models of these may be seen hanging from the ceiling of the church at Maasluis, but the large, square, flat-bottomed "boms" which we see on the beach at Scheveningen are the most familiar of all, and they came into being from the fact that most of the towns on the coast are without harbors and they are required to run up on the sand. In the month of June, which was called the herring month in the olden time, the herring hunters, bearing the blue flag at the masthead, pursued the herring in the North Sea, and eagerly the town of Vlaardingén watched for the first sight of the returning vessels. The people thronged to the dykes, and when the blue flag was run up on the tower, they all shouted the song called "Die Nieuwe Harang." When the catch

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was brought ashore there was tremendous excitement among the buyers as to which should purchase the first herring, the price of which was often absurd. But all this is now a thing of the past, and at the present day Vlaardingen pays, I am told, but little attention to the herring, cod and haddock having taken its place.

Delft, which in the eighteenth century was so celebrated the world over for its pottery and porcelain, has lately revived the industry in a very modern manufactory. It cannot be said, however, that the Delft ware of the present day equals in any respect the beautiful workmanship of old. There is an interesting institution, the town hospital, which contains four remarkable, anatomical pictures, one of which is said to be the earliest painting of the kind, executed in 1617 by Van Mierevelt. The other two are of later date. One should visit here the celebrated model room of the dock yard, which contains many remarkable models of ships and mills. Near the Rotterdam gate is a large, gloomy building, partly surrounded by water and showing the arms of the Dutch Republic. It was originally used as a warehouse by the East India Company. On the "Oude Delft" is the "Prinsenhof," the scene of the assassination of William of Orange, the founder of Dutch independence, who was assassinated here on the 10th of July, 1584. The spot where the tragedy took place is on the first floor by the staircase. The murderer was a Burgundian, Balthasar

BY LAND AND SEA

Gerhard, who, prompted by a desire for gain, lay in wait for his victim and shot him when he descended the staircase. The custode grimly points out the mark left by the fatal bullet. The assassin's fate was a horrible one. He was torn to pieces by red-hot pincers. [See Motley's "Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic."] The fine Gothic "Oude Kerk" with a leaning tower enshrines the monument of Admiral Maarten Harpertzoon Tromp, victor of thirty-two naval battles. It was he who, defeating the English fleet under Blake, lashed a broom to his masthead, signifying that he had swept the sea.

There is also a monument to Piet Hein, the admiral of the India Company, who in 1628 captured the Spanish silver fleet, valued at 12,000,000 florins. In his honor an amusing comic song is still sung. In the Nieuwe Kerk is a magnificent monument, the work of Hendrik de Keyser and A. Quellin, erected in 1621, to the memory of William of Orange. The great Prince, sculptured in marble, reclines on a black sarcophagus at full length beneath a sort of canopy upheld by four curious pillars, cut in marble. There are four allegorical figures, Liberty, Justice, Prudence and Religion. At the statue's head is another in bronze, showing William in full military uniform. The bronze figure of Fame with outspread wings is at the foot. Below the feet lies the Prince's favorite dog, who saved his life in 1572 at his camp at Malines in Belgium when he was attacked by two Spanish assassins.

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Here likewise repose the remains of his wife and his son, Prince Maurice. Hugo Grotius also lies here underneath a very simple monument. There are some fine paintings in the handsome Stadhuis in the market-place. What is called a "corporation piece" shows a great number of gesticulating figures signed by J. W. Delph, 1592. These are said to be the "Arquebusiers." There are also here a large number of portraits of the Princes of Orange. The town is a quiet and silent place, a veritable "drowsie-town." The Earl of Leicester, visiting it in 1585, describes it as "another London almost for beauty and fairness." Sir Robert Cecil traveling in Holland in 1588 recorded it as "the finest built town he ever saw." Pepys called it "a most sweet towne," and many other more modern writers have followed suit and have praised it.

There are indeed few towns which better retain their ancient aspect than the old and grave town of Delft, where massive dark houses are aligned along both sides of sleepy umbrageous canals, on which float barges of archaic build, lavishly striped with green paint and trimmed with shining brass. The town is a very silent one, save for the chimes which sound clearly and not un-musically, and it would seem as if the people themselves feel the solemn influence of the quietude, for they seem to move slowly in the streets, and there is little or none of the noise and bustle met with in Rotterdam. Delft



Delft—The "New Church"

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BY LAND AND SEA

seems of the past, but it has a very thriving Polytechnic School at which hundreds of young Hollanders are studying engineering, the better to cope with the perpetual menace of the sea. The skill of the Dutch engineer is proverbial, and to this well equipped school come many students from the colonies and South America.

The name Delft means simply blue Dutch plates to most people, but the plates that are now made here are not at all real "blue Delft." The ancient secret of the blue color, and the porcelain, seems to be a lost formula. Modern Delft is pretty and cheap—this characterizes it. There is, however, I am informed, a new fabrication of "faïence," which merits respect, especially that made by the house of Brouwer at Leiderdorp, and by Lanooy at Gouda. In the museum Van Meerton is a very choice collection of old Delft ware which is displayed with much knowledge and judgment.

The Dutch regard Delft as one of the most important historical towns in the Netherlands. In the "Oude Kerk," the antiquary interested in such matters may read another page in the history of the Netherlands, for "the most glorious souvenirs are there to be found." So says my Dutch friend, whose knowledge of these matters is profound.

The ancient "Prinsenhof" was the palace of Princes of Orange, and within its walls "William the Taciturn" received from the people, as founder of their independence,

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his title of honor. Here, as is well known, he was assassinated on July 10th, 1584.

In the "Nieuwe Kerk" is his mausoleum, erected by the people as a token of their veneration.

The sculptor Hendrik de Keyzer, inspired by the character of this remarkable man, produced in this tomb a work of art of striking originality and beauty. In the crypt repose the remains of all of the Princes of the House of Orange.

In the great tower is a fine set of bells, played by "tambour," so it is said. I did not hear them, however, as repairs were under way.

Here also were born the painters Van Mierevelt and Jan Verméer. "A remarkable town! Is this not so, Mynheer?" asks my enthusiastic Dutch friend, pausing for breath, and eyeing me somewhat anxiously. "Is not Delft a most remarkable town?" I most earnestly assure him that it is—"A most remarkable town!"

Here was built an exact model or reproduction of the little *Haalve Maan* (*Half Moon*), the ship in which the intrepid English mariner, Hendrik Hudson, sailed in quest of the Northwest passage, discovering the noble river which is now named in his honor. This little ship sailed across the ocean, convoyed by a Dutch man-of-war, to attend the ceremonies incidental in New York to the celebrating of the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery. Thus Holland is not behind in honoring the

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memory of the Englishman, whom she so generously recognized and supported when his own country turned its back upon him. So once more, the Hudson bore upon its bosom the *Half-Moon*, but this time it cast anchor in the shadow of the mighty piles of masonry of Manhattan. The craft represents a three-masted vessel, the fore and main masts are rigged with yards, the mizzen mast with a lateen sail. The measurements of the original ship, which were found in the archives of the East India Company and reproduced, are: Length 63 feet, beam 17 feet, tonnage 89 tons. The armament consists of four guns. This vessel now lies at a dock in New York up near the Harlem River rotting away for want of care.

The Theater

THE Hollander takes his pleasures very seriously, and he undoubtedly thinks himself justified in so doing; his business during the day is carried on in a very business-like way, but when he goes to his luncheon at midday he foregathers at his clubs and in the restaurants with a great show of leisure. I do not refer now to the peasantry, but rather to the better class. Although my knowledge of the Dutch language is rather elementary, as necessarily a foreigner's must be, from the character of the tongue, which is most difficult, I have witnessed what must be characterized as very good performances at the play-houses in Amsterdam, which were certainly received with great enthusiasm by the audiences. Considerable taste is manifested in the theaters, and they seem to be well supported, although the prices are rather high. But one feature is missed, and agreeably so: the ticket speculator. This individual is conspicuous by his absence.

In Amsterdam are the "Stad Schouwburg," devoted to the Dutch drama and French opera; the Grand Theater, the Park Schouwburg, in the oriental style of decoration and given up to the spectacular; the "Frascati" and nu-

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merous cafés chantants. In these last smoking and drinking are permitted. The large theaters are closed in the summer, as the better classes are at the seaside resorts, but at the "Paleis Voor Volksvlijt," said to hold 12,000 people, there are occasional concerts, and also in the zoological gardens, and in the "Vondel Park," or at the "Tolhuis," a large tea garden situated on the farther bank of the Y. From this garden is a fine view of the lighted city at night, and the music of an excellent military band may be enjoyed.

In the curious old "Pyl-Steeg" in Amsterdam there is a quaint shop, said to have been founded in 1575, to which I was directed by my Dutch friend, and here in a tiny damp street, where I could actually touch the houses on either hand, I found a thin, dried-up old fellow sitting behind a leaden-covered counter under a double row of fat, wide, high-waisted black bottles, ranged on a shelf above his head, each bottle decorated with a well-painted head, or a scene copied from one of Teniers' pictures, and not too badly done, either. While I was studying these with interest, for I had never seen so many of them at once, the bric-à-brac shops in America having occasionally one or two for which they ask very large prices, my friend gave an order and the old fellow, seizing one of the bottles by the neck with a deft turn of his wrist, unerringly ejected a gurgling modicum of the contents into each glass before him. These glasses are very flat, some-

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thing like a morning-glory cup with long, thin stem, and they hold very little. The act was done with such skill that I expressed my surprise that he did not spill a drop, and when this was explained to the old fellow he seemed much pleased, and placing some fresh glasses before him repeated the feat with great rapidity for my entertainment. One is supposed to drink the bitters without touching the hand to the glass, this feat being performed by stooping over the glass and sipping it up, after which one may drain the glass in the ordinary way. This was my introduction to the celebrated "Maag Bitter" shop where the Amsterdamer has taken his bitters for years.

The stork is an interesting institution, the birds being treated with great and singular respect in the Netherlands. These strange birds may be seen here and there, almost everywhere in the south, but I do not remember seeing any in the north. The house selected by the stork for a nesting place is considered fortunate, and very special facilities are provided by the householders to enable it to build a nest comfortably. At The Hague many of these birds are maintained at public expense. The first that I saw was from a window of the railway train as we were crossing the "Hollandsdiep," when a chimney-top came into view on which were two of the long-legged creatures, preening themselves, their nest, an unsightly bundle of sticks and straw, littering the house-top.

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The tobacco shops in the towns are certainly unique, the Hollander being a great smoker. The shops are very frequent in the large cities, and the merchant has a curious way of piling up the cigar boxes in most fantastic shapes and combinations, both in the window and inside the shop, so that one sometimes fears lest the whole fabric will come tumbling down about his ears. Tobacco is surprisingly cheap in the Netherlands, cigars ranging from a penny (Dutch) up. After a long experience and a considerable expenditure, I discovered that as a rule the penny ones are almost as good as those marked twenty-five cents.

The drug stores are so entirely unlike ours that they call for comment. Over the door, which is invariably kept closed and is quite small and narrow, suggesting sometimes a private house, hangs a painted and gilded wooden head usually surmounted by a turban. This is called a "Gaper." Why, I cannot discover. The heads are of various styles and shapes; some are black, some are red, some are yellow, as of the negro or the Chinaman, but they one and all have wide, staring eyes and huge, red, open mouths. Coming upon one suddenly in a back street, by a quiet canal, I somewhat timidly turned the handle of the door—a bell on a spring loudly tinkled as I entered, but no one responded. The room, a small one, with sanded floor, was permeated by the odor of strange drugs and herbs; bottles of all shapes and sizes, bearing

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gilded inscriptions in Latin, were closely ranged on shelves all about; at the farther end was a high counter, on which were more bottles and several fine, brass-mounted Delft jars with their peculiar blue decorations. The floor was nicely sanded in ornamental figures. I looked in vain for the soda-water fountain, so dear to our American hearts, for the candy counter, and the soap and tooth brushes. I found them not; then all at once I became aware of a pair of bright eyes regarding me fixedly from a point of vantage between the two large, brass-topped Delft jars. Then I saw the face of a young woman. The stare which she bestowed upon me was calm and very disconcerting. We gazed into each other's eyes for several moments, and then I became very much embarrassed. I coughed nervously behind my hand. "Jungjuffrow," I began haltingly. "What will mynheer have?" she asked composedly.

True enough, thought I—what will I have? What do apothecaries have to sell? Of course—pills! Then said I aloud, and even brilliantly, "Pills! jungjuffrow."

"But what kind, mynheer?" said she, coming from behind the counter.

"Why," said I, with great inspiration (I could not think of the Dutch word at the moment), "*large pills*, twenty-five cents worth"; at which she looked at me so strangely, and she was so pretty that I became more and more disconcerted, so that when she gave them to me I

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did not examine them, but placing a coin in her hand, departed rather hurriedly, as if I had intruded, and when I was once more in the street and I saw the water of the canal I went over very quietly and dropped the box of pills into it. Glancing back over my shoulder, I saw her watching me with that calm, disconcerting gaze, and I also saw in the other windows rows of other faces, both old and young, likewise regarding me. Then my eyes ranged back to the window where I last saw the face of the "jungjuffrow." She lifted her hand, pulling the curtain aside, the better to watch me, and certainly she had reason to think me a suspicious character. So I fled.

The steam tramway system of Holland is most entertaining. Often it has been my pleasure to wait for a tram underneath the shelter of a wayside inn and watch its meandering approach under the shady boughs of the fine trees, watching the sunlight and shadow play upon it as it bumped and puffed along the quiet street with its noisy bell, and finally to swing myself aboard with a nod of greeting to the uniformed conductor, who takes up his fares in a rattling sort of tin savings-bank with a handle and a spout which he thrusts before each passenger in turn. One who loves nature and his fellow-beings may enjoy himself to the full on one of these trams. If the proper study of mankind is man then here may one pass his time most profitably. Invariably I have fallen in with some good-humored loquacious peasant, on his way to or

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from market, and always have I met with kindness and consideration. Traveling in this way is cheap and most convenient. And the landscape; how shall I describe it? The meadows with fat kine, the mills of a hundred varieties, the villas with their charming grounds, and the golf greens—it will surprise you to know that golf was played by the Hollanders long before it had yet found its way into England. My authority is found in many of the old paintings of the Netherlands artists. Of course in late years there has been a great awakening in the game, and now there are many most flourishing clubs throughout the country. A most charming tram ride through picturesque scenery is that one from Amsterdam to Hilversum and through Laren, lovely Laren, beloved by artists, thence to Naarden and Muiden, over flat, open meadows dotted with jacketed black and white cows calmly grazing and tended by solitary peasants clad in pale blue blouses, which Mauve loved so well to paint, and who gaze at the passing tram stolidly. Running between level stretches of “mere” and “Polder,” and finally into a sandy country where sparse firs grow, we then come upon the towers of Nijkerk, Harderwijk, Utrecht, and Amersfoort. Here, as I have said, Mauve painted his masterpieces in both oil and water color—very lovely transcripts of nature they are too, and this hallowed spot is venerated by a colony of loyal artists, all of whom are

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following the ways of the master and continuing his precepts.

One thing that impresses one strangely is the scarcity of men and boys on the canals. Women and girls there are aplenty on the boats, busily polishing and scrubbing and dipping up pails of water, and hanging out long lines of bright-colored garments to dry, and generally there is an excited black dog, nervously running from one end of the dock to the other, scanning suspiciously the surface of the water and all passing objects. But man is conspicuous by his absence. Whenever he is present he seems to be at his ease, lazily sitting on the ornamental tiller, pipe in mouth and seemingly lost in thought. The Dutch boat is immaculately clean, the decks are spotless, and wherever there is a bit of brass, it is polished to the last degree. The barges are invariably named, as *The Lion of Flanders*, or *The Great William*, or *The Golden Sun*. *The Golden Tulip* seems to be the favorite name, and the long, curved tiller of the rudder, which is most wonderfully carved, varnished, and gilded, is further enriched as a rule with a highly impossible crouching lion. There is a small deck house in the after part of the barge, and here are tiny, deep, curtained windows, in which are invariably pots of blooming tulips or geraniums. Descending to the interior, there are generally two rooms; the first, used as a kitchen and dining-room, has a shiny,

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black, cast-iron stove, mounted on absurdly high legs and lavishly trimmed with brass, fastened in a box of sand. The chimney pipe goes up through the roof, and where the hole pierces the ceiling there are festoons of bright rosettes of paper flowers. On the walls are the pots and pans of brass and copper, brightly burnished, and two starlings are in a wicker cage. A fat, sleek cat is generally on a cushion in a chair, and there is a row of braided strings of onions and sausage hanging from the ceiling. The floor is sanded prettily. There is usually on the wall a framed picture of the Queen in her Friesland head-dress, and the marriage certificate of the captain and his wife, gorgeously emblazoned. In the other small room leading off from this, are the berths of the captain, his wife, and the children. Traveling in this manner through the canals one sees every kind of fantastic boat imaginable in a long line, stretching out ahead and astern. Passing into the rivers and hoisting sail, one overtakes them slowly one by one, saluting the lusty vrouws, courteously, and throwing an apple or a piece of candy to the children, peering out of the doors of the deckhouses or lifting aside the white muslin curtains and flattening their little noses against the glass to gaze at us. Here and there are shining beds of mud in the stream, surrounded by curlews, circling gulls, and herons, all seemingly as tame as barn-door fowls. As I have said, some of the boats are lavishly painted, and the water



Leeuwarden—The Stern of a River Boat

THE GIVER OF THE RICE

The first thing I saw when I stepped out of the boat was a vast, flat, green landscape. The rice fields were like a sea of green, stretching as far as the eye could see. The air was warm and humid, and the sound of the rice being planted was like a soft, rhythmic hum. I had heard that the rice was the lifeblood of the people here, and now I saw it for myself. The farmers were working hard, their hands moving quickly as they planted the seedlings. The rice was not just a crop, it was a way of life. I had heard that the rice was the lifeblood of the people here, and now I saw it for myself. The farmers were working hard, their hands moving quickly as they planted the seedlings. The rice was not just a crop, it was a way of life.



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barrels on their decks will be decorated by green paint, polished brass, and some with well painted landscapes, or naval battles, or bunches of flowers upon them. The masts of the vessel, which are hinged at the base to permit them being dropped at the bridges, will often be set off by a beautiful piece of hammered iron work, and the brown hulls are so richly varnished that one may almost see one's face in them. This procession of vessels, winding between the shoals and dykes, with swelling, velvety, tanned brown sails and gaily streaming flags, forms a most beautiful picture against the ever changing background of Dutch landscape, mottled by the fleeting shadows of the sun, with an occasional red roof or mill here and there among the rows of willows.

It was in early June that I first traveled through the "Waterland," and it must have been an unusually wet time. Everywhere the meadows seemed flooded, and there were long, sad-looking stretches of yellowish water spread over the landscape, but this is all good for the country, I am told, although dispiriting to the traveler, who is forced to get his entertainment at the wayside inns. The ordinary Dutch breakfast at these waysides is very different from that to which we are accustomed, and as a rule at first provokes hilarity among Americans; afterwards it provokes an entirely opposite spirit. Here the guests of the inn will sit at a long table, covered with an array of dishes containing every variety of cold meat

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and sausage, various kinds of bread and cake, and huge bowls of cold, boiled eggs. Why cold eggs, I cannot understand, but I have never been served with hot ones, excepting upon order and even then under protest. The peasant is a great eater, and one marvels at the quantities of sausage, rolls, veal, and ham, with great piles of ginger-bread and raw onions, which he consumes. The peasant will take a hard-boiled egg, knock it on the table edge, cut it with a knife, peel it, dip it in the salt bowl, and put the whole mass into his mouth at once, gazing at one with his watery blue eyes as he slowly masticates it. I saw my opposite neighbor eat fourteen in this way, and he then sighed and told me he wasn't hungry. I have heard tales of egg competitions among the villagers at which prodigious, gastronomical feats are performed, but I am sorry to say I never witnessed one. After eating the fourteen eggs, my *vis-à-vis* finished his light breakfast with a huge dish of honey, which he ate with a tablespoon. I could stand no more, so I left the room.

On the way through the country, the traveler on foot will find the farmers and their wives most kindly and hospitable. In nearly every case one will be asked to enter and refreshments will be set out on the table, for which pay will be accepted under no consideration. There is generally a treasure chest in the house, the contents of which will be gladly displayed, and often most delightful bargains may be had in the most out-of-the-way

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places. It was an opportunity such as this that put into my hands, at a moderate price, a lovely silver headband. These bands are worn over a tight, black cap, and are from two to three inches wide, fitting tightly around the skull and culminating at each eye with a little, silver ornament called a "Hoofdijzer." This band is in its turn covered by a white muslin cap, but not always. These charming old *vrouws* are often very generous. I remember one household in which I coveted a lovely piece of beaten brass, and she told me that "sometimes" she exchanged her old pieces for new ones, and I promptly went back to the village and bought a new brass milk can, with which I returned. She seemed incredulous when I asked her to exchange with me and called in her daughters, who stood shyly in the doorway, their beautiful lace caps clouding their pretty faces, as they regarded me with open-mouthed amazement. She declared that she could not take the beautiful new brass milk can from me, giving only in return the old patched kettle. In vain I attempted to explain to her that the old one was what I wanted, and that the new ones were quite useless to me, and that I was really getting the best of the bargain. She waived this aside unbelievably, and insisted upon throwing in two lovely pierced brass candlesticks and a little walnut foot-stove, one of the finest I have ever seen, and even then she said that her neighbors would blame her for defrauding me. Dear old dame, I shall never forget

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you! I have heard it urged that the Hollander is not partial to and has no kindly feelings towards the painter, but I have not experienced this myself. I have everywhere met with the greatest kindness and consideration. It is true that I have been told of the experience of an American artist at Marken who was stoned for making sketches and his canvases spoiled by sand and dirt being thrown upon them. If such happenings are true, then it must have been the fault of the men themselves. The Markenites are very religious people, and one should be careful not to offend their sensibilities. They keep to a very strict mode of Lutheranism, and some of them really believe that the making of pictures is a violation of the first commandment.

I remember Whistler getting into trouble at Dort. My friend Van s'Gravesande, the noted etcher, and I had left Whistler in the morning, as he said he wished to make a little sketch in a neighboring street. Toward noon we thought we would go down to see how he was getting on with it, and as we turned down a small alleyway leading to a canal, we saw a crowd of people and heard many angry, excited voices. It was Whistler, of course, and he was surrounded by a crowd of angry fishwomen, who were threatening to throw him into the canal, amid all of which the great man was calmly waving his little brush at the excited people. Seizing one of the fishermen by the arm, my friend demanded in Dutch to know what was the

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trouble, and the man explained to him volubly. It seemed that Whistler had discovered a little shop near the canal, the window of which was full of oranges and lemons, and this, with the green paint of the shutters and the brilliant purple sign-board, formed a scheme of color which he was unable to resist. He, however, had objected to the arrangement of the oranges in the window, and insisted upon changing them to his own satisfaction, in spite of the remonstrances of the shop-keeper. When Whistler had almost finished his picture, a very small one, by the way, the angry shop-keeper had pulled down the curtain, quite spoiling Whistler's view, and he, unable to speak Dutch, had insisted in English that the curtain should be raised. Alternately then the curtain went up and down, and finally the altercation became so serious that the neighbors took part in it. This drew the boatmen from the canal, and soon there was an excited mob, which had attracted our attention. Van s'Gravesande placed himself at Whistler's side and, facing the angry multitude, explained to them (in Dutch) that this was a great painter who was a stranger among them and knew nothing of their manners or customs, that for this reason he should be treated with great courtesy, and that he was surprised that his people should so forget themselves as to offer violence to a gentleman and a stranger. The people seemed ashamed of themselves at this and slunk away, but it certainly would have gone hard with Whis-

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tlar had he not arrived so opportunely. Whistler, however, did not thank him in words, and contented himself with ejaculating at intervals, "Amazing! Amazing!"

We three passed many delightful days together rambling and sketching about old Dort, and these experiences I shall take pleasure in recording later on in another form, but I must say here that I look back upon these days as among the happiest I spent in the Netherlands.

The population of a Dutch fishing-town is as quaint as the vessels and the charming, old gabled houses. The fishermen have a character all their own; superb, thick-set, well-fed fellows they are. Their food at sea is not very generous, as I found when I accompanied them, but there is always in the fore-castle or the galley a steaming pot of coarse fish and potatoes, ready at hand so that each may help himself at will. They are hard drinkers too, for when I asked for water, I was handed as a joke a cup full of pure gin by the grinning "boy," to the great amusement of the skipper. The fishermen are the flower of the race for strength and hardihood, and they present an admirable type. While they are peaceable as a rule, when it comes to the fight they can hold their own. Yes, some of them are bullies, but it must be urged that their surroundings are not such as to breed saints. When they do take to religion, however, they are very devout. I can

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describe one experience with a fleet in the North Sea. We were after the herring, and our little craft was a mere toy compared with the mighty fishing smacks that sail from the English coast towns. It was evening when we stole away from the mouth of the Y, and our blunt-bowed "tjalk" with its brass-bound boom rippled away the surface of the orange-colored sea, aflame with the setting sun. We lay about quietly until dawn, eagerly watching until we saw the predatory flock of gulls rising and diving over the shoal. There is no child's play in the herring fishery. The boat runs out with her nets coiled amidship and heads away to meet the innumerable schools of migrant fish. The buoy is flung over, and then the net is "shot" swiftly by the fishermen, until the line of corks winds astern for many a yard like a bobbing serpent on the quiet sea. The leaden weights sink and the snare adjusts itself; now comes a pause; the men sit down quietly and light their pipes; all eyes are fixed on the water; and then we wait. Of a sudden in the distance we see a strange disturbance on the surface of the sea, and a lambent, greenish light appears in the water. Then the gulls begin to call from high overhead. A whispering, popping sound fills the air as if of a thunder shower, but it is the noise made by millions of leaping fish. With mysterious, gliding, sidelong movements they swim; against wind or tide their progress continues. Now they are heading towards us.

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A buoy rears for an instant and then plunges under, then under goes another; a third, fourth, and fifth follow quickly; and the lines of corks are sagging and plunging as the weight of the fish drags them down. We are watching almost breathlessly, and finally the patroon gives the word and the first buoy is pulled in. Over the side the whole sea seems to be a vast glow of emerald flame, flashing in the depths and outlining the barrier of the nets. This flame seems to wind among pale sheets of snowy foam. Long streaks of this green flame fringed with jewels dart away from the meshes of the nets. The whispering sound that I described before fills the ears, and the fish are leaping high in the air. Now the heavy nets are pulled over the side, the men straining heavily while their muscles dart out like coils of steel, and little by little, the fish well is filled with a beautiful, silvery mass, and a curious shrill, squeaking sound, as from millions of mice, comes from the herring as their strained air-bladders burst. Our boat sinks low with its load and rises and falls in a very logy fashion at the lunge of the sea. The captain says we cannot stand another hundredweight, but it seems too bad to let the school go by and escape. So we watch greedily the beautiful fish leaping and glittering in the morning sun. The sight of a school of herring in the sunlight is one of the most picturesque to be seen. They bound up into the air, out of the water, all about us, but the slightest move-



In a North Holland Tower

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ment from the boat will cause them to "sound;" then they will rise again and one may follow them for miles by the ravenous flock of gulls which hover over them. We fall in with other boats as we sail for the shore and the skippers compare notes in gutturals. A most picturesque sight we present as we glide in squadron toward the jetty. Most picturesque, too, are the men in their heavy boots and strange, high-waisted jackets; brawny giants all of them! How this breed of men came to be developed it is difficult to say, but physically they are certainly the finest specimens of their race. The patroon's beard is sunny, his shoulders are as broad as an athlete's; he is like a mythical figure, such as Ericsson. He makes the plank creak as he walks, and one can see that he is all bone and brawn. You cannot forget his glittering steel-blue eye, nor the flash of his white teeth. There are scores like him among the fishermen, and it is such men as he that make the fishing ports worth visiting.

One afternoon in wandering in the outskirts of Zwolle in the north of Holland, I was attracted to a little hut in the wood. 'Twas here I discovered a man and his wife making wooden shoes. I watched him unobserved for a time. He had sawed the wood into oblong square shapes and they were piled up in a rude sort of workshop, against the wall. He stood at a rough bench and with drawknife he fashioned the pieces of wood into shapes of wooden shoes. I could not but admire the skill with

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which he did the work. His wife, near by, was finishing the shoes with a small sharp knife, and a row of the finished product was neatly arranged on a bench before her. He frowned when at last he saw me. I gave him a big, fat cigar, and this quite disarmed him, and when I produced another for myself and sat down and lighted a match, which I offered him, he became quite friendly. The Dutch peasant's way of being friendly is to ask questions. Was I German or English? Ah—American! North or South? His brother was in Curaçao, at Willemstad. He was engaged in the dried-fish business. Had I ever been in Curaçao? Ah—New York? He examined me through a cloud of smoke. Were my shoes made in New York? So—how much did they cost? Ah—so? What was my business? So? Did I make money at it? Was I married? How old was I? How long was I going to stay in Holland? Upon all these points I satisfied him.

Then my turn came and I fired the questions back at him, but he regarded this evidently as fair play and gravely responded. He was forty years of age; he had been married six years; he rented the house that he lived in, if it could be called such; yes, that was his wife sitting over there; yes, those were his three children; yes, it was difficult to make a living; no, he could not make a guilder a day even with the assistance of his wife; no, they did not often have meat to eat; they lived on dried fish, pota-

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toes and beets; yes, they grew the vegetables themselves; no, that cow was not theirs, that belonged to the farmer, but they minded it while it grazed, and for this they received one quart of milk per day; yes, thank God! the children were healthy; no, he was not contented, but he was not unhappy; he feared that he might get into trouble because he was a drinking man; no, he did not often get drunk, the wife didn't like it. "Isn't that so, vrouw?" he said. A slow smile broke over her not uncomely face, and she put down the shoe that she was finishing and, folding the blue apron about her hands, she said, "Ja, mynheer." I don't think I ever had more satisfaction than I felt as the round pink fist of the baby on the earthen floor closed over the gulden that I put into it. The wife's ambition, I found, was to have a coral necklace! Verily, women are the same the world over. They were living in bitter poverty, with often hardly enough to eat, even of fish and potatoes; there was not even a floor under their feet, and their furniture consisted of a bed built into the wall like a bunk, a heavy, bare table with some crockery on it, two wooden benches on either side, and a kerosene lamp hanging from the ceiling, and yet her longings were fixed upon a red coral necklace which would cost twenty dollars, our money. I often think of these poor people in the little hut in that far-away wood and the longing in the eyes of that woman, and I hope sincerely that somehow she got her necklace.

The Hague

THE Hague—Dutch, “’s Graven Hage, or den Haag”—*i. e.*, the “Count’s enclosure or hedge,” has been for centuries the favorite residence of the Dutch royal family. Formerly the political capital of the States General, it has been styled the largest village in Europe, and it was Louis Bonaparte who conferred upon it the privileges of a town. The Mauritshuis, the celebrated picture gallery; the Huis ten Bosch, or palace in the wood, “one of the most beautifully furnished châteaux in the world,” an authority claims; the “Vijver,” or lake, around which are clustered the various palaces; the “Gevangenpoort,” an ancient tower and historic prison; the municipal museum, and next to the “Rijks” the finest in Holland; the “Mesdag” museum, and Baron Steen Gracht’s picture gallery are the principal objects of interest. The Hague is the favorite residence of the beloved Queen of Holland and the court. It seems immaculately clean, is dignified by various palatial residences and stately avenues of trees, and it is all very charming for a few days, but after one has seen the pictures one would better pass on quickly, for here the guilders certainly have wings.

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The Queen gave her consent to the representatives of the Powers interested in the First International Peace Conference to hold their deliberations in the Orange Room of the "House in the Wood." It was here that Motley wrote much of the "Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic." (This room is preserved with its furniture exactly, so the custode claims, as it was when Motley occupied it.) Most people must have read that delightful Roundabout Paper of Thackeray's, entitled "Notes of a Week's Holiday." Holland seems to have delighted the great novelist, for he alludes to "the vast green flats, speckled by spotted cows and bounded by a gay frontier of windmills," and where the only bitterness in his cup was the "florin" which was charged at his hotel for a bottle of pale ale! He calls The Hague "the prettiest little brick city, with the pleasantest park to ride in, the neatest, most comfortable people walking about, the canals not unsweet, and busy and picturesque with old-world life." Wherever he went he was bubbling over with enjoyment. There certainly seem to be more gaiety and life here than in any other town in the Netherlands. One misses the business activity of Amsterdam, but there is certainly none of the sleepiness of the other towns. One sees in the streets well-equipped carriages, magnificent high powered automobiles nearly as large as Pullman coaches, bearing conspicuous coats-of-arms, and seemingly having space in the limousine for eight or ten

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people. These machines are most luxuriously upholstered, as one may imagine, and carry two or three men-servants, including the chauffeur. There are crowds of well-dressed people strolling about and the shops vie with those of Paris.

Though The Hague lacks the distinctive character of the other Dutch cities, yet it is the most cosmopolitan of them all, and many most distinguished people have lived here. It has been the political capital of Holland since the sixteenth century. The great interest, of course, centers in the "Palace in the Wood" [Huis ten Bosch], which, though small, is most picturesque. It was erected in 1645 for Princess Amalia of Solms, consort of Prince Frederick Henry, son of Henry the Silent. After his death, the Princess prepared the Orange Room as a memorial to him, and the walls are covered with paintings in his honor, all recording his victories on the battlefield. Nine of the most eminent painters of the day labored here for four years upon these paintings. The Queen's dining-room has a beautiful ceiling in relief, and there are four remarkable Brisaille paintings by De Witt. The Chinese Room contains eighteenth-century wall decorations upon rice paper, and the furniture is a gift from the Chinese Emperor. There is also a Japanese Room, presented to the nation by the Emperor of Japan in 1795. The curious chandelier hanging from the ceiling is entirely made up of cups and saucers. I did not

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see the boudoir, which, to my great regret, was closed. The private sitting-room seems a little too crowded for comfort; it is literally filled with treasures.

In the "Mauritshuis" is a fine collection of paintings formed originally by the Princes of Orange-Nassau and the "Stadhouder," William V. There may be studied, among other notable works, the paintings of Rembrandt, such as the "Lesson in Anatomy," "The Officer's Portrait" and "Simon in the Temple." There are many examples of Jan Verméer of Delft, Franz Hals, Gerard Dou, Franz Van Meiris the Younger, Paul Potter, Jan Steen, and fine pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck and Holbein.

The Communal Museum (Gemeente Museum) is comparatively unknown to travelers, but is of great importance, containing as it does many admirable paintings of the Dutch School, such as for instance "The Arquebusiers" of Jan Van Ravesteyn, and the greatest of the works of Van Goyen (purchased by the Municipal Council for the sum of 600 florins!). There is also here the little known "Porte Drapeau" of Gerritz Van der Maes.

The modern painter Mesdag during his lifetime gave to the museum a very rich and singularly complete collection of modern paintings which further enriches the treasures of the town. The Bibliothèque Royale is in a building erected in the early eighteenth century, which has a remarkable staircase in the Dutch style. The

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library contains not less than half a million volumes (so the attendant informed me with rounded eyes and elevated eyebrows).

On the first floor I found a rare collection of miniatures of the eighteenth century—very good ones, and the custodian told me that cases in another room contained “forty thousand medals and coins, all relating to Holland,” but I did not examine them, to his great disappointment and contempt. The “Gevangenpoort” is another interesting museum, wherein in olden times political prisoners were incarcerated, and where the brothers De Witt were murdered, the most atrocious crime in the history of the country. A remarkable collection of instruments of torture is shown in one of the rooms. The “Binnenhof,” dating from the year 1250, was originally a “Palace of the Counts,” and formed the foundation of The Hague. Since its erection it has been without interruption, it is said, the residence of the Princes of Holland.

It is in the “Salle Historique” of the chevaliers that Her Majesty Wilhelmina presides over the solemn opening of the “States General,” and there she reads the messages from the throne.

My Dutch friend describes the Palace Royal “as no great thing” but points out that it was built in 1535, but “much changed since” and is now occupied by Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry, her Consort.

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As an example of architecture the church of St. Jacques on the Spui is infinitely more interesting because of its roof, which is independent of a column, and for the tombs of the brothers De Witt and the philosopher Spinoza. The great Gothic church, with its "sexagonal" high tower, possesses a carillon of thirty-eight bells of remarkably sweet tone, which is now, since the destruction of the chimes of Malines and other Flemish cities, probably the finest in the low countries. There is also some fine old painted glass here, and a most curious pulpit of carved wood, dated 1550. Quite notable also are the painted shields of the chevaliers of the "Toison d'Or," suspended in the choir.

The great Palace of Peace for the International Court of Arbitration is on the so called "Benoordenhoutsche Polder." The Dutch people seem inordinately proud of this building, which architecturally is a curiosity, built of brick and set off by white marble trimmings in the Dutch style.

The loyalty and devotion of the Dutch people to their Queen is proverbial, and it is a charming sight to see the stolid faces light up as the Queen drives by.

The temptation in writing of a strange country seen superficially only, as a foreign country must necessarily be seen, is to generalize and to strain facts to suit the writer's classifications; and it will be admitted, I think, that Holland has suffered more than perhaps any other

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country from exaggeration. So many absurd things have been written and printed about the Queen and the Court that I should like, were space accorded me, to correct some of the absurdities. As a rule, when reading accounts concerning the Queen in the newspapers, one may take the statements with a grain of salt. In truth, the Queen is a woman of great strength of character and purpose, and her shrewdness in dealing with affairs of great moment concerning the welfare of the Netherlands is well known to her ministers. She has great personal charm of manner, is of the kindest possible disposition, and her charities are known to be boundless. Of course her privy purse is very large, but the demands upon it, likewise, it is said, are enormous. There were great misgivings among the people upon the announcement of her betrothal to Prince Henry, for it must be recorded that the Hollander does not like the German, for obvious reasons, and the German in turn affects to have merely a tolerant feeling for him. The Hollander somehow felt that in this alliance by marriage with Germany lurked certain mysterious dangers, so he regarded the Consort somewhat suspiciously, although outwardly he is always most respectful in his attitude toward him. The Queen is regarded as the embodiment of the House of Orange, and this feeling is quite apart from their affection for her and their delight in her grace and beauty. They claim that Holland is not now, and never will be, less of a

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Republic than she ever was, but they see in the distance the shadow of coming events which point perhaps to their annihilation as a kingdom. But we need not dwell upon this fact, for her throne is occupied by an altogether satisfactory ruler, who is held in affectionate esteem and whose heart is their heart, the Queen of the House of Orange.

I am indebted to a most delightful old Dutch lady at The Hague for the following account of the youth and education of the Queen: "At The Hague, Wilhelmina's life, under the careful direction of the Queen Regent, did not differ in any great degree from the life of any other well-born Dutch girl. Her principal instructor was her mother, and her tuition in the ordinary studies and the languages was divided among a number of carefully selected instructors, who were strictly charged to treat her exactly as they would any other well-born school girl. She was not even to be addressed as 'Your Royal Highness,' or even as Princess, during school hours. So it was that she was educated under the watchful eyes of the Queen Regent. But while her education was strict, her childhood was made happy, and she was never permitted to lose sight of the fact that she was destined to rule as Queen of the Netherlands. Reared in the atmosphere of good Dutch democracy, she was even allowed the privilege of playing with other children.

"One winter day as the Queen Regent with her little

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daughter was driving in her sleigh, they came upon a group of children merrily snowballing one another. The Princess asked her mother if she might not join them, and permission being given, the royal sleigh stood for half an hour while the future Queen of the Netherlands was boisterously snowballed and enjoyed the pleasure of snowballing her happy subjects."

The Queen, when a young girl, delighted on occasions in wearing the quaint headdress of the Province of Friesland, and the costume was certainly most becoming to her, judging by the photographs.

Mlle. Liotard was, I am informed, Wilhelmina's first governess, and until the age of four she spoke invariably in French. After this, she was instructed in other languages, but never in the German tongue, her father, it is said, having an abhorrence of all things German. Her Majesty's next teacher was Miss Winter, an English lady, who superintended her education henceforth. It was she who, to punish the young Princess, ordered her to draw a map of Europe. Wilhelmina obeyed, and when the map was completed it was found that Holland extended into the German Ocean, outclassing Prussia in size, while Great Britain was shown by a small black speck, in the midst a yellow splotch marked "London fog." Nevertheless, Her Majesty has a great admiration for England, and, I am told, thinks the United States of America of great interest, especially since the



H. M. Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands



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Spanish war. She is a great student of nations, and has strong ideas and convictions regarding matters of international import, and her mind once made up cannot easily be influenced. Her Majesty is now a fair-haired, beautiful woman of robust health and a great preponderance of animal spirits.

The saying, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," was never better exemplified than on the occasion of the birth of an heir to the throne of the Netherlands. The people of the Low Countries waited with breathless anxiety for the auspicious event. It is not only a testimony of the loyalty and affection with which the Dutch people regards its queen, but is a proof of the jealousy with which it guards its independence. Queen Wilhelmina was the last of the line of Orange-Nassau. If she failed to have an heir the succession became one of the most open in Europe. Open, that is to say, with regard to the number of possible candidates; as to the nationality, the choice was limited, as only the claims of German princes could then be taken into consideration. None, however, was of such a nature as to settle the rival claims beyond all dispute. In any other constitutional country this might have been a matter of secondary importance, but in the case of Holland matters are different. Her privileged geographical position, with a splendid coast line and many natural harbors, has exposed her to international jealousies. Of all the great powers of

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Europe—Russia excepted—Germany was the one with the most unfavorable coast line. Barring Hamburg, and perhaps Dantzic and Stettin, she has no natural harbors. Kiel and Wilhelmshaven are purely artificial ports, where the art of the modern Vauban has come to the aid of nature. They do not count for commercial purposes. For half a century Germany has, therefore, cast envious eyes on Holland. The presence of a German prince on the throne would be the first step toward preponderance, if not toward annexation. The possession of the Netherlands, however, would undoubtedly disturb the balance of maritime power. Although three centuries have elapsed, Great Britain has not forgotten that the guns of Van Ruyter's fleet once woke the echoes of the Thames and that Tromp sailed the Channel with a broom at his masthead as a sign that he had swept the English from the sea. The birth of a Dutch heir to the throne put an end to international jealousies. This fact undoubtedly doubled the warmth and cordiality with which Europe congratulated Queen Wilhelmina.

While unostentatious, Queen Wilhelmina is insistent upon Court form to the last degree in her intercourse with the representatives of foreign governments. Upon the convocation of the Dutch Parliament the Queen rides to the ceremony in a great gilded coach ornamented with golden lions, and drawn by fat white horses in magnificent trappings, preceded by a company of Lancers of the

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Royal Guard. She reads her speech from the throne in a clear penetrating voice, and her language is said to be both clear in meaning and marked by great earnestness of delivery. On Sundays the Queen, the Consort Prince Henry, and the Princess Juliana, provided the weather is fine, may be seen walking to church like any other well-to-do Dutch family. The Prince Consort is a rather tall, soldierly looking man, inclined somewhat to stoutness, and wearing a spade shaped beard in the Dutch mode. He invariably dresses in uniform, and walks in a stiff military fashion, looking neither to right nor left, but returning salutes most punctiliously.

The Queen smiles and bows most graciously to the people, and converses animatedly with the two ladies in waiting who accompany her and Princess Juliana. Since her marriage, the Queen inclines somewhat to stoutness and has almost lost the girlish graceful lines which so charmed every one at the time of her coronation. Princess Juliana is a lovely little creature, inheriting from her mother the amiable qualities which so endeared her to the Dutch people, and the affection between mother and daughter is said to be delightful to behold. It is the subject of conversation at afternoon teas, and gatherings in those charming Dutch drawing-rooms on the "Singel" over the trays of priceless India porcelains and shining hand-wrought silver, presided over by noble ladies, in lace and velvet whose placid waxen faces recall the

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paintings of Franz Hals. And likewise in the no less delightful "Kamers" of the Stadthouders, and the far distant farmsteads of the "Beemster," Juliana is the joy and the pride of the Netherlands.

The visitor to the Netherlands must not be misled as to the character of the upper classes or judge them in any way by those whom he meets in the hotels or conveyances. The Dutch gentleman and lady are far removed from these. Do not believe either that they find their pleasures in the grosser comforts, for they are highly educated and their manners are those of the upper classes of the English. The young men are always sent to the university, where their education is carefully looked after, and the young girls are most highly accomplished, with a comprehensive knowledge of art and music and generally speaking French, Italian, and English. There is much driving, and afternoon calls are general. In the evening at the club the gentlemen congregate for an hour or so before dinner, at which the "Borreltje" or gin and bitters is in evidence. As a rule, dinner is served any time between six and half-past seven, and this is a very formal occasion, although the menu is quite simple. The people are well dressed, generally after the English fashion. In manner they are most kindly and they delight in pretty speeches. Breakfast, as a rule, at this house which I have in mind, and which will answer as a specimen, is generally ready at eight o'clock, but oftentimes the table is

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kept in order and ready until ten for the young men who may have been out for an early morning ride on the dunes. This is an easy matter, for a mahogany bucket lined with metal and containing peat embers, in which a brass kettle is kept singing, is always placed beside every Dutch breakfast table; it appears, too, at five o'clock teas, as well as after dinner in the drawing-room. This kettle-bucket in Holland is very characteristic. At breakfast one eats lightly, as a rule, bread and butter with a thin slice of gingerbread, making a sandwich (*Boterham* in Dutch). There are tea and coffee, and eggs are boiled, generally in an old-fashioned net on a ring, which is dipped into the kettle. Everybody is welcomed with *bon jour*, and people take their seats without further ceremony. The mail is brought to the table by the butler and distributed, and there will be English papers of the sporting order at hand. After breakfast the women gather in the garden to cull the roses, or do fancy-work in the arbors, embowered in the trees. The garden is a pretty place with rustic bridge over a water trench, green with duckweed and shaded by willows, and down in the hollow lies a pond full of water lilies, where perhaps a swan or two will be swimming. After luncheon there will be driving along the brick-paved road, shaded by trees, past smiling cottages and country-seats, while the bright, little villas, seldom far apart, are seen along the road behind beautiful green lawns. After the heat of

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the afternoon five o'clock tea is fashionable, and the young men drive off to the club for an hour before dinner.

People generally ask what sort of food is served at dinner. Well, we will have as genuine Dutch dishes, potato purée or bouillon flavored with chervil, and containing balls of veal force meat, and there will be water bass from the canal, which are about the size of our trout and are served up in a deep dish in the water in which they are boiled, and parsley-flavored. This is served with very thin sandwiches of rye bread. Next comes, generally, roast or stewed veal, mutton being so poor that it is rarely eaten. The vegetables are potatoes with butter, boiled endives, and bread-crumbed cabbage. Then there will be partridge, or some other game, wild duck being plentiful in season, sometimes the young men coming in after dawn with a fine bag. The dessert is mostly French bon-bons or tarts, but sometimes English jam is served. Dessert over, both ladies and gentlemen return together to the drawing-room for coffee, which is served in the smallest and most precious of blue china, which is generally kept behind cabinet doors. Then come liqueurs, cognac and aniseed, this latter being the favorite. During the evening callers are entertained, after which tea is served, the mahogany peat bucket and its kettle having been placed by the footman as usual beside the table.

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I may mention that there are but three classes of nobility in Holland, the "Jonkheer," the "Baron," and the highest, "Count." The Dutch are very simple as to their titles, which are rarely used in good society, as every one knows they are Barons or Counts, so it would be thought snobbish or bad form so to address them. Servants or strangers may sometimes use the title, but more often they will only say, Mynheer. Of course the peasantry use the titles in speaking among themselves, but only to this extent.

After tea, the lady of the house always washes her own tea cups, never trusting them to the servants. This washing of the cups is one of the good old customs, and as these porcelain cups are worth from five to fifteen dollars apiece there is a reason for it. Another strange custom is the visit of the "Aanspreker." I saw this curious figure passing swiftly along the path dressed in funeral black, wearing a three-cornered hat with a long streamer floating behind over his coat, which was flapping in the wind. On his feet were silver-buckled shoes, and it was explained to me that it is his duty to make the rounds of the neighborhood announcing deaths. Another strange old custom is that wherever lie mother and a new-born babe there shall be fastened to the door a huge ornament, called a "Klopper." My Dutch friend brought forth one which had been used in the family. It was a large square of lace bearing in the center a finely

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embroidered coat-of-arms, and he told me that the lace was the finest old "Mechlin." It was lined with white, for it announced the birth of a girl, that for a boy being one-half pink. These "Kloppers" are eagerly sought for as souvenirs, so I am told.

While the Dutch use their own language almost invariably, they will as often speak in French. All social invitations are written in the latter tongue, and sometimes the most familiar correspondence. As to English, it too is quite generally used, and I remember meeting few Hollanders who did not have at least a slight speaking acquaintance with it.

On Sunday morning it is customary to attend church. The church, except those in the large towns, is small, whitewashed, and sadly bare. The ladies sit on chairs in the middle of the house, the men occupying places by themselves at one side. There will be a hymn or two with some good music on the organ, a very long prayer by the minister, who is gowned in black, and then a still longer sermon, followed by a collection in which two black bags with long tassels attached to the ends of long poles are passed around by the "beadles." On one of the bags is written "Eglise," that is for the church; the other is for the poor. The service is melancholy and depressing to a foreigner, but the people are sincere and very devout.

After luncheon and the siesta, the carriage is ordered

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for the afternoon drive over the beautiful, level roads and through the rich, wooded spaces of the outskirts, passing the lovely villas and crowds of peasantry quietly walking by the roadside. There is much driving, and beautiful equipages. The peasantry are out in the gala costume, for this is their great day, and in strange dog-carts, drawn by huge, ill-looking animals, quite filled with stout peasants, who seem to be a tremendous load for the unfortunate animals. Then we pass a regiment of soldiers in slouchy infantry uniform—blue, with yellow worsted facings and tassels—carrying strange-looking knapsacks and wearing singular pointed caps. They are not well set up, and seem to be small of stature, and their uniform certainly is not becoming.

Being a stranger, I am to visit a farm-house, and we soon stop before a prosperous-looking house at the end of a brick-paved walk. There are many cooing pigeons about, and I soon discover that all the buildings of this farm are practically under the one roof. Here are the dwelling-house, the dairy, the cow-house, and various other departments. A clean, orderly row of wooden shoes stands outside the door, which opens on a clean, freshly painted passageway paved with red brick, where we are welcomed by the wife of the farmer and ushered into the sitting-room. I note that she is in her stocking feet. The parlor is gay with strips of bright carpet, and there is a shining mahogany table in the center. We are

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served with ill-tasting home-made pear wine sweetened to taste with powdered sugar, which politeness forces us to drink, and the household treasures are brought forth from a huge, carved "armoire"—the family Bible with its silver clasps, grandmother's holiday gowns, some antique headdresses, and a fine collection of beautiful old carved and beaten silver spoons, which are greatly admired. We are then taken to the dairy with its long clean wooden tables filled with green and orange stone crocks of milk, prints of butter in wooden bowls, and several loaves of large, fresh cheeses, made by the farmer's wife and daughters. Opening a door we are ushered into the cow-house, which is four steps below the level of the kitchen. This is an immense room with the roof far above our heads, with a footway of red tiles down the middle; on one hand are piled large clean cheese presses, above which are hanging long lines of copper pans, brightly scoured brass cheese scoops, candlesticks, and various wooden implements used in preparing cheese and butter. Down another passageway leading off we see the cow-stalls, and here all is as clean as the parlor itself. Here in winter some sixty cows are under cover, and each cow-stall is carefully laid with sand, which is marked out in ornamental patterns. There is a small stream of water running through the center of this passageway to carry away the offal. The cheese is made on a raised platform at the side of this cow-shed, and the farmer describes the



A Dutch Boer



THE HAGUE

operation, which is technically too intricate for me to understand. I may say that there is not a particle of odor in this building, everything being of immaculate cleanliness.

As we drove home the band was playing in the open space and the peasants were enjoying themselves hugely at various small tables under the trees, drinking a queer black liquid, which it was explained to me is made of gin and black currants. On the way home we drew to one side to let a wedding party pass. There were several kinds of carriages, one in particular being called a "Jan-plaisir." This seemed big enough to hold an army, with open sides and blinds which roll up and down, and drawn by six horses. There was much shouting and cheering as the gay procession passed by, the cart at the head being the old-fashioned kind, not unlike a circus wagon, set high in the air on its large wheels, the body carved and gilded and painted with pictures in bright colors. Then we stopped at a drawbridge which was pulled up to allow some river craft to pass, and finally we came to our journey's end.

On the whole, then, living in the Netherlands is most comfortable and there is much good cheer, and it would seem true, as the Dutch affirm, that social life in the Netherlands is purer and happier than that of any other people. This may be a sweeping assertion on their part, but they certainly do seem happy and contented!

Through Freisland

IN the foregoing chapters I have only lightly touched upon this most interesting, perhaps, of any of the provinces. Leaving Edam by a puffing, wheezy train one can journey leisurely to Kwadijk, stopping for luncheon as I did, and then on to Enkhuizen, once perhaps the most prosperous town in the Netherlands, but now indeed a "dead city." Paul Potter, the painter, was born here in 1625. Approaching by train one sees little of interest—some housetops showing above the green dyke—but from the sea the visitor sees it at its best and most striking aspect, with the great Drommedaris Tower, a most splendid relic of the now vanished fortifications of the Middle Ages, standing guard over the tiny harbor and scattered collection of red-roofed houses. One sees it against the sky, topped by a white-painted lantern or cupola containing a gilded clock-face, its dark-red brick walls pierced by quaint pointed shuttered windows in white frames and backed by a dense fringe of trees, over which appears the church spire at the right. There is a lock in the canal beside it, crossed by a quaint old lift-bridge or "wip," on which as I came up were ranged as many children as it would accommodate, all fringed on

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the railing and staring down into the canal. I never discovered what it was they were watching. A high-waisted, silk-hatted man in a brilliant red waistcoat, armed with a stick, descended upon them, and with blows and much vituperation drove them away down the street. I found clean accommodations in the little hotel called "De Port Van Cleve," and there fell in with a young schoolmaster, who invited me to join him in a glass of port, which was very good, too, by the way, and informed me almost at the same breath that he was studying to be a burgomaster, and would like to converse with me in English, which he proceeded to do with the help of a dictionary, which of course rendered our conversation necessarily slow and rudimentary, but he was a nice fellow indeed, and when, in his thin, high-pitched voice, he invited himself to accompany me through Friesland, and offered to pay his own way, I welcomed him cordially. He proved to be a "character," and as I had brought some cigars with me from Amsterdam, the evening passed pleasantly enough—that is to say, with the aid of the dictionary.

The steamer left the following morning—Sunday—for Stavoren. A good little boat it was but dirty, low in the water, painted black, and burning a villainous kind of soft coal in briquettes which blew over and smutted everybody and everything on board, and it was quite in vain that we moved about with the shifting wind. It

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takes about one hour and a half to cross the Zuyderzee here, where it closes in and forms a sort of neck, which it is proposed to "dam" one of these days, as I have said elsewhere, and reclaim the whole of the vast area lying to the south. Even now the water is so shallow here that this little, almost flat-bottomed steamer is forced to make long detours to avoid the sandbars. The water was very calm, and as it was Sunday few sails were visible on the expanse. On the way my new friend, the embryo Burgomaster gave me much otherwise ungetatable information concerning the Frieslanders, and much more as we entered the small harbor of Stavoren, and I never knew a man to consume cigars as he could. He literally ate them as he talked, but I had plenty, happily, costing but one cent each, and not bad at that price, as might be surmised. I learned among other quaint customs that it was usual here in the north at the birth of a boy for all the women to visit the mother and drink a bowl of "Brandewyn" to her health and honor; the size of the bowl was not specified; that each woman presents a sort of tart or pie, which is displayed in the room—the more pies the greater the honor—and when, later on, the new-born is taken to church many small girls of twelve or fifteen years volunteer their services in carrying him by turn. The father then presents the child for baptism, never the mother, and much more, which I am sorry to say I have forgotten. Stavoren is interesting from the water. The



Enkhuizen—The Drommedaris Tower



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roofs of the houses are red-tiled, and the houses themselves are never of more than two stories; they are all quaintly step-gabled and tree-embowered. Queer-shaped boats are drawn up before them in the canal, and on their bows are painted in white letters S T (Stavoren). The bodies of these boats are not painted, but tarred or pitched, and the result is certainly beautiful. My friend hailed a nice, prosperous-looking Hollander on the quay as we landed and introduced me with many gesticulations as a personage from *Americanewyork*, all in one word, and I must record the delightful cordiality with which I was greeted, which, indeed, generally was the case throughout the Netherlands. Mr. Bessema immediately asked us both to his house for supper, and followed by two boys who shouldered our baggage, we were presently shown through a large tiled kitchen lined with brass and copper and furnished with fine old furniture; down dark, mysteriously dim passages, painted or whitewashed blue, to the parlor, where we were at once presented to Mevrouw Bessema, a delightful-looking, waxen-complexioned lady wearing the Friesian headdress, a cap of solid gold divided at the front, with projecting flaps of gold bejeweled above the ears. My lady Bessema was rather chilling to me at first, but I noted that my friend was lavish with his "Asher blifft," so I followed suit, and found this a most excellent expression to fill out a sentence. Soon supper was

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announced by a bare-armed, lovely young Friesienne in a shining gold casque, and we sat down to a rather formal and bare table. Tea was passed around from a sort of samovar and sheep's milk poured with it. I was a little afraid of it, but it tasted sweet and good. There was much conversation between the host and my friend concerning the price of mutton and beets, during which I covertly observed the tiled walls, the mahogany wardrobe, and the exquisite gilt Friesland clock over the mantelpiece. After supper our host would not hear of our leaving his house, so we thankfully remained until the following morning. The ladies retiring, we sat up rather late smoking and talking of the changes in Holland and the march of improvements, and before we went to bed Heer Bessema brought forth three bottles of Bass's ale, in which we drank his health. Mevrouw Bessema and Mejuffrow, her daughter, we did not see again that night; and I slept in a great high bedstead under a thick feather thing like a mattress, in a pretty and clean room under the eaves, until—bang! on the door, and a silvery voice outside calling out, "Het waater, mynheer!" I caught only a brief glimpse of this young damsel before I left, peeping shyly at me from behind a door. I suppose it is not etiquette for a girl to speak to a stranger in the Netherlands, but at any rate I did not see her to say farewell and I quite forgot to ask my friend as to this fact.

Evidently our presence had become known through

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the village, for an army of children escorted us to the boat at the quay which was to take us onward. The curiosity of the Dutch child is unequalled, most embarrassing, and eventually becomes an intolerable nuisance. They will stand for hours staring at one unwinkingly, and nothing seems to disconcert them. I have had them four deep about me while I was painting, and it took every effort to make them understand that I desired to see what I was painting before me, and that I could not see through them. One remedy I found generally efficacious: to pick out the largest and most ill-favored of the lot of boys, and giving him the sight of a gulden, promise to present it to him if he cleared the way. It was amusing, though, to see the throng which escorted us to the boat on this morning, and we left with a cheery adieu from Heer Bessema and the populace upon the bank.

The first village was Heeg, not very quaint or unusual, and so we concluded not to stop. The houses are neat (*netje*) and surrounded by a kind of trellis of vines, which gives a pretty effect. Connecting each house with the roadway is a small brightly painted, high-railed wooden bridge over a narrow and somewhat "smelly" canal. Here I first noted the "floating shop" or barge in the canal. The boat was not a large one, but it was brightly painted and on the high rudder-post was a large gilt lion of carved wood. The cabin windows were brightly decked out with colored paper cut in forms, and

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modern crockery decorated in bright colors; huge fringes of new brooms were stacked on deck, and, alas! there was much tinware instead of the beautiful brass and copper of old. All the merchandise was of the cheapest sort, and I found that these wary merchants will always endeavor to trade the tins and ornaments for anything that the peasants may have in their homes. These dealers, generally Hebrews, have well nigh cleared the vicinity of the antiques once to be found. Everywhere on the canal and its banks is color—red, yellow, white, and green—and the women and girls seem to be washing, washing eternally, and, indeed, nearly all the domestic secrets are frankly carried on in full view of the passer-by. The brightly painted and varnished boats are hung from stem to stern with long festoons of garments flapping in the wind, while the captain or patroon or his sons pole the boat along, bent over at an angle, the pole at the shoulder, pushing at the bottom of the shallow canal. Sometimes the boat-vrouwe will handle the tiller, while an excited and nervous dog runs from end to end of the boat. Either bank is lined with a row of thin lime trees shading a clean brick-paved pathway and an almost continuous row of klinker-built, red-tiled roofed houses with white casements. All is tiny, toy-box like and unreal to the last degree, and all shining in the translucent light of the moist sky and reflected in the water, flowers, trees, houses, boats, each with its own note of color value, and all inde-

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scribably attractive to the artist. We pass through a curious bridge called, my friend explains, a *wip*. This is arranged so that by means of a counterbalance on one end it may be tilted up to let the boats pass. It is painted a bright pea-green.

I had always wanted to see Ijlst since I read Mr. Doughty's description in "Friesland Meres." He says, "Nothing odder, more bizarre than this village have I ever seen; more Chinese than European looking with its jumble of bright colors, fantastic forms, and squeezed-up populousness!" And now there it is just ahead of us under the trees, truly, as he says, "more bizarre." The usual fringe of children are awaiting us and hail us with delight as we "tie up," falling in behind in solid phalanx when we step ashore. I never saw the equal of this town for quaintness, and my friend tells me that elsewhere it does not exist. The main street is lined with immaculately clean houses, each with its garden, and it is these gardens which attract one. There are miniature lakes and boats on them; there are chicken-pens and dog-houses, miniature replicas of the owner's house, all painted and complete with brass-handled doors, curtained windows, glazed panes, and imitation brick chimneys, with tiny gardens before each containing still smaller chicken-houses and dog-pens, and so on down the scale, and all quite unbelievable. But it was at Sneek (pronounced Snake) that my friend decided to put up at night, so we

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pushed on and found it, as promised, most delightfully quaint in the evening light, with two well-paved ways of red brick set in pattern on either side of a rather odorous canal, but with lovely rows of trimmed lime trees shading the houses and shops and reflected in the canal. The hotel, a good one [Stad Munster], nestles behind a sort of screen of lime leaves most curiously fashioned by cutting and trimming the tree. I never saw anything like it before or since. There is a wonderful old "stadhuis" dated 1614, in the very purest Renaissance style—said to be the finest in Friesland, but this I thought to be an exaggeration. Here the *Sneeker Mere* is five miles long and is a fine stretch of water upon which the regattas take place. We were just too late to see the fun, but we saw the bunting, the crowds on the banks, the *tjalks* and *boiers*, steam launches and barges, and a lavishly decorated steamer towing the winning boat all covered with flags, with a lot of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen on board and a band playing the national air, white sails, yellow and brown sails, flags and black smoke, all in the last rays of the sunshine. We slept little that night for the noise and confusion in the streets and the hotel, where it seemed to me the whole population of 11,500 were gathered the whole night long, but it was all most interesting and well worth while.

My Dutch friend seemed to be acquiring a wonderful stock of English phrases, some of which were sufficiently



Near Ijlst—A Typical North Holland Windmill



18.

Ijlst

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ludicrous; for instance, he insisted upon ending almost every sentence by adding "*Iss it not? yes?*" the words all run together rapidly, and this became so wearing on my nerves that I at length begged him to omit it. He did so, but I could see that he was discouraged, so I essayed to put him in good humor by teaching him the words of a current American comic song, in which, alas! he became only too proficient.

And then he woke me up in the night to listen to an idea that had suddenly occurred to him. "Listen," he said; "when you geef a thing, you cannot to keep him, iss it not?" "Yes," said I. "But when a man geef hees vord, he keep him, iss it not?" "Yes," I answered sleepily. "But when hees geef hees vord, 'ow can hee keep him? Does he get him back?" "No," said I. "But if he keeps hees vord, he does not geef him?" "Oh, yes, he does," said I, now aroused. "Ah, I zink I zee. Ven he geef hees vord, and he don't take heem back—'ee keep him all ze vile, iss it not? I zee! But Heer Gott—vat a language iss ze Engelsch!" . . .

The leisurely wheezy locomotive of the tram dragged us along through a sodden country, for it had come on to rain during the night, and the carriage reeked with the wet clothing of three stolid peasants, who smoked most villainous tobacco, whispered to each other hoarsely, regarding us the while suspiciously, and who to our relief alighted at the first stopping place, which was a sort of a

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crossroad halfway between Ijlst and Nijhuizum. It now rained furiously and in torrents, and the clouds were as black as they well could be, while the thunder roared seemingly all about us, so low hung the clouds. Sheets of water drenched the windows of the carriage, which rocked from side to side in the violence of the wind. Then all at once the sun broke forth over the Mere, and the long lines of waterways leading horizonward shone like ribbons of gold embossed in green velvet, and as we slowed up at the small brick station where we alighted for Workum, all was clean and washed brightly by the rain. Workum has the usual one long street lined with the customary small houses of klinker brick, two-storied and gabled generally toward the street. It is paved with rough, round stones, kept clean, and was formerly the bed of a canal with a narrow path on either hand, brick paved. It is shaded with well-kept trees, and quite picturesque and paintable, especially as all is dominated by the immense square tower of the church, which is visible for miles around. In the square is a beautifully proportioned small building called the "Oude Wache" (Old Weighhouse), on the front of which is an illuminated coat of arms in now faded colors, supported by two comical lions, and surmounting a panel with an inscription half obliterated, which I tried in vain to read; the whole resting on a winged head, such as one sees on old tombs. We were escorted to the hotel by a band of urchins armed

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with long poles, who varied the attentions bestowed upon us by skillfully vaulting with them every ditch they came to, and we found that this is a custom here.

At the hotel my Dutch friend promised me a taste of a most celebrated dainty, the merits of which he extolled with uplifted hands and eyes. It is called *Soetkrahelingen*, and is a sort of pastry, served and eaten with cheese; with this was served a very good port wine at ten cents a glass (our money). I thought it not bad, and ate it to the manifest pleasure of my companion. After dinner, which was served in the middle of the day, Dutch style, and a smoke in the general room, where two vehement young men played a very poor game of billiards, we ordered a horse and conveyance for the four-mile or so drive to Hindeloopen (the name means stag-hunt), which is styled the most unique town in North Holland. Our journey was undertaken in a quaint Noah's Ark of a conveyance which had seen its best days years ago, and the horses that drew it were evidently of the same period. Our route lay along the top of the long dyke, with the sight and smell of the sea ever present, and I saw flocks of tarn and other birds flying overhead. Occasionally we were held up by gates where we had to pay toll to the squalid-looking beings in charge. The ride across the flat green polder meadows was somewhat dispiriting, I thought, but I saw many opportunities for pictures and the driver was loquacious. He wore a beautiful belt of

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leather studded with silver nails and clasped by two bosses of beaten silver as large as saucers, upon which were raised the figures of Adam and Eve. I tried to buy these of him, but he named a price so extravagant that I gave it up. At Hindeloopen we were well repaid by the curious things we found. The old church bears the inscription:

“Des heeren woord
Met aandacht noort
Komt dartoe met-hoopen
Als Hinden loopen.”

Translated it means roughly that the parishioners should leap [*loopen*] or run like the deer (*Hinden*) to listen to the Holy Scriptures. Hindeloopen is a pleasant and clean little fishing village as yet undiscovered by the artists, as is Volendam, but I am convinced that it will not now be long ere one finds a colony there, for Mynheer of the hostelry is desirous of emulating the Spaanders at the latter town. He has a small collection of silver and china, and some carvings, too, for which the country around is famed. He and my friend struck up a mighty friendship, in consequence of which we fared quite well, and many houses were opened to us into which we would not have otherwise been admitted. In the old church are a pile of biers against the wall, each one for a particular trade, such as the chirurgeon, the farmer, the blacksmith and the sailor. On each is a painted panel and much



Hindeloopen—The Little Green Staircase



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ornament and figures most charmingly conceived and executed, with emblems for each trade. Upon one of them is the following inscription:

“Al wat er is.

Mijn hoop is Christus en zyn bloed

Door deze leer ik en hoop door die het eenwig goed.

Ons leven is maar eenen dag, vol ziekten en vol naar geklag

Vol rampen dampen en Vendriet. Een schim een droom en anders niet.”

(Some of this sounds like profanity, but it is really all very pious.) Propriety and custom demand that the sailor, etc., be carried to his last resting-place each on his own bier. The church has remains of the fine carvings and stalls spared during the Reformation, and as examples of woodworking of the time they are of high interest to architects and antiquaries. I am sorry that I did not get a photograph of the peculiar “linenfold” cutting, of which I have never seen a more perfect example. But my Dutch friend was for pressing on to Bolsward, and although I would like to have rested here for a few days, I yielded, and we journeyed by train to this large and prosperous town of between five and six thousand inhabitants, of a more or less ambitious character, and noted for a delightful *Stadhuis* all in red and white and surmounted by a delightfully bulbous cupola of pseudo oriental character which is most amusing. The bells are as usual visible above the balcony, but the church alone repays one for the journey hither. It is paved with fine

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old tombstones which will delight the antiquary, some very high in relief and very rich, too, in detail and floriation, so much so that one hesitates to tread upon them. We spent quite an hour deciphering the inscriptions, but although my friend was voluble in his explanations, I am not now much the wiser, for I was wearying a little of the English lessons which he exacted willy-nilly each night before we went to bed.

Bolsward is a great place for the smoker, from what I saw of tobacco in the streets. My friend gave statistics, but I promptly forgot them, so I cannot set them down here. As well take away a Hollander's breath as his tobacco! He smokes at all times and in all places—no, not quite that—never in church. I tried to find out at what age boys begin to smoke. I have seen them on the way to school puffing away at a five-inch roll of very black tobacco with all the gusto of a veteran.

The council chamber is a beautiful room paneled in dark-toned oak, with some fine flags of pewter of very large proportions hanging on the wall. The archives contain a document signed by the great Alva of Spain, referring to a dispute between Bolsward and Harlingen in 1573. I called upon the burgomaster, who received us with great courtesy, and invited us to the inevitable glass of port, after which he tried his English upon me, and I retaliated by trying my best Hollandish upon him, and we parted good friends, too. On the outskirts

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of the town I came upon the solitary local policeman, in full regalia, fishing placidly in the canal, and it was evidently nothing strange, for the passers-by greeted him without surprise. I noted that he had caught nothing. Everything is prosperous and clean-looking, but I have a sensitive nose and the canals *do* smell—in hot weather, at least. All was quiet, the children happily being in school, or we would have had the usual escort. The dyke was empty except for two women with yokes on their shoulders, brass-tipped and painted bright green, at the ends of which dangled brass cans. The women were shrilly arguing as they walked. I made some sketches while my friend discussed politics with the law minion. I saw here a large painted signboard (alas) like those we have in America, some 75 feet long and advertising in bright paint "Sunlight Zeep" (soap). The piscatorial policeman here asked me, pointing to the signboard, could I paint letters as well as that, and when I shook my head negatively, both he and my friend seemed disappointed. Then he asked me did I know that there was a road from Sneek to Groningen more than a hundred miles long and brick paved its whole length. As the conversation did not seem apropos of anything, I again shook my head and said pleasantly, "Well, what of it?" This, it seemed, he could not answer, so we said "Goen's dag" (Good day) and came away. As I desired to visit Leeuwarden, we left Bolsward the following day by rail for Sneek, where

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we took passage on a little steamer well laden with household utensils and furniture and a crowd of country people, the women in lovely gold casques covered with lace, and bright-colored shawls and waists of orange green and purple which enlivened the scene wonderfully. It took us upward of three hours and a half to make the trip, so often did we stop en route, but I did not grudge the delay, so entertaining was it all. Halfway, at Grouw (the pronunciation of which is something sounding like Hurrah), the towers and steeples of Leeuwarden were visible somewhat dimly on the horizon, dominated by the huge tower of the Oude Hof.

Leeuwarden (they pronounce it "Low-var-da") manages to maintain most of its former characteristics within the old limits of the Singel, and is said to be the center of the cattle trade of Friesland. It lies on flat green meadows, surrounded by solitary farmhouses and lonely hills and long stretches of silvery waterways. Its farmhouses are noted, and have been described elsewhere as having all the offices and buildings under one roof, which is literally true. We passed en route a typical one. The roof rises from the ground almost to a point high over the clustering trees, looking from a distance not unlike a small replica in red tile of the pyramid of Cheops. The house roof is covered with dark brown, highly glazed tiles, and at intervals with unglazed tile. It is surrounded by a well-trimmed box hedge, and the shutters are painted



Bolsward—The Tower

THE TOWER

The first part of the story is a description of the tower and the people who live in it. The tower is a very old building, and the people who live in it are very old and very wise. They have lived in the tower for many years, and they have seen many things. They have seen the tower grow from a small building to a great one, and they have seen the people who live in it change from simple to wise. They have seen the tower become a place of learning and of wisdom, and they have seen the people who live in it become a people of peace and of love.

The second part of the story is a description of the people who live in the tower. They are a very old and very wise people, and they have lived in the tower for many years. They have seen the tower grow from a small building to a great one, and they have seen the people who live in it change from simple to wise. They have seen the tower become a place of learning and of wisdom, and they have seen the people who live in it become a people of peace and of love.



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green, the window sashes and frames are white, and inside it is divided by a corridor. One-half is the house proper, the other the stable, etc. Overhead are sleeping-rooms for the help. The cow stable is empty, for it is summer time. Here the woodwork is scrubbed clean and bright, and at each stall is a small glazed window hung with a muslin curtain. At one end is the hayloft, and above rises the roof to a point; all about, neatly racked, are farming implements, and there is a clean sty for an immense sow and a litter of little pink pigs, almost as playful as kittens. The farmer told us that the rigors of the winters produced this type of house, as when the season of snow begins the cows must be put under cover, each in its bestrawed and lace-curtained compartment, where it can be fed and watered in warmth and comfort, contemplating placidly the burnished brass utensils, and with the perfume of burning peat over all. But to return to Leeuwarden. The Friesian farmers regard it as headquarters for the cattle trade, and are to be found here in large numbers on market days, which is rather interesting. There is also here much racing and trotting of horses—*Harddraverij*, as they call it in the language. The town is large, fairly clean, very prosperous, I am told, and the women are said to be beautiful. I did not see any such, but I remarked some fairly good-looking ones. It is upon Sunday, in church, and on the streets afterward, that one may see them to the best advantage

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in their glorious golden casques, and from an upper window the effect of gold glittering in the sunlight on the heads of the crowds below is remarkable and worth traveling a long distance to see.

My friend entertained me volubly with a more or less comprehensible account of the Friesians before we retired that night, and I gathered that these people are the descendants of a Germanic tribe and have preserved their characteristics comparatively unaltered. Charlemagne collected their ancient laws, and still in existence somewhere is the *Asegebuch* in the old Friesian tongue and Latin containing the Friesian laws. The language here differs very considerably from that of the rest of the Netherlands, occupying an intermediate position between Anglo-Saxon and Old Norse, and often, my friend said, closely resembling English. It boasts of a considerable literature, but is gradually being supplanted by the more modern tongue. I couldn't have had a more perfect guide than my companion, and I do not now begrudge the price I paid for his companionship, although the English lessons did wear upon my nerves. He was ever good-humored and enthusiastic—ever rising to the occasion, and I take pleasure here in thanking him with entire appreciation, and express the hope that his ambitions regarding the future burgomastership were realized, but I have never since heard from him, although I have

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sent him, occasionally, illustrated papers chronicling events in which I fancied him interested.

In looking over the map I chanced upon the name of a town that seemed to possess attraction, being on the sea and away from the beaten track. It is called Nes. And as my friend had never even heard of it, we consulted the proprietor. He regarded us with amazement. Why did we wish to leave a comfortable hotel in a fine town to go to a miserable place like that? Nes! Why, that is in Ameland, a foreign country, a miserable little island across the *Pinke Wad*. The *Pinke Wad*! How delightful, I thought; the very name was attractive. So, in spite of the remonstrances of the hotel-keeper, who promised a variety of entertainment if we would remain, we arranged then and there to leave the following morning for Dokkum, from where we could, I thought, hire a team to take us to Wierum, thence by boat to Nes. The morning proved showery, but we decided to go on by a river boat through the canal. The skipper was an honest-looking fellow, who owned his boat and picked up a living carrying supplies. There was a tiny cabin where our traps were deposited, almost filling the space, and we cast off in the rain and sailed and poled along until we were overtaken by a small and dirty steamer, the captain of which very ungraciously, I thought, consented to take our line and tow us for two gulden, which sum I handed over

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in the rain, together with a couple of cigars. The gift lifted the cloud, so to speak, and he invited me to sit with him at the tiller and be cross-examined: Was I English? Where did I come from? America! Indeed, and why? What business was I in? What did it cost to come from America? So much? How much did herring bring in New York? How did it happen that I did not know? Was I married? Then where was my wife? Where was I going? To *Nes*? And why? Then I attacked him in turn: Had he never been to *Nes*? What? Was it possible? And why? Why should he indeed? Did he not know that the people of *Nes* were the finest people in North Holland? The most polite, too! The most cordial to the stranger. Strange, I said, that one so well informed as he should not know that *Nes* was such a desirable place—far more to be desired than *Dokkum*. At this he regarded me with such open-mouthed amazement that I could hardly keep from laughing, but I retained my composure and gravity, and, giving him another cigar, I returned to the boat astern where my companion remained soaking in the rain, which was still falling. I could see that the skipper of the little steamer was very uneasy in his mind regarding me, and at intervals in steering he would turn and gaze in my direction in a very puzzled manner. Evidently my appreciation of *Nes* and its attractions worried him.

And so we continued during the nine miles from *Leeu-*

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warden to Dokkum, through the vast flat green meadows soaking in the mist and rain, passing occasionally a river boat being poled along by bent, silent, stolid men, who rarely vouchsafed a salute in return for ours, and occasionally a steep-roofed farmhouse, and black-and-white cattle grazing in the polders. Dokkum, at which we bade farewell to our boatman with thanks and the patrol of the steamer with some hilarity, which he gravely considered for long afterward, I well knew, is a small village with few characteristics differing from others of its class, is a clean place withal, and only noted as being the locality where St. Boniface was slain by the Friesians in the year 755—so said my friend, consulting his book. We were escorted from the canal side to the small inn by the usual mob of children, the number of which increased as we walked, the phalanx headed by a remarkable-looking cross-eyed youth with a long, evil-smelling cigar in his mouth. Our names and destinations being entered in the book at the inn, we were served with schnapps (Genever) and then changed our wet shoes and socks for dry ones in a large room on the upper floor, containing three huge beds piled high with gorgeous floriated, feathery quilts as thick as mattresses, each bed with a small flight of steps at its side. This was the entire accommodation for travelers afforded by the inn. What happened when a man and his wife arrived I could not but conjecture, but my friend seemed to think it unworthy of comment, at

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any rate. We created considerable excitement in Dokkum. Wherever we went or whenever we left the inn we were followed by some of the natives, and always the children; when we halted they too stood still gravely considering our clothing and appearance. When I began to sketch they became so eager to see that the policeman and the postmaster came forth to examine and criticize, and even the old women, usually so indifferent to us, grew enthusiastic and voluble over something or other in my appearance, I know not what. I took refuge in a bakery, where I purchased a wonderfully constructed ginger cake, which I divided among the children; it was, I found, almost as hard as one of the brick klinkers of the pathway, but they chewed it appreciatively and said, severally, "Dank u well, Mynheer." The resources of the inn seemed to be taxed to the extreme by our presence. The meals were tardy and the "Rundvleesch," or steak, was thin, barely warm, tough, and greasy; the potatoes, too, were stale and, it seemed to me, had often been fried, served, and uneaten. I know that we did not eat them. The innkeeper was from Amsterdam originally, had come as a waiter or worker in the house, and upon the death of the proprietor had married the widow, a sour, hard-featured woman of large stature and brawn, who appeared occasionally at the doorway of the kitchen and loweringly regarded us, me particularly, I fancied, for whom she seemed to entertain some animosity; at any



One of the Boys—Torment and Delight



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rate I was really afraid of her. The innkeeper was an extraordinary person, who in the evening suddenly addressed me in English, and when I expressed surprise shrugged his shoulders and informed me that he could "speak English, French, German, all tongues in fact. All the same to me what I spik! What ye will!" Then went on to inform us that he had been in London, Paris, Cologne—*everyfaire!*—while the sour-faced vrouwe, a child in her arms, regarded me loweringly from the dark doorway. When he found that we were going on the following day to leave him for *Nes* by way of *Wierum*, he became strangely silent, then suddenly he said, addressing no one in particular, but with his watery eyes fixed on the ceiling:

"Wat baeter Kaers of brill,
Als den uil niet sien wil."

and retired into the dark doorway, where I heard him vehemently arguing with some one in his nasal gutturals. I somehow became apprehensive, of I know not what, but I asked my friend, who seemed troubled, what it was the fellow had said.

"Of what use are the candles and spectacles when the owl will see not?" said he, translating laboriously. "But," said I, "what did he mean?" "It is a proverb," he answered, placing his forefinger at the side of his nose mysteriously, and would say no more. That night I en-

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tertained a select company in the taproom, consisting of the postmaster, the clergyman, and the local policeman, with accounts of New York City; of the subways then building beneath the city; of the electric tramway system; of the elevated railroad, which, by the way, I could see they regarded as exaggerated fiction upon my part; of the Flatiron Building, its shape and its wonderful height; of the electric elevators in it which raced up and down the entire day and part of the night; of the crowds of people who came into and left the city by day; of the wonderful bridges over the East River, and the ocean steamships that crossed in four and one-half days to and from Europe, and whatever else I fancied would astonish them. My audience appreciatively considered it all, and finally, when I yawned, they got up from the table gravely and, taking me by the hand in turn, thanked me for the honor of my company, and went each one of them home to his anxious wife to relate, perhaps, something of the wonders of which they had heard of the great world outside. That night I saw to the door-fastenings of the huge room where we slept, for I distrusted the innkeeper, and I had vague uncomfortable dreams of unheard-of villainies practiced upon me, but with the beams of the morning sun streaming into the room my fears all vanished, and after a breakfast of tea, which we made ourselves on the table, and two or three cold boiled eggs, I paid the still scowling innkeeper's wife for our accommo-

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dations, gave the baby in arms a *dubbeltje* for itself, and the cross-eyed boy shouldering our traps, we drove away in a high-waisted tilbury toward Wierum. I never saw the innkeeper again, and I was not sorry, though I have often wondered what was in his mind concerning me.

The drive along the roads and the dyke was entirely uneventful, and I remember nothing of it, save that the boy beat the fat horse shamefully with a stout club and was ugly when I expostulated with him, so that I had to present him with a cigar to restore him to good humor. Wierum is a tiny town on the *Friesche Wadden*, a shallow body of water between Ameland and the Mainland. It is well dyked, and there are a few fishermen here, who make a very precarious living; they are not very civil to the stranger, and had I not had the company of a Hollander, I think I might have fared very badly. The country is dismal in the extreme, and on the day I arrived, with the wind blowing a gale, the clouds black and lowering, seemingly within reach overhead, I think I never saw a drearier-looking place. We repaired at once to the house of the postmaster, a singular-looking man with badly fitting false teeth, which clicked and rattled as he talked—that is, when he did talk, which was but seldom when we were with him. Amid the howling of the gale and the banging of shutters on the house, he told us that we should have gone to Holwerd, a small town farther to the south, from which we might have made

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better arrangements to get over to Nes. But we might, he said, remain with him until to-morrow if we liked, when we could make our arrangements. This was a spot rarely visited by a stranger, he said; no, he had never seen an artist there; he was a painter himself, and a glazier, too, but there was but little business for him in such a small place, so he had secured the position of post-master, likewise he attended to the formalities of funerals; no, he was not an undertaker, he simply notified the undertaker when necessary; he bought and sold potatoes, beets, and fish for the dealers in Leeuwarden; he was also acting as secretary of the *Raad* or Town Council—that is to say, when they met, which was not often. Here was a real Dutch prototype of “Pooh Bah,” the first I had ever met, and he bore his honors with dignity, too. He had a fine boxwood carved pipe-case sticking out of his coat pocket, from which he presently extracted a well-colored clay pipe, filled and lighted it and clenched it tightly between his misfit teeth. It was too stormy to venture out of doors, for the wind blew violently from the sea over the dunes and dyke, and soon the rain drove against the windows in sheets, the roadway outside ran in rivers of water, and rarely did any one pass by. So the afternoon passed, and as nightfall came on a man or two dropped in for a glass of “bitters” or a smoke. How should one get to Nes, I asked. At the question the two men playing billiards at the end of the taproom turned to



Sneek—The Water Gate



THROUGH FRIESLAND

regard me anew. *Nes*, indeed! I was plainly an object of suspicion to them. What should a stranger want at *Nes*? My friend here addressed them volubly. It was difficult to follow him, so rapidly did he fire the gutturals at them. I heard many "neens" uttered in various keys, sometimes very sharply and again very slowly uttered. It is certainly amazing what shades of expression a Hollander can give to his words. Then my friend informed me that we might find it difficult to get through the *Pinke Wad*. Well and good, quoth I. I care not if it takes a week. The *Pinke Wad* hath no terror for me. Pike's Peak or bust! I said to my friend, and he made me repeat it so that he had it by heart. And then, of course, I must explain what Pike's Peak or bust meant. This took so much time that it was quite nine by the clock when he had finally mastered it, and it so delighted him that he rolled it upon his tongue as a sweet morsel, although he would call it occasionally *Pikspike*, so I finally ceased to correct him. I don't know what a *Pinke Wad* is, even now. I never found out. For the rain it rained as I had never seen it before or since, and the wind blew a gale night and day, during which I, clad in rubber coat and high boots, haunted the dyke and the dunes buffeted by the winds and drenched by driving rain. I hated to give up the delightful unknown dangers of the *Pinke Wad*, and the equally unknown joys of *Nes*, but I could get no one to undertake a journey or a sail over the

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boiling yellow waters of the Meer into the mist where it lay hidden from my sight. In the storm some of the boats were cast up high and dry on the stone dyke, others tore loose from their moorings and were carried away over the Meer. Roofs leaked and chimneys in the little village were blown down. As I passed along the narrow street, bending to the storm, anxious white-faced vrouws peered at me from the small windows. My friend would not venture forth, but hugged the smoky peat fire in the small taproom, studied the dictionary, and formulated new and intricate grammatical problems with which to bait me whenever we were together. I came near hating him, and I sickened at the sound of the reiterated "Pikspike." And—well, that ended it. I never saw Nes. On the morning of the fourth day we left Wierum; it was still raining! There is still then in Holland one place at least which I was never to see, and as such it is embalmed in the amber of my discontent—Nes, the unknown; Nes, the, for me, ungetatable. And so I left Friesland.

The Republic

THE first inhabitants of Holland came from Germany and adopted as their new home the island of Batavia, a long strip of land lying within the forked estuary of the Rhine. So brave a race were they that the bodyguards of the Roman Emperors were drawn from their ranks. It is said that Friesland and the northern districts were likewise peopled with these German migrants, but they differed in national character and admitted no allegiance to the Romans, then paramount throughout northwest Europe, and became known as the free Friesians. Under Charlemagne's powerful rule (A. D. 800) the provinces, including what is now Belgium, were united. After the conquest of the Belgians, the Batavians became the allies of Rome; later on they disappeared. Fifty years later, by the treaty of Verdun, the country was divided. Batavia and Friesland were allotted to Germany, while Dukes and Counts, each ruling, yet subject to the German Emperors, were appointed to the provinces, which now became principalities. Trade routes were established to distant parts of the world; law rather than might made itself manifest in various charters from Princes to people. At the end of the thirteenth cen-

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ture the rulers are found presiding over the provincial estates, marking the beginning of constitutional government. At this period came the great inundation when the North Sea burst through the dunes and rolled in over the low-lying lands, uniting with an inland lake. The ocean engulfed more than a thousand Friesian villages and formed the present Zuyderzee. Philip, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed "The Good," dispossessed his young cousin, Jacqueline, of her rightful heritage of Hainault, Zeeland, and North and South Holland. Soon after he acquired Luxemburg and assumed lordship over Friesland as a matter of course. He established at Bruges (1429) the Order of the Golden Fleece; in 1467 he was succeeded by his son, Charles the Bold, whose dominant object was to make his dukedom a kingdom. He ruined his country financially, and died ignominiously. His daughter, the Lady Mary, inherited the vast but impoverished realm. They lie buried side by side in magnificent, gilded, enameled, and marble tombs in the Cathedral at Bruges.

Louis XI of France, another member of the Golden Fleece, earned the laurels of the order by seizing Burgundy. It was now that Lady Mary, to secure the loyal adhesion of her subjects, granted them "the Great Privilege," the Magna Charta of Holland. In 1493, her husband, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, inherited his father's throne. Notice the accretion of thrones and

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principalities. Maximilian's son, Philip the Fair, heir to enormous territory, married the Princess of Castile and Aragon, and thus added Spain to the family domain. Philip's son was Charles V, King of Spain, Emperor of Germany, Emperor of Austria, King of the Netherlands, Duke of Burgundy, and monarch practically of half the known world.

Under the Spanish rule the inhabitants of Holland became restive, and finally forcibly resented its tyranny and robbery, following which Charles V confiscated the Great Privilege and all municipal rights. The people demurred. Punishment swiftly followed, and Charles scourged the people into submission with rods of iron, and squandered their blood and treasure in European wars. He now sought to exterminate heresy by execution, and failed. In 1555, wearied with wars and the cares of state, he abdicated in favor of his son, Philip II, a gloomy monarch of fanatical tendencies, assassinator of William, Prince of Orange; the strong maintainer of the Inquisition with its tens of thousands of slaughtered victims, and the deliberate midnight murderer of his own son, Don Carlos. Holland's darkest hour was at hand. Motley vividly portrays the hell let loose upon the kingdom. With the assistance of his servile minister, Granville, the Inquisition did its work. The King retired to Spain, but quartered his Spanish troops throughout the States, to the impoverishment and despair of the people.

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The King's sister, Margaret of Parma, was installed in the Netherlands as regent. At this distressful period, three champions of liberty—namely, William, Prince of Orange; Count Egmont, a brilliant general, and Count Horn—urged the King to redress the people's wrongs. They claimed (1) the withdrawal of the troops; (2) the removal of the Inquisition; (3) the restoration of the people's right through the States General to vote the sums of money demanded by the King. The King now retired both Margaret of Parma and Granville in favor of the Duke of Alva, and the garrisons were doubled by an army sent from Spain to suppress the insurrection and root out the heretics. With callous brutality, Alva invited Egmont and Horn to a banquet; though urged by William of Orange to beware of treachery, they went, were seized by Alva's soldiers, and notwithstanding their rank and services to Philip, were executed. By beheading, hanging, burning, and torturing on the rack, the Duke of Alva put to death some one thousand persons, while many thousands were driven out of the country. The insurrection then became a war of independence, under the leadership of William of Orange. Eventually, the Dutch Protestants were successful, and several of the provinces, renouncing their allegiance to Spain, proclaimed the Prince of Orange stadhouder, and by a treaty at Utrecht (1579) laid the foundation of the Dutch Republic.



Hindeloopen—The Headdress



THE REPUBLIC

William the Silent, who is said to have earned the sobriquet because he controlled himself and made no comment when Henry II had arranged a general massacre of Protestants throughout France and the Netherlands, saved by his prudence, at any rate for a time, the threatened disaster. He was Charles V's favorite ambassador. He was born in 1533 and died in 1584. Although a staunch Catholic and supporter of the King, William repeatedly protested to him against Alva's atrocities, but without the slightest effect. The blood council was now established, and incredible as it is now to believe, sentence of death was passed upon the whole of the inhabitants of the Netherlands (February 16, 1568). Philip confirmed the edict, and ordered its immediate execution. Thus Alva's victims could be executed without even the formality of a mock trial. (See Motley.)

William of Orange took active steps to oppose Alva but, too utterly cowed to assist, the Dutch populace remained passive while the Prince spent his own fortune on foreign troops. Despite the valor of his brothers Louis and John, defeats followed. The Beggars of the Sea, a body of nobles banded together to resist Alva, met with some success. Prince William's own States, Zealand and Holland, on land alone, showed determination to resist. The massacre of St. Bartholomew only stimulated the desires of Philip and Alva. Cities whose inhabitants defied the Spaniards were besieged. Surren-

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der on promise of mercy nearly always resulted in the inhabitants being put to the sword, as at Naarden and Haarlem. (See Motley.) The siege of Leyden, however, brought a sudden check to the Spaniards, for when the city was at its last gasp, William, from his fever-stricken couch, ordered the cutting of the dykes, whereby the country was flooded. His fleet of warships being in readiness, he sailed up to the very walls of the city.

Through years of toil and privation William held to his trust, the freeing of his country. Affectionately called Father William, he matched his intellect against the cleverest men of his age, and with his enthusiasm kept alive the waning spark of national patriotism. His is a solitary and splendid figure. When, in 1581, the Holland States finally renounced their allegiance to Spain, Prince William was elected stadhouder, after he had emphatically refused any higher title. On July 10, 1584, an obscure hireling of Philip II, tempted by the large reward offered by the King, gained access and secreted himself near the principal stairway of Prince William's house. Armed with a pistol, he fired several poisoned bullets at the Prince, two of which took effect. Thus passed the spirit of this great man, his last words as he fell being a prayer, "God save this unhappy country." The murderer was promptly executed, his flesh being torn from his body by hot pincers, but his parents, on claim-

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ing the blood money from Philip II, were at once exalted and granted patents of nobility.

The Hollanders were undismayed. William's son, Maurice, was then elected stadhouder, and ruled until 1625 amid a period of increasing prosperity. The republic grew and flourished in spite of the theological disputes which were rife, and in consequence of which the pensionary, John Van Olden Barnevelt, was put to death by Maurice. The war with Spain was vigorously carried on. The Dutch admirals, De Ruyter and Tromp, added immensely to the power and reputation of Holland. With commercial prosperity, the population rapidly increased; both on land and sea the Dutch defeated their former masters. The merchant fleets navigated the world and founded the Dutch colonies. On the death of Maurice, his brother, Frederick Henry (1645-1647), succeeded as stadhouder, and the prosperity of the country reached its zenith. The commerce of Holland was renowned the world over, and the Dutch navigators, painters, and scientists were in their full glory. By the peace of Westphalia, the great work of William the Silent was completed.

Europe had acknowledged the independence of the provinces, and William II, son of Frederick, came to the throne, surviving his father by only a few years. In consequence of dissensions breaking out, John De Witt

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was elected grand pensionary. In 1652, the first naval war with England was declared, in consequence of the navigation act passed by the English Parliament, which was intended to promote the navigation laws of Britain and to strike a blow at the naval power of the Dutch. Admirals Tromp and De Ruyter came to the fore, and the English fleet suffered more than one heavy reverse. At the outbreak of the second war, in 1664, De Ruyter succeeded in sailing up the river Thames as far as Chatham.

Louis XIV of France cast covetous eyes on the Netherlands, alleging a right to them on behalf of his Spanish wife, Maria Theresa, but he was checkmated by the triple alliance, formed by John De Witt between England, Holland's quondam enemy, and Sweden and Holland to resist that very attack. De Witt, however, fell a victim to the vengeance of the people, who accused him of harboring designs against the stadhouder, William III, who was now at the head of the provinces. In 1672, England went to war with Holland again, and in the same year, the triple alliance having been dissolved, Louis of France took possession of certain of the Dutch provinces, and De Witt, with his brother, was killed by the infuriated Dutch mob at The Hague. The young Prince of Orange then became stadhouder, and in 1688 was crowned William III, King of England. His cousin, Prince John William of Friesland, was elected



Gorkum—Old Houses



THE REPUBLIC

President of the Republic and waged war with England against France. The war lasted for about eight years, terminating in the treaty of Utrecht, 1713. John's son, William IV, followed as stadhouder, and again war with England for naval supremacy ensued. In 1781, Holland lost most of her colonies, and the French Republic took possession of Holland in 1795. The brother of Napoleon, Louis Bonaparte, was made King in 1805, and five years later Bonaparte formally annexed Holland under the pretext that it was an alluvion of French rivers. Mention should be made of the memorable feat of the French general Pichegru in capturing the frozen-up Dutch fleet by bringing his cavalry over the ice. The flight of the stadhouder, William V, to England brought into existence the Batavian Republic, which with R. J. Schimmelpennick as President acquired a brief notoriety. Louis Bonaparte, as King of Holland, occupied the throne for five years, during which time Napoleon's "Continental System," recoiling upon his own head, brought commercial ruin to Holland. Louis resigned the crown in 1810, and Napoleon incorporated Holland with France. After his crushing defeat at Leipsic, the Dutch, with the help of Russia and Prussia, the allies, and England, swept the French over the border, and peace dawned again over the distressful country after Napoleon's overthrow at Waterloo. The famous Lion Monument on the battlefield is erected over the spot

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where the Prince of Orange was wounded while leading his Nassau regiment to the charge.

The restoration of the House of Orange resulted in the acceptance of the crown (1813) by William, the son of the exiled stadhouder, and in 1815, by the Vienna treaty, Belgium was added to the kingdom, and the Prince of Orange, under the title of William I, was crowned King of the Netherlands. Dissensions, the result of incompatibility, soon followed between the Dutch and the Belgians, the latter complaining of the assumption of supremacy by the Dutch, and, furthermore, objecting to the compulsory use of the Dutch language replacing Flemish and the official French. Holland being Protestant and loyally attached to the House of Orange, while Belgium, too long subjugated to Spain and France, being anti-Orange and Roman Catholic, separation resulted. In 1830, the European powers, fearing further complications, prevailed upon Holland to accept the severance. After ten years of unrest, the King abdicated, and William II ruled over Holland, with the Duchy of Luxemburg added under the Vienna treaty, from 1840 to 1849, when he was succeeded by William III. Princess Emma of Waldeck and Pyrmont (sister of the Duchess of Albany and consort of William III) acted as regent at her husband's death and during the minority of her daughter, Wilhelmina. Her regency is held in affectionate remembrance by the people of Holland. Wilhelmina was

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born on August 31, 1880, and was crowned in 1898 amid the rejoicing of the entire nation. As Queen she received the homage due to her exalted rank, but it is as Princess of Orange and in her lace cap as a Frieslander, descendant of that race of patriots who dedicated their fortunes and themselves to the salvation of Holland, that she reigns in the hearts of her devoted subjects. In 1901 her majesty was married to Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, on whom she was permitted to confer the title of Prince Henry of the Netherlands. One should note the fact that it was because of her exalted rank she was forced by the laws to propose marriage to the Duke. It has been both urged and denied that it was a love match. As far as one may judge, the attitude of the Hollander toward the consort is one of tolerance.

These historical details are really necessary to the proper understanding of the pages which follow, as showing the origin of these remarkable people, and the great influence which they have wielded over civilization. Indeed, it would surprise some readers to learn that the best of the laws of both Great Britain and America are derived from the Netherlands, and that the two great elements ("The Puritan in Holland, England, and America," Douglas Campbell) that have contributed to make America what it is are, one, the civilization of ancient Rome, with its genius for government and its instinct for justice and equal rights; the other,

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the strong wild blood of the Germanic race with its passion for individual freedom, which has given its nerve, strength, and energy to modern Europe. The first of these elements was utterly extinguished in England by the Anglo-Saxon conquest, while the feudal system afterward came in to rob the Germanic conquerors of many of their early ideas regarding civil liberty.

One country alone, Holland, was largely free from this devastation. There the civilization of Rome was never extinguished, and the feudal system took but feeble root. The people preserved more purely than any others their Germanic ideas and institutions, but engrafted on them the arts, the learning, and the laws derived from communication with civilized and civilizing Italy. To the patriot, to the lover of civil and religious liberty, as well as to the student of art and science in any land, this history of this republic and country must always have a peculiar charm. But apart from its general features, this history is so interwoven with that of England and America that any one concerned with the past of either of these countries will find it a subject of unfailing interest. When modern Englishmen set out to write the history of their country, they crossed the channel and described the Angles and the Saxons in their early home upon the continent. That home was so near the Netherlands that the people of Holland and the conquerors of Britain spoke substantially the same language,



A Street in Leyden



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and were almost of one blood. To the Englishman, thinking only of the greatness of his own land, this original relationship may seem sufficient honor for a tiny fragment of the earth's surface not as large as Switzerland, but it is only the first chapter of the story. For hundreds of years in later times, and until long after the settlement of America, the Netherlands stood as the guide and instructor of England in almost everything which has made her materially great. When the Reformation came, in which northwestern Europe was new born, it was the Netherlands which led the van, and for eighty years waged the war which disenthralled the souls of men. Out of that conflict, shared by thousands of heroic Englishmen, but in which England as a nation hardly had a place, Puritanism was evolved—the Puritanism which gave its triumph to the Netherlands Republic, and has shaped the character of the English-speaking race.

In time England came to hate the benefactor to whom she owed so much; thus, after the restoration of the Stuarts, and still more after the Tory reaction which followed the Revolution of 1688, the political writers about the court habitually ridiculed the Dutchmen for virtues which they could not understand. (See Rogers' "Story of Holland.")

The republican Hollander deemed the attentions of King or noble to his wife or daughter a disgrace. The

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courtiers about Charles II viewed this subject differently, and regarded the Dutchman as ill-mannered for his want of taste. Added to this was the Hollander's respect for the private rights of all classes; his devotion to art and learning; his love of fair dealing in personal and in public matters; his industry, frugality; and, finally, his universal toleration. No one could deny the Dutchmen's courage, for they were among the boldest soldiers and sailors that the world has ever seen; but they were not gentlemen from the aristocratic point of view. Sir William Temple, one of the most elegant and accomplished gentlemen at the court of Charles II, being sent as ambassador to The Hague, related some of his experiences, among others the following, which illustrates the authority of woman in Holland: Dining one day with the chief burgomaster of Amsterdam and having a severe cold, he noticed that every time he spat on the floor while at table a tight, handsome wench stood in a corner holding a cloth, got down on her knees and wiped it up. Seeing this, he turned to his host and apologized for the trouble which he gave, receiving the jocular response: "It is well for you that my wife is not at home, for she would have turned you out of the house for soiling her floor, although you are the English ambassador" (Douglas Campbell).

For art, for science, and deep scholarship no other country could be compared with Holland in her palmy days.

THE REPUBLIC

But Holland owed pre-eminence in these departments not to an aristocracy, nor even to a monied class whose inherited wealth led them to abstain from business. The men who sustained her painters and musicians, who fostered science and broad learning, were the plain burghers, merchants, and manufacturers in the cities, men whom Queen Elizabeth called "base mechanics," who worked themselves, and by example or by precept taught that labor alone is honorable.

James Geddes, in his "John De Witt," relates an incident which will show how mathematics were cultivated in the Netherlands. In 1617, a young French soldier, serving in the Dutch army, was passing through the streets of Breda. A crowd was gathered on the corner, and he pushed forward to learn the cause of the excitement. Its members were all studying a paper, posted on the wall, and talking about its contents. Not understanding the language, he asked a bystander to translate it into French or Latin. The paper contained an abstruse mathematical problem, which in this way had been submitted to the public for solution. The soldier obtained his translation, went to his quarters, and in a few days after sent in the correct answer, signed "Descartes." This was the introduction to the world of the greatest philosopher and mathematician of the age, whose transcendent ability was at once recognized in Holland.

The Hollander has ever been incorruptible. Never in

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war or peace, though Spain was lavish of promises and a master of corruption, was native Hollander bought with gold. When, in 1608, the Spanish ambassadors were on their way to negotiate a treaty at The Hague, they saw eight or ten persons land from a little boat, and, sitting down on the grass, make a meal of bread, cheese, and beer. "Who are these travelers?" said the Spaniards to the peasant. "They are the deputies from the State," he answered, "our sovereign lords and masters." "Then we must make peace," they cried; "these are not men to be conquered."

It was Holland, also, which carefully and wisely encouraged and maintained the freedom of trade, as may be seen from an incident which occurred so far back as the reign of Edward I of England. That monarch, in a letter addressed to Robert, Earl of Flanders, states that he has learned of an active intercourse carried on between the Scotch and the Flemings; and as the former had taken part with Robert Bruce, who was in rebellion against him and excommunicated by the Pope, he begged that the Earl would put a stop to this intercourse and exclude the Scotch from his dominion. The Earl's answer was full of respect for the English King, whom he desired to please, but he said frankly, as to the main question: "We must not conceal it from your majesty that our country of Flanders is open to all the world, where every person finds a free admission. Nor can we take away this



A Zealand Interior



THE REPUBLIC

privilege from persons concerned in commerce without bringing ruin and destruction upon our country. If the Scotch go to our ports and our subjects go to theirs, it is neither the intention of ourselves or our subjects to encourage them in their error, but only to carry on our traffic without taking any part with them." This was always the policy of the Netherland States and the Dutch Republic.

In an article on Leyden University by Prof. W. T. Hewett in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1881, Prof. Hewett, himself a student at this famous university, in common with every intelligent observer who has lived in Holland, was much struck with the similarity between the Dutch and the American modes of thought. He says: "The Dutch mind is more like the American in its method of thought than is that of any other nation of the continent. There is the same intensity of feeling on all religious questions, the same keen practical genius. The purpose of the Hollander is direct. The Hollander understands American and republican institutions and their true foundations in the intelligence and self-control of the people. I have always felt sure of being understood when speaking with an educated Hollander, whether discussing church and state or our political questions. He could rightly estimate the real and unreal dangers which attend democratic governments, as our English cousins are not always in the habit of doing."

Dutch Silver

IT is a curious but interesting fact that the revival of the silversmith's art in the Netherlands should largely have been brought about by the demands of American collectors, and all within the last twenty-five years. And now, I am credibly informed, there are certain factories operated in New Jersey which can turn you out fairly made reproductions of the antique specimens of the Leeuwarden silversmiths, and which are doubtless often sold to the unwary as genuine. One of the dealers grinned when I taxed him with the imposition, and with a shrug rejoined, "Well—the rest do it, why shouldn't I?" It is difficult to specify the "ear-marks" of fraudulent antique Dutch silver, for it is said these unscrupulous traders can furnish one with anything for which there is sufficient demand—and it is safe to say that more than half of the so-called "antique" spoons owned in America are spurious. There are, of course, honorable merchants in the business whose word may be unhesitatingly accepted, but even in Amsterdam there are factories turning out these "antiques" to order, all bearing the "authentic" marks and stamps, and there is no law apparently to stop them.

DUTCH SILVER

Leeuwarden in Friesland seems to have been the headquarters for the silver workers of the XVth, XVIth and XVIIth centuries, and from this locality came the best of the magnificent ships at present in the museums of Europe. The picture herewith shows a notable one of four masts, and full rigged with square sails and yards, the decks thronged with sailors who are working the six guns, while between the main and mizzen masts rises a castellated structure of five stages, from which the admiral directed the battle. On the sides are repoussé scenes showing amphitrites charioted, drawn by conventional sea-horses. This specimen is evidently intended for a wine-bottle holder, is mounted on wheels, and is nearly twenty-five inches in height. It bears upon the sails the coat-of-arms of some royal personage, and was evidently made as a presentation-piece. The foresail appears to be modern, for it bears a nondescript device differing from the rest, and is most unheraldic. This is a very fair sample of the silversmiths' art of Leeuwarden in the XVIIth century, although there are many in existence, notably in the vast collection of the Emperor of Germany, which are much larger and more elaborate in detail and ornamentation.

These ships were not always intended for use as wine-bottle holders; many specimens were intended simply for ornaments, and these are variously mounted on stands or rockers instead of wheels, and vary in size from three

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inches in height to three feet. Some of these are here pictured in various rigs, from that of a fishing smack to a sloop-of-war. After the victory of Tromp, who "swept the sea," there was a great demand upon the smiths of Friesland for battleships, and it was during this period that most of these notable examples were made. The activity of these Leeuwarden silver workers was phenomenal. There seems to have been a guild established early in the XVth century, under the authority of one of the dukes, and a provincial governor was appointed in the person of one Petrus Eggers, who was originally a die cutter or sinker, and able to use the metal apparently as a sculptor. His works were soon in great demand among the nobles. He was able to cut his molds with such excellence that his castings required a minimum of finishing. He attracted to himself many pupils, who in turn became famous workers, and soon the craft became most powerful, and was able to make laws restricting the output to the actual members of the guild. We now find the guild ordering that all silver brought into the town should be stamped with the device of the founder. This rule extended to other towns eventually. The guild then ordered that only two qualities of metal be allowed, a fine and a coarse, the latter to contain not more than 20 per cent. of base metal,—all silver on sale in the city to be brought to the guild for assaying, and the quality to be fixed and stamped. Wardens were appointed to



Model of Warship in Silver Repoussé



DUTCH SILVER

search for bad work and spurious metal, which could be confiscated, and the importation of metal was restricted to the guild. No foreigner was allowed to practice or be taught the craft. Every seller was to mark his ware with a private mark or "touch," which mark was kept in the custody of the guild. As the demand for silver grew, other branch guilds were established in neighboring towns, all allied to the parent or mother corporation. There was formed a Guild of Hammermen, which comprised all the trades that used the hammer in their work. It became a powerful body, and its members played no small part in the history of the region.

To the collector of silver the marks stamped upon the silver of the period have been more or less of a sealed book, for the loss of the "touch stamps" and the dearth of authentic information on the subject have put obstacles in the way of many who might wish to decipher the meaning of the marks. Some of the more prominent and usual marks or stamps, to enumerate only a few, are: A lion and a key, with a large Gothic A in a square; L.o. and a lion rampant; a crowned tulip, octagon stamp; A stork; A mermaid; A fish; Two small figures standing hand in hand. The Hall mark, so-called—or state guarantee, is a Netherland lion rampant, so I am informed by an authority. These marks are to be found generally on the back of the pieces, but it must be remarked that these devices will mean little to the collector, for they are and

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will be imitated as long as there is a demand for the articles. The quantity of articles and objects made by the silversmiths in this period is simply astounding, and the artistic variety and invention displayed must always be a matter of wonderment. Happily the museums are replete with the objects, so that there is little need for new invention. The guilds and their restrictions have long since passed away, and now we find the factories in Amsterdam and the larger cities reproducing these designs with considerable fidelity, and supplying the bric-a-brac shops with reproductions, which certainly should be sold as such. Unhappily this is not the case. But the astute collector is on his guard, so that it is generally only the innocent "nouveaux" who are deceived. One article I find offered for sale in most of the shops is the figure of a woman standing, her dress forming, when inverted, a drinking cup. Her arms are usually held above her head and clasp, sometimes a crown, sometimes a sort of canelabra. This is not Dutch, but Nürnberg work. The Dutch inverted cup, it should be noted, has either a windmill or a ship surmounting it.

The cream jug in the form of a cow is frequently met with. The form with the tail curled up over the back as a handle is said to be the earlier example—while the stork as a perfume bottle, the head hinged, belongs to the same period. Of spoons and forks the variety is unlimited apparently, the most usual designs being the stork,

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windmill, and the ship of one sail. The ones surmounted by the figure of a milkmaid with yoke and pendant pails are, I think, quite modern. Apostle spoons are quite common in the shops, but they too, almost invariably, are modern, and generally of German origin. Strangely enough, in those spoons surmounted with a crown, the latter is generally of Russian form, and not Dutch, although cresting the Lion of the Netherlands. Sometimes the shield will bear simply three X X X arranged vertically, and this is supposed to represent the arms conventional of windmills on the shield of Amsterdam. I am convinced that this is a very modern design. Of the small cabinet objects, there is a bewildering variety, of sleighs, with and without figures; cabinets, bureaux, chairs, settees, clocks, carriages, tables, cheese carriers, horsemen, soldiers, and a thousand other objects, all tiny and exquisitely and quaintly wrought.

I saw once a complete set of the Kermis in miniature—with the tents, showmen, merry-go-rounds and peasants all complete. Models of the churches are sometimes found, as well as miniature farms complete to the smallest details of the dog chained to his kennel, and there are also the weigh-houses, and city gates, such as shown in the picture. The Zeeland belt clasps of repoussé work are, as a rule, genuine, there being small demand for them except among the peasantry. They are usually Biblical in design—representing Adam and Eve, Re-

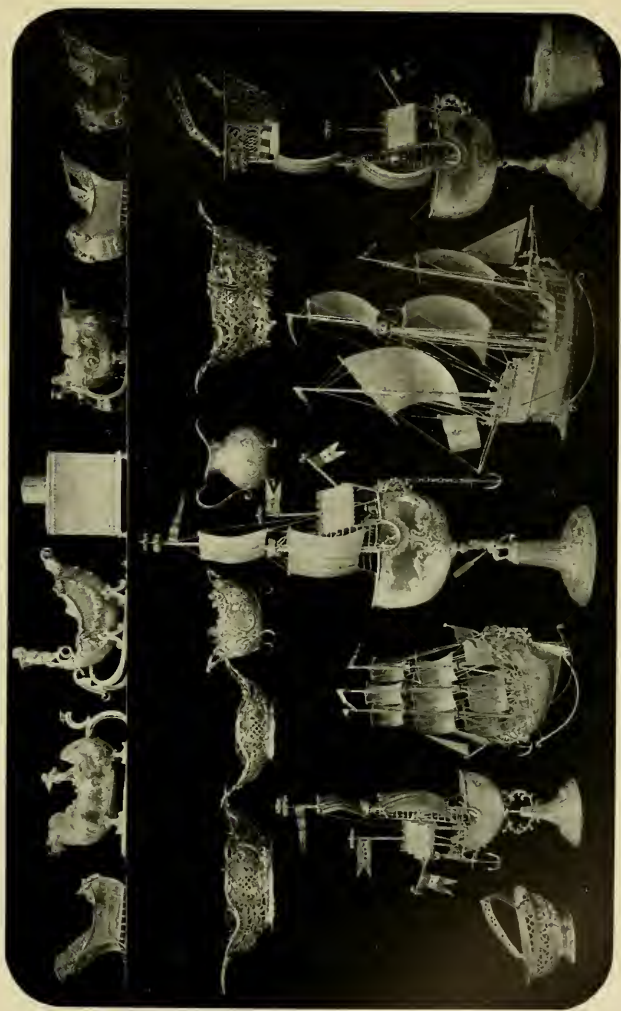
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becca at the well, or some such characters. They may be had at Middelburg in Walcheren, and cost fifteen or twenty dollars on market days. The would-be collector would better beware of the lozenge boxes, for these have been in great demand, and have been reproduced in enormous quantities, stamped from dies. The same may be urged as to the tea-caddy. Of course, this warning is only for the would-be collector. For the householder, who cares not for authenticity, these objects of substitution and commerce are pretty, and generally of better design than those of the frankly modern silversmith.

I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. H. Koopman for the photographs of Dutch silver in illustration of this chapter.



Six Rare Examples of Sleighs in Silver



“Tot Weersiens”

AND now the author must take leave of his beloved Holland, and of his reader likewise. If by what he has read herein the latter is induced to discover the Netherlands for himself, I wish him all the pleasure and profit which I know awaits him there, and if he be able, as the poet puts it,

“To descry abundant worth in trivial commonplace,”

a double pleasure will be his.

Whether he chooses, with Hazlitt, to travel alone, or prefers, like Sterne, “to have a companion, were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines,” is for himself to decide, but in any event no one can appreciate the sterling character of the Hollander, his high ideals and his attainments, until he has seen the wonderful country which he has created and made to prosper in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. The superficial observer will perhaps not see as much of the expected bizarre, or the amphibious element at which many writers have waxed witty, as he has been led to expect. He will perhaps find that the people move more slowly and deliberately than his standard demands; that

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there are not enough of the quaint costumes, of which he has read so much, to be seen in the large centers, to satisfy his sense of the picturesque; but for him whose eyes are open to the glory of attainment and the greatness of art, whose mind is attuned to effects of environment upon the development of character, who can appreciate the brave and successful attempts of a people grown out of the very soil to ameliorate sorrow, poverty and suffering and who have succeeded in spite of adverse conditions and climate in establishing an almost ideal form of civilization and government, I say no land has so much to offer as little Holland. As the poet says—

“What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dykes, and dunes?
This water-net that tessellates
The landscape? This unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar,
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?”

It is all wonderful, and I take leave with much tenderness of the flower-decked plains of Haarlem, the splendid

“TOT WEERSIENS”

golden helmets of Friesland, the sad-colored dunes with the waving greenish-gray grass, the blue-bloused solitary sheep-herder of the Drenthe, the skies above piled high with mighty cumulous clouds ready to spill over their silver showers at any moment, and the waving arms of the busy mills dotting the waterways. My mind dwells upon the great painters—Hobbema, the Van Rhyns, de Hooch, the Ruysdaels, Metsu and Hals; the great scholars, Grotius and Erasmus; great William of the house of Orange and his valiant Admiral Tromp; and Wilhelmina, the beloved Queen; and so,

“Tot Weersiens!”

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK March, 1909.

Postscript

NOW that this new edition of "Holland of To-day," which I have revised very carefully, is to be published in a new and larger form, and with additional colorplates from paintings made during my latest visit to this most charming and unique country, I have received from a valued Netherlands friend a very urgent and most earnest request that I write a Postscript to my "Tot Weersiens," (for which he thanks me,) asking that I make even more clear to my readers, the fact that the people of the Netherlands are not at all the *Freaks* that (what he calls) "the most absurd picture postcards," collected by tourists, make them appear to be.

"Let me beg of you, Mynheer," he asks, "to tell your readers that all Dutchmen are not Volendam or Marken fishermen, and also that most certainly all Dutchwomen are not coarse, red-cheeked, purple-armed, pigeon-toed milkwomen, carrying on their shoulders great green wooden yokes from which are suspended polished brass milk cans.

That no Dutch man or woman "Yodles."

That Dutch towns and cities do not consist alone of narrow lanes and streets closed at one end by tall

POSTSCRIPT

thatched windmills, with red-roofed, one-story wooden houses painted fantastically yellow and green, behind little boxed gardens, approached by "cute" bridges over narrow ditches, and lined by trees quaintly trimmed and cut into the semblance of birds and animals. That the horizon is not always bounded by hundreds of red, white and blue whirling windmills. That there are other flowers besides tulips. That the visitor in the streets of Amsterdam or The Hague will not be stared out of countenance by lines of wondering peasants, clad in wide velveteen knickerbockers and great wooden shoes. That Dutchmen do not carry about huge clay "churchwarden" pipes, nor smoked herring in their pockets. That Dutchwomen do not ever wear two long yellow braids hanging down their backs. That they do not wear wooden shoes. That wooden shoes are not called "sabots" in Holland. That the people of the Netherlands are not living illustrations of anachronistic anecdotes ever clad in theatrical costume, and always dancing at sunset, hand in hand in the streets and squares of The Hague and Rotterdam, or on the sands of Scheveningen. That the Queen does not wear the Marken costume. That all the people of the Netherlands do not still dwell in fantastic peak-roofed houses raised high above the waters on piles, or dwell in sixteenth century interiors, with leaded window panes, and sit about blazing peat fires in richly carved and blue-tiled chimney places, with the brass chandeliers ablaze

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with dripping wax or tallow candles suspended from the highly polished and rafted ceilings; with interiors furnished with arrays of luxurious cupboards and carved cabinets of inlaid mother of pearl and marquetry, crammed with priceless Delft blue china, and apostle spoons. Or that brass bound pigskin covered "Elzevirs" represent their only literary or spiritual food.

That all Dutch people do not drink gin.

That there are certainly other means of travel in the Netherlands than man-towed or horse-drawn antique canal boats, and stage coaches. Nor do they use carrier pigeons or storks as messengers.

That the Dutch people themselves are as immensely entertained by the quaintness of certain of the far-away villages and their costumes, as are the tourists who search them out.

Alluring and attractive as these customs are to the villages and their customs, as are the tourists who search stranger, the people of the Netherlands, hitherto occupied with their own affairs, have awakened suddenly to the fact that the world is inclined to judge them and their accomplishments in the light of an opera bouffe performance, and not to be taken at all seriously. They are shocked at this discovery. They resent this summing up.

As a step in the right direction (so they have decided) the celebration of the most picturesque fête, the Kermis,



Krommenie—Over the Teacups



POSTSCRIPT

is forbidden in the large cities. This is a great blow to the peasants and the "Boer" or farmer, but the law is to be enforced.

"The Netherlands" (continues my friend), "is quite different in reality. The country, though small in area, is an entirely earnest, unsentimental, and most up-to-date nation. It wishes to be better understood, even if it does reluctantly have to relinquish year by year some one or more of its archaic, long cherished and time honored customs.

The Dutch are an intensely ambitious, serious minded, and commercial people, who are animated with a desire to maintain Holland's prestige and her monopolies in the international markets.

They are a highly scientific people as well, and among other accomplishments have developed the art of agriculture to the highest degree. They excel in engineering. Their cattle breeding serves as a model for the world, and their ancient culture which long led the world still maintains a foremost position. Their universities are world famed. That, in short, "the people of the Netherlands are entirely and fully 'up to date,' and desire to be so considered."

In all of this I most fully and heartily agree, and I hope that my readers will find these sentiments, and my affectionate admiration for both the people and the coun-

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try, written clearly between the lines of these appreciative and discriminating chapters, which were written "con amore" more than ten years ago.

THE AUTHOR.

GREENWICH, CONN., 1919.

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